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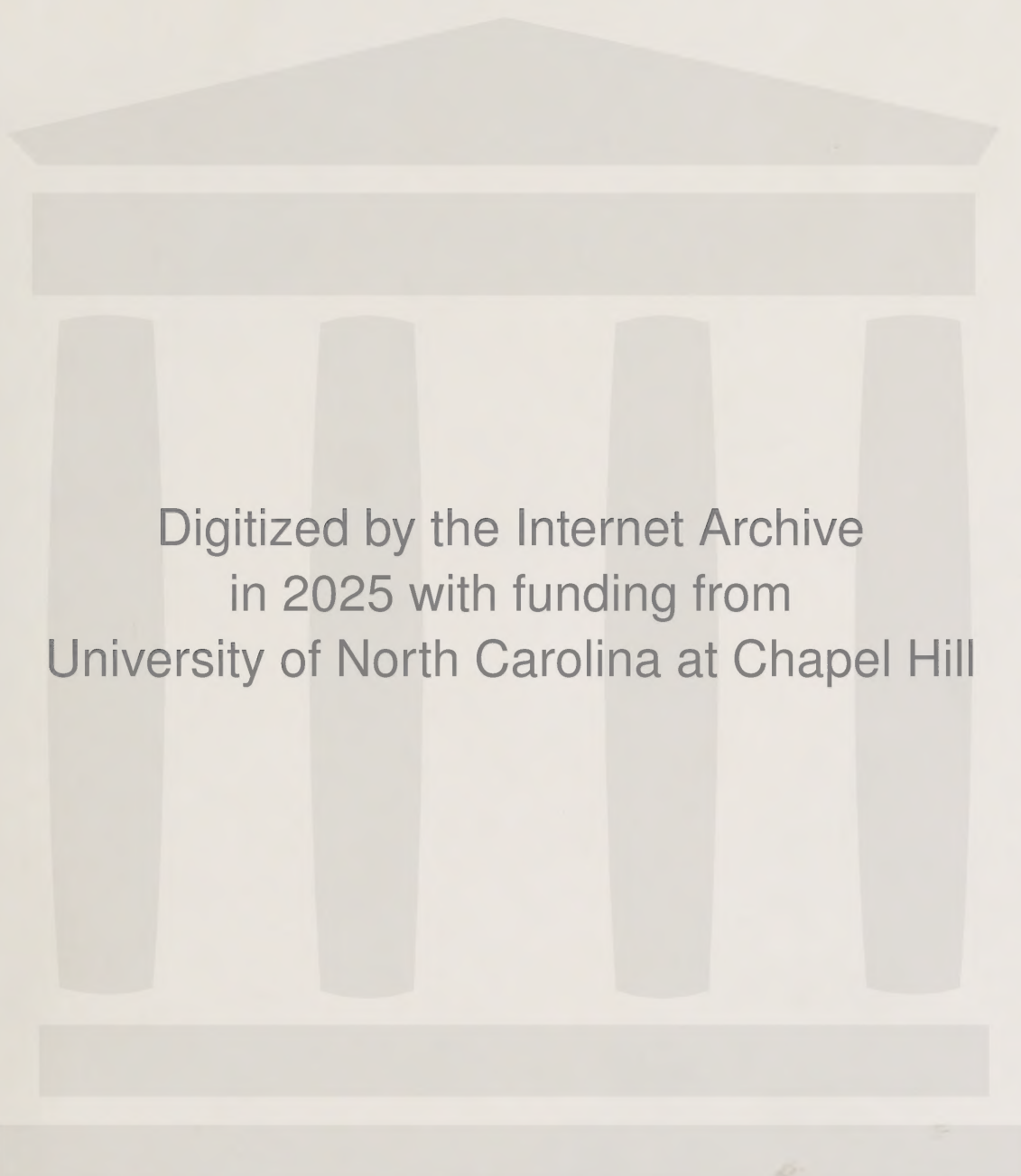
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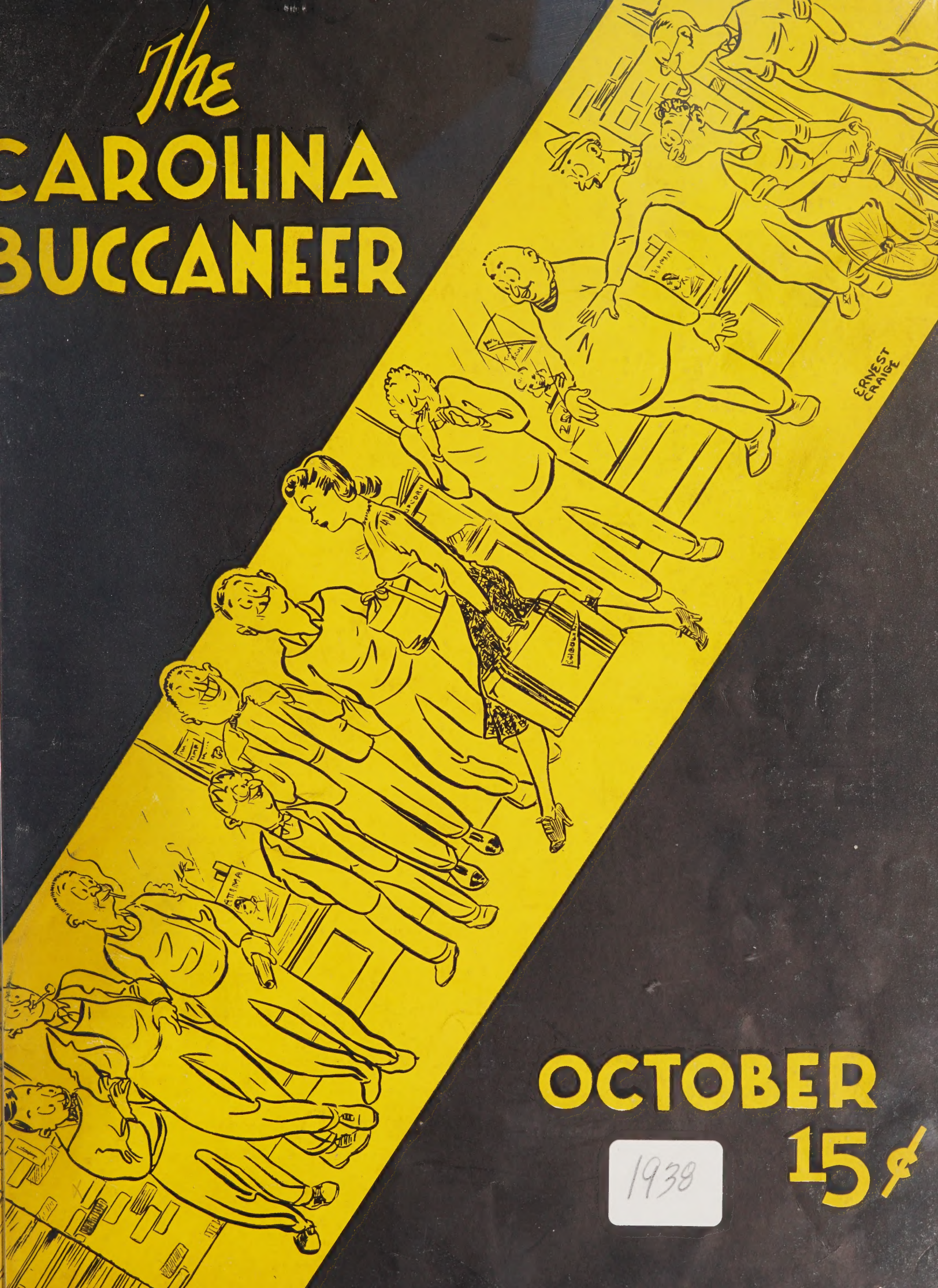
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The CAROLINA BUCCANEER



OCTOBER
15¢

1938

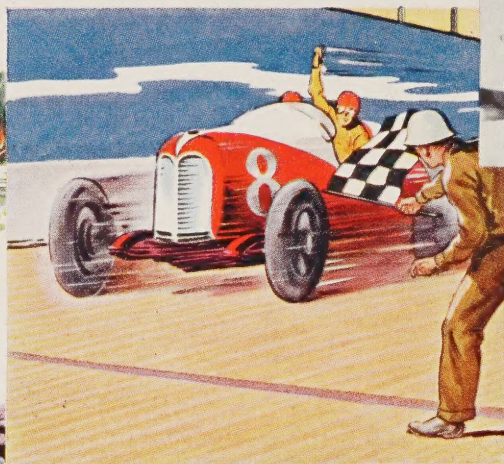
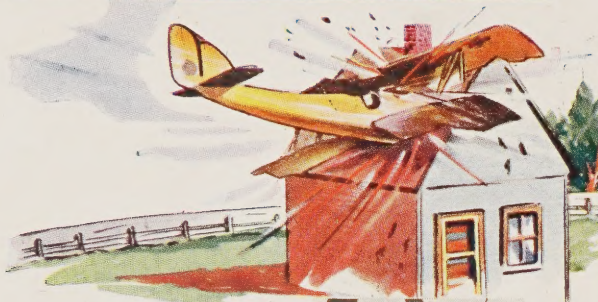
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"



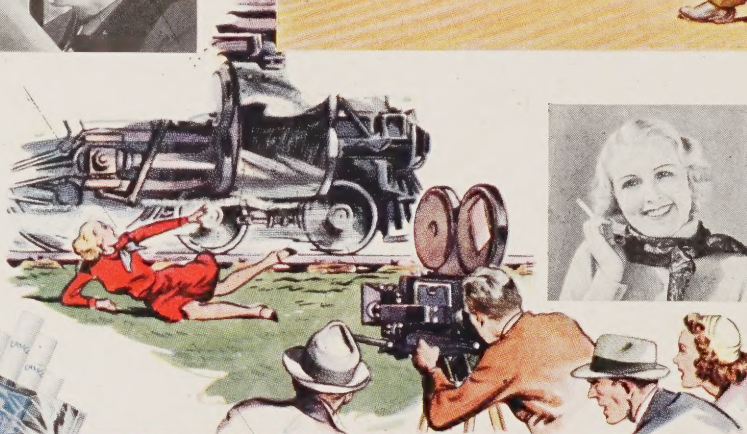
MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (left) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel knows! He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are milder—the natural mildness that's grown right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"



(Right) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it 53 times—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."



(Above) THREE TIMES Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for mildness!"



(Left) THRILLING STUNTS for the movies! Lone Reed needs healthy nerves! Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."



Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS
THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"



Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture ... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."



"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALLAN BROWN

boogie

Rastus: "What-all did the doctor say's de matter wid you?"

Liza: He says I's sufferin' from acute indiscretion."

"Lady, if you will give us a nickel my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What will he do?" asked the lady. "Cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap thing like that. He'll eat a woin."

Gent from West: "Waiter, take this steak out and have it cooked."

Eastern Waiter: "But, Sir, that steak is cooked."

G. F. W.: "Cooked, hell! I've seen a cow hurt worse than that get well again."

"Hold my hand."

"One thing at a time, baby."

A parrot was sitting in the salon of a luxurious steamer watching a magician do tricks. The magician served notice that he was now going to do a trick never before accomplished. He pulled up his sleeves and then proceeded to make a few fancy motions. Just at that moment the ship's boilers blew up, demolishing the ship. About five minutes later, as the parrot came to, floating about the ocean on a piece of drift wood, he muttered: "Damn clever, damn clever."

Wife (to drunken husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well, I'll catch Hell when I get home, anyway."

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the living room to be exhibited before the tea guests.

"Tell the ladies what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said little Lucy.



Drunk (looking down at moon's reflection in water): "Say, is that the moon?"

Cop: "That's right."

Drunk: "Well, how in hell did I get way up here?"

A man, seeing another man swimming off a Florida beach, said: "Hey, aren't you afraid of sharks?"

Swimmer: "No, I'm tattooed."

Observer: "What has that got to do with sharks?"

Swimmer: "I've got 'Harvard is the best college in the world' written on my chest, and even a shark wouldn't swallow that."

John Smith, a psychiatrist, died. Being a good man, John went to heaven, as do all good dead men when the U. of P. is crowded. At the pearly gates John was met and interrogated by Saint Peter.

"Name?"

"John Smith."

"Occupation on earth?"

"Psychiatrist."

"Oh, come on in; we can use you."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"God thinks he's Roosevelt," replied St. Peter.

English Instructor: Are you smoking back there, Mr. Wells?

Wells: No, sir; that's just the fog I'm in.

"Do any of your boy friends try to go too far when they take you out driving?"

"Yes, they drive too far, it wastes time."

Farmer—And another thing, we have a bull on this farm that gets mad as heck when he sees pink.

Cute Visitor—Gee! I thought it was red that made bulls angry.

Farmer—Ha, ha! this bull's a sissy.

Boy: "Hello."

Girl:

Boy: "Oh, well."

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O. K., buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

"I'm sorry," said the girl at the ticket booth, "but that two-dollar bill is counterfeit."

"My God!" the woman uttered, "I've been seduced!"

She: "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

He: "I eat spaghetti."

—The Student

I had a little dog. I called him August. August was fond of jumping at conclusions, especially at the cow's conclusion. One day he jumped at the mule's conclusion. The next day was the first of September.

(other jokes on eight)

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CARL PUGH, Editor in Chief

ALEX FONVIELLE, Business Manager

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OCTOBER, 1938

We were sitting under a booth on the corner the other night when somebody came up and bugged us, right boldly. We inquired as to what end we were so jostled. And, as perrinial, the budge was only the usual prologue to several shovelfulls of optimistic humor. And during the unfortunately resultant conversation we met an old friend of ours. "Who was that lady I seen you *at*?" interrogated the budger. The slight taint of originality slipped us for the moment as we smugly replied in unison, "The *Buccaneer* will tell you with whom we should have been!" And with this masterpiece of reparté and publicity off our respective fuzzy chests, we felt in full accord to continue in this vein and revert to several elements mentioned last spring.

This magazine, barring acts of God and the P. U. Board, will be humorous within the bounds self-syphoned decency; the theme will be thus with little modula-

tion. There will be no censorship other than editorial omniscience. And to quote from the June policy: 75% giggle and the baser elements, more whisk-broom than steam shovel. We feature *dust*, as in the sunbeam smiling over the pulpit.

Publicized beauty for Carolina, coeds and their component parts; originality, if it works our memory to the bone; to be striking however retroactive; and *tourjours gai*, *bagatelle*, what the hell, *et al.* We would really appreciate it if you re-read the above; it is what you may expect from us for forthcoming. Not that we're waxing clairvoyant; we're just going to try or fall in the linotype.

The *Carolina Buccaneer* is by the students and is all fer 'em. The *Buccaneer* is Carolina. And if you know Carolina you know what to expect. Otherwise, we'll tell you.

—The Editor.



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subways and stuff

by

BILL STAUBER

"Change here for Steele, Saunders, Murphy, Bingham, the library, bell tower, Kenan Stadium, and all points South!", the conductor shouts as the subway rattles into the Grand South Station located in the basement of the Administration Building. This probably sounds very fantastic to you at first. It sounded that way to me three years ago when I first conceived the idea.

I was on my way to an 8:30 class in Peabody one morning when I suddenly discovered that I had forgotten my trousers. I stopped to think where I might have left them, but then I realized that no one ever had time to stop and think on this campus. Gosh, you would never get anywhere if you did. So much to my embarrassment I went on, and it was while sitting there in my 8:30 in my underwear that the idea came to me. "What this campus needs is a subway," I half shouted.

Then I settled back and began to think of its advantages. You could sleep till 8:25 and still catch an 8:30. If you had a 12:00 class and ate at Swain, you could grab a subway and arrive at the movie in time for the first show. If some of your relatives came to see you some Sunday, you could duck down into the basement and be down in Kenan Stadium in two minutes.

Suppose you carried a co-ed to the dance. As it is now you barely have time to get back up town and get a sandwich, but with a subway—oh boy! You could go up town as usual and be back in the Arboretum thirty minutes before said date would have to turn in. Why,

there was no end to its advantages, and the more I thought of this idea, the less I thought of my trousers.

Since that eventful morning I have devoted a good part of my time to this project in hopes that someday I might see realized. Most of my work has been done in secret however, and this is the first time it has been presented to the general public.

The first thing I did was to make a careful study of the transportation problems of the campus. Much to my surprise I found that 90% of the students walked to class. The other 10% did not go at all. Statistics revealed that in the year 1937 there were 19,302 corns and bunions cultivated by the men students alone. The co-eds would not reveal their number, but one young girl (she wishes her identity to remain unknown.) said that there was a bumper crop that year in Spencer.

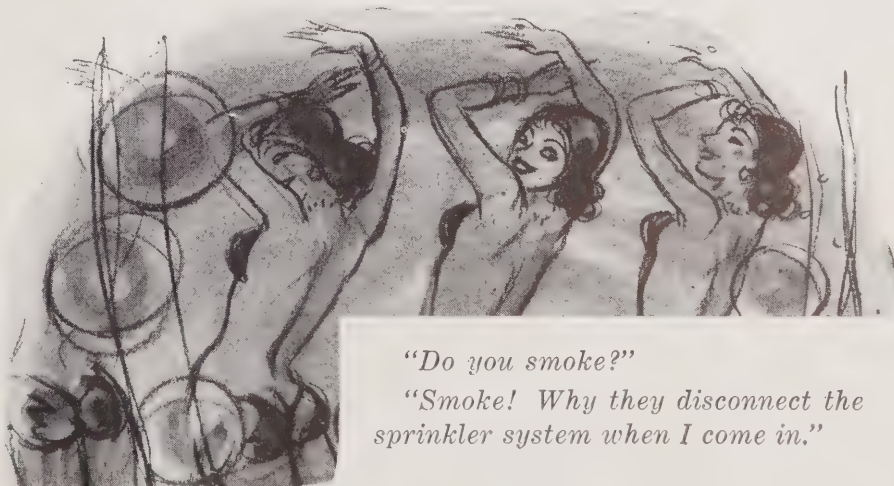
A census of Graham dormitory revealed that 67 out of 84 boys suffered from housemaid's knee, and all of them suffered from someone's knee. Athlete's foot was reported among 87% of the boys and only three of these

were athletes. The rocks from one student's shoes in '37 was enough to lay half the foundation for the new gym. So you see the hardships gained in trying to walk yourself to an education.

A subway would decrease the high rate of cripples leaving Carolina every year, physically if not mentally. Therefore, I am calling on you, the alumnus of tomorrow, to join me in this drive. Don't let your son walk over the same gravel you did, let him ride underneath. This, in short, is the nucleus of my idea. However, the real work is ahead. There are still many things to be done, so I have listed them below to give you some estimate of this enormous task facing us.

First, we must present our plans to the Southern Conference so that they can pass on its eligibility. Second, we must reelect Roosevelt for without the aid of the WPA we are lost. Third, we must obtain permission from the University to use their ditch digging crew. (A check up on this crew reveals that they dig completely around the campus once every 29

(twenty-two)



"Do you smoke?"

"Smoke! Why they disconnect the sprinkler system when I come in."



"Do you read the Buccaneer or shall we go to the show tonight?"

Conjecture

If I were less insistent, dear,
and less exclamatory,
Would you be less resistant, dear,
in matters amatory?

I'd willingly revise Me, dear,
to meet your quick approval
If you'd not paralyze me, dear,
with threats of quick removal.

But something in your blue eyes,
dear,
convinces me *you're* wondering
If trying to be too wise, dear,
is being wise—or blundering.

—D. F.

Lament of a Lady of Fashion

Where shall I wear my heart, I
said,

Now that it's sick and bare?
So I put it where no one would
think it was dead,—
In my hair.

But blonde doesn't mix with
bleeding red;
Something else must be best.
So I tried it this time as a trinket
instead—
On my breast.

Yet still it looked old, and sad,
and torn;
No one could I deceive.
So I finally placed it where most
hearts are worn—
On my sleeve.

Hazard

My sweet, would I transgress
by word, or disillusion
the fine-wrought delicacies
of your nature
Were I bluntly to confess
a love not wholly passion-
less,
Which slaves, as I, of loveli-
ness by fate your
charms excite to denials of
their seclusion?

—D. F.

Girls who wear long woolen
bloomers
Have no fear of evil rumors.

—J. P.

verse**Women Are So Unreasonable**

I told you that I loved you
In the middle of July;
I told you that I loved you
When August nights rolled
by;
I told you that I loved you,
That we'd be parted never—
But, darling, this is October,
I can't be faithful forever.

—X. X. X.

He took her gently in his arms
And pressed her to his breast.
The lovely color left her face
And lodged on his full dress.

—Urchin

A cute little trick from St. Paul
Wore a "newspaper dress" to a
ball.
The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section, and
all.

—J. P.

Why must fellows always maul
Babes they take to Senior ball?
Why must each handle his frail
Like he was reading Balzac in
Braille?

—J. P.

A dignified Junior named Ash
Was trying to raise a moustache.
When he went to a dance
The girls looked askance
For they thought it was some
kind of a rash.

—Record

I have no aversions
To mergin' with virgins
Though it's more fun to pet
With a well-seasoned vet.

—Mercury

Star light, star bright
First star I see to-night
I wish I may, I wish I might
Know how to handle a guy that's
tight.

—Claw

(twenty-two)



Don't bell me! I ain't no cow.

first door on the left

Comprising complete and detailed information on a perennial problem of often hasty and hazard solution. A guide to the uninformed.*

privus

PERSON — Main studio. A-2. Towels, soap, two prints, Whistler's "Mother." Paradoxically few murals.

LIBRARY — Basement, left. A-7. Cloth towels, two books.

VENABLE — Basement. A-6. Nothing of interest. Very dull.

CAROLINA INN — Basement, right. B-3. Liquid soap, one drunk traveling salesman. Porter without tip.

PEABODY — Basement. A-5. Individual atmosphere.

PHILLIPS — Basement. B-2. No soap. Convenience also on third floor, equal capacity, no soap.

MEMORIAL HALL — Back stage, left. B-2. Very dark.

SOUTH — Basement. A-3. One embarrassed Social Science Prof.

NEW DORM — First floor. Guest room, locked.

ALUMNI — Basement. A-6. Life-buoy soap.

NEW WEST — 209 & 308. B-1. A-1. Mirror, coat hanger, bush jacket with Duke sticker.

NEW EAST — Second floor. B-1½. Mirror, sofa, Excellent view of campus.

DAVIE — 104. A-1. Towels, soap, strongly H₂SO₄.

SAUNDERS — Basement. C-3. Two freshmen.

BINGHAM — Basement. A-6. Advanced theory of foreign exchange on wall.

YMCA — private accommodations on third floor.



MURPHEY — Basement. A-7. Soap.

HILL MUSIC HALL — Basement. B-2. Fragment, 1st flugle horn in E flat.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL — First door on left at head of stairs. X-65. Companionable, nice environment, et al.

GRAHAM MEMORIAL — Basement, right. A-6. Best murals in University. Birthplace of several BUCCANEER artists and E. Sims Campbell, George Petty, inferably.

THEATRE — Entrance, left. A-2. Modern conveniences, Paul Jones bottle half full Paul Jones (?).

SPENCER HALL — Behind Episcopal Church. A-ad infin. Convenient, private, good light, too good.

HARRY'S — End, left. B-1. Cozy, air conditioned.

COFFEE SHOP — End, left. B-1. Secluded, congenial atmosphere.

UNIVERSITY — End, left. B-1. Ante-room, quiet, lonesome.

—C.D.

priva

PERSON — End of studio, right. A-1. Stopper in lavatory, paper cups, bottle ironized yeast.

LIBRARY — Basement, right. A-7. Three soaps, single bed, cabinet, 14 chairs.

VENABLE — Basement. A-3. Couch, clothes tree, water fountain.

CAROLINA INN — Banquet hall. A-3. Reception room, dressing table, 4 mirrors, table.

PEABODY — Basement, 02. A-2. Settee, flowers.

PHILLIPS — Across from 322. B-2. Two mirrors, empty box Cutex polish remover.

MEMORIAL HALL — Left stage. B-2. No soap.

SOUTH — Basement to right. C-2. Bad condition. Also one on each floor locked for repairs or faculty.

NEW DORM — Two each floor. A-4. No mirrors.

ALUMNI — Basement to right. B-2. Antiquated equipment, three stories Journalism 53, 11:00.

NEW EAST — Beside museum, 103. A-1. Leather couch, soap, powder puff.

NEW WEST — Beside 214. B-1. Couch, ash tray, good light, no soap.

DAVIE — 214. B-1. One bath cloth, comb, cigar box, fan.

SAUNDERS — 109. B-2. Upholstery.

BINGHAM — Beside 103. B-2. Settee, coathanger.

YMCA — Strictly male organization.

MURPHEY — Second floor, right stairs. C-2. Cracked mirror.

HILL MUSIC HALL — Basement, right. B-3. Mirror, two

(twenty)

* EDITOR'S NOTE — The Top Button Hand Book. B-4 refers to grade "B," capacity, four. Accommodations and general features are also mentioned.

Turning to Old Gold

In the Autumn
When most foliage
Turns to old gold—
That's just Nature.
But when a tobacco leaf,
After many months
Of *Extra Aging*
And *Mellowing*
Becomes Old Gold . . .
Man! that's Distinction.
About the highest honor a
Tobacco leaf
Can attain!

FRESHNESS INSURED . . .
by extra Cellophane wrapper,
opening at bottom of pack.



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by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
TRAILER TRIP AT MT. WASHINGTON, N.H.

GOSH, THAT MOUNTAIN LOOKS HIGH - I'M GLAD WE'RE GOING TO RIDE UP ON THE COG RAILWAY.

YES, IT'S NEW ENGLAND'S HIGHEST PEAK. WE OUGHT TO GET A WONDERFUL VIEW UP THERE!

OH, DAD - WE'RE NOT GOING UP ON THAT TRAIN, ARE WE? THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE'S BROKEN DOWN.

HA! HA! DON'T WORRY - IT'S BUILT ON AN ANGLE TO KEEP THE BOILER LEVEL ON THE STEEP MOUNTAIN GRADES. THE CAR SEATS ARE ON AN ANGLE TOO.

WHAT A GRAND VIEW! WE CAN SEE EVERYTHING FROM CANADA TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN SPREAD OUT LIKE ONE BIG MAP.

YES, WE'RE FORTUNATE TO HAVE SUCH FINE, CLEAR WEATHER.

ISN'T IT AMAZING, THE VIEW YOU GET FROM WAY UP HERE?

YES, DO YOU NOTICE ANY DIFFERENCE IN THE WAY YOUR PIPE SMOKES AT THIS HEIGHT?

WHY NO, I DON'T. THE TOBACCO I USE GIVES THE SAME COOL, FULL-BODIED SMOKE ANYWHERE!

OH, PRINCE ALBERT, EH? A LOT OF MY FRIENDS SMOKE P.A. I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TRY IT. MIND IF I BORROW SOME?

M-MM-SA-A-Y- PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES GRAND, ALL RIGHT! BY GOLLY, IMAGINE A TOBACCO BEING SO TASTY, YET SO COOL AND FREE FROM BITE. THANKS!

DON'T THANK ME. THANK THE P.A. FOLKS FOR TAKING OUT THE BITE, EVEN THOUGH THEY USE BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH.

I'M TELLING YOU PRINCE ALBERT PUTS NEW JOY IN ANY PIPE. IT CAKES THE PIPE RIGHT, SMOKES EXTRA RICH AND MELLOW. THERE'S NO TONGUE-BITE EITHER!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SO MILD!

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

"Will you get me some new lipstick, dear? You know the kind I use."

"Don't tell me. It's on the tip of my tongue."

Little boy returned home after his first day in school and was greeted by his mother who asked, "Well, did you learn anything today?"

"No, we didn't learn anything," replied the little boy.

"Didn't the teacher ask you anything?"

"Yeah, she asked me where poppa works."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I told her that poppa plays the piano in a brothel."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "Why did you tell her such an outrageous lie?"

"Did you think," answered the little chap, "that I was going to tell her that poppa works for Hearst?"

—Medley

Joe: "Have you got a picture of yourself?"

Roommate: "Yeah."

Joe: "Then let me use that mirror, I want to shave."

"Were you copying his paper?"

"No, sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

When Rae returned from her date, her mother noticed that one of her shoes was muddy.

"What makes your right shoe muddy and not your left?" she asked.

"I changed my mind," she said simply.

—"Phoenix"

Hunger, stark, sharp, demanding.

Food! God! I've got to have food.

Strive on, weary feet, only a little more.

Ah, at last. The Joint.

Push open the door, bang the counter.

One hamburger, with onions. And then . . .

Heartbreaks. Oh, God! No!

No! I won't believe it. It isn't.

Oh, God! It is! Her. My own.

My love.

With him. Oh, God!

Let me out. Out, where I can breathe.

Her, with him.

Oh, God! No! No! No! Oh, God!

Dammit, where's that hamburger.

"Give us a kiss."

"Who you got with you?"

(nineteen)



Pluto Water

by

DORIS GOERCH

It was one of those necking-petting-pecking (multiple choice) parties known as a hayride. Although an ancient entertainment, it still ranks among the nation's pastimes. It happened that this one wound up at Milburnie, the town's "fishing club."

At Milburnie one finds, among other things, a watercooler, which is probably no more out of place in this modern world than a hayride. Maybe not as much so, because with all the typhoid "bugs" and such that have been brought to light in the last fifty years, one can't be too careful about what he drinks. At any rate, hayrides usually leave a better part of the road in the riders' mouths and nasal passages and what could be better for a hot, dusty throat than a glass of cool water? (Well, I can think of some other things, too, but they wouldn't fit the story.) Realizing this need, one ingenious member of the party produced a bottle of Pluto water, nature's wonder that should rank with Yellowstone National Park, Pike's Peak, dynamite, TNT, a hundred Carter's Little Liver Pills, or something. While all the rest of the folks were throwing away their allowances, their trust funds, and their "bottom dollars" in the "nickel getter," nature's little assistant contributed the bottle of "streamlined castor oil" to the water already in the cooler. Of course, the first drinker remarked on the peculiar taste of the water, but this was attributed to the fact that it was probably some kind of mineral water or else some spring water that had been there for a month or so. The night being a hot one, and all

throats being dry (a representative of the W. C. T. U. went along to help the dust), the drinkers indulged in several glasses, hoping to quench their thirst. They all then went back to the big club room to listen to the latest edition of Press Radio News presented by the cure for neuralgia, aches, and pains, or Esso, or maybe even by Wheaties, the ideal breakfast food. (The reason they were listening so intently to such an intellectual program was, of course, that they could get only the local station on the radio.)

The announcer plugged away, "At the first sign of a cold or fever, look for the little red and pink package at your local druggist's . . ."

"Excuse me please," shouted the redheaded boy over in the corner as he made a dash for one of the little anterooms of the lodge.

"And if you're troubled with neuralgia or rheumatic aches and pains be sure to try the twenty five cent size"

"I beg your pardon," yelled the blond football player as he
(twenty)



Did you say an example of exhibitionism, Professor?

soc. 62, lab., 9:30

**With a sigh for those betrayed and
a tear for orders that changeth,
iconoclasm foreshadows democracy.**

By those who have, unfortunately or otherwise, gained a first hand insight into the matter, it is generally conceded that the fancy of the Carolina gentleman is by no means merely an annual Spring function but a year around pursuit that rarely misses an opportunity to be "lightly turned, etc." And with the locale rather rampant with the necessary essentials, few are they who do not, blushing or with a sigh, admit this one of the more inclusive and perennial extra-curricular activities among the student body.

Substantial evidence indicates however that a major problem, for various reasons usually considered of secondary importance elsewhere, frequently arises and, much to the disadvantage of all concerned and the inadvertence of *carpe diem*, the best laid plans result in little more than a headache and general embarrassment. The problem, foolishly enough, seems primarily concerned with convenient seclusion; the degree of privacy directly proportionate to the optimism inspired. Not only unhealthy, this maladjustment is most unproductive and silly.

However, with the confirmed fact in view, we feel that at this time, opportune to the new year, a brief recognition of the problem and its plausible solution might be pertinent to this local, and universal, pastime.

On the opposite page is a map of the University campus and the more convenient, accessible, and *conducive* portions of the vicinity. At various points you will observe certain locations designated by a *heart*. These hearts represent a place of com-

parative seclusion and privacy in the general proximity. In many instances, you will find upon investigation that the location is not exactly as represented. Absolute accuracy, especially upon partial retrospect despite careful calculation, is impossible on so small a scale. If the interested will simply look around on the first visit, and it is prerequisite of every Carolina man wor-



thy of the name that he have the situation well in mind prior to actual activity, the locations given will be found in the immediate range of late permission.

A brief explanation of each and the rest is in the hands God who helps those who help themselves. Analysis will be from left to right, up to down. The observer is at some vantage point to the southwest, near Kenan Stadium; about which vantage point more will be forthcoming:

The more obvious positions will be omitted in this explanation; only those not so widely known will be mentioned. Beginning to the north, west of Columbia street—

Graded School—Open field to rear. Several locations within the building, usually locked.

Baptist Church—Excellent cold weather positions inside if

entrance obtainable. Door to rear usually open. Several outdoor spots on steps in back and to side, left.

United Church—Usual inside locations if accessible and rear of building. Rather far from 10:30 bell however.

High School—Usually closed. Spots to rear and near front if dark night.

To the north of Franklin street, between Columbia and Hillsboro:

Presbyterian Church—Open field space to left; Nice spots near wall on extreme left and to rear. Front door often open permitting usual locations inside. Best positions to rear entrance, left: Room completely furnished with all conveniences. Fire place but inadvisable to utilize although building is rather bad in cold weather. Ample facilities for hasty exit.

Pi Phi House—Few really good spots, with possible exceptions to rear and across the street.

To the east of Hillsboro:

Chi Omega House—Generally considered exclusively sorority and compulsory exit will be deserved unless companion is permitted, etc. Four hearts: Little house, settee, to rear; Bench behind pool under vines; swing, seasonal, under arbor to left of house; Seat under tree near Hillsboro street side, usually rather light.

New Dorm—Excellent cold weather spots, barring interruptions, inside. Several to south but muddy.

Tennis Courts—Stands on clear night. Dusty on ground.

Cemetery—Three roads lead-
(eighteen)



ERNEST CRAGE

music

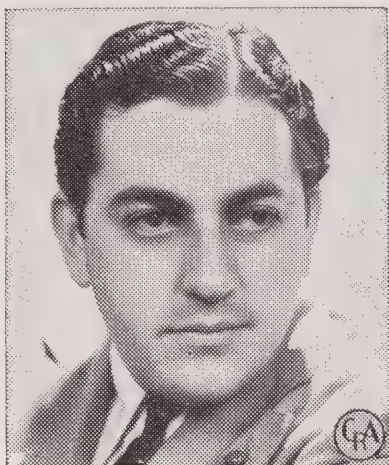
Blue Barron and his Orchestra will play for the annual Fall Germans on the weekend of October 28-29th.

When viewed on the stand, Blue Barron and his boys look remarkably like a high school band at the annual prom. But when listening to their music, all this is forgotten—one marvels only at the fine rhythm and the beautiful melody achieved by this organization. The average age of the members is only twenty. The youngest member of the band, trumpeter, is only eighteen and the leader, The Baron himself, is only twenty-five.

The orchestra is probably best known for its singing song titles. Although a similar idea is used by several other bands, this one has a unique feature. The boys sing not the song to be played, but an old favorite which has a similar thought. Thus, if the orchestra is going to play "Remember Me," they begin by singing a few bars from "How Can I Forget You" and then modulate into the song.

Outstanding in the hog calling is Russ Carlisle, who yodels the titles, and Charlie Fisher, tenor. Credit for the smart arrangements, which have done much to place the band in its present position, goes to Carl Landra who, incidentally, is the band's pianist. Possibly the most unique member of the band is Ronnie Snyder, steel guitarist, who amazes listeners with his unusual throat whistling. Ronnie whistles from his throat with lips motionless. He is also reputed to be quite adept at blowing figure-eight smoke rings with his ears while doing a hand stand on the piano.

Barron recently left on tour



BLUE BARRON

from the Green Room of the Hotel Edison in New York City, prior to which he was at the Southern Tavern in Cleveland. On Broadway the band became nationally popular through many NBC radio network broadcasts, recordings for Victor, and movie shorts for Warner Vitaphone studios.

Through the cooperation of Consolidated Radio Artists, Inc., the German Club of the University will present Blue Barron to the campus for the annual Fall Germans. The series, consisting of the usual two tea dances and two evening formals, is scheduled for the week-end of October 28-29th, approximately the same date as last year's occasion. Concurrent with the Duke-Carolina football game, the Saturday afternoon informal will be immediately following, from 4:30 till 6:30. A formal, from 9 till 12 o'clock, will conclude the set that night. It is to be particularly noted that the Friday afternoon tea dance, opening the series, will be open to the general cam-

pus for a concert by Blue Barron's Orchestra prior to the usual informal affair for German Club members only. The concert, beginning at 4:30, will last till 5:30; the tea dance immediately following. Admission will be thirty five per.

Bids for the set, exclusively for Club members, may be obtained from any officer of the organization. Fees assessed to members for the series will be eight dollars.

Membership in the German Club is open to the entire student body. Initiation fees for non-members, with the exception of seniors, is five dollars. For seniors and graduate students, the fee is one dollar. The initial fee entitles the member to life privileges in the organization. Students who are not members of the Club will not be allowed to purchase bids as a large number of alumni are expected and attendance is limited.

The organization is headed this year by Bill Hendrix, president; Louis Jordan, vice-president; and Billy Worth, executive secretary. It is predictable that the splendid aims of the Club displayed in past years will be adequately continued under such capable leadership.

For the frosh, new students and those who have been broke in years past, it is the policy of the German Club to hold a dance of state wide attraction, name bands, etc., once each quarter. These are *the* dances at Carolina.

Pawn your watch, get a date with a minimum of glue, order in advance from Durham and here we go.

—J. P.



*Robert Winton, nee Barbara:
Attention Madry and Arm-
strong.*



*Kentucky Albritton, who can
feud in our back yard any time.*



*McIntire sans freckles, males,
late permission. Unusual shot.*



*Queen, rusty, tall, handsome.
For one of the better: Hunter.*



*Doubtless fire in less than
three matches despite B. S. A.
noose.*



*Buc. Sec., Warren, who will
make at least Silver Fleece ere
Xmas.*



*Blassé vestige of sacrilege,
"Smokey Joe" Giddens.*



*Winslow, in on Inter-Frat.,
the Gimgold, and Deke.*



Hobbs of Kinston where stranger things have happened.



Boyce and the dope-sucker, excluded in a wise investment.



Myres is doing much better than our photographer.



Gammon grabs guzzle gotten gluffle glukum (aliteration malentendu).



—in open season status. Copyright Reg. S. A. E. Pat. Off.



Two more. Opportunity kicks the door in. And tuition is so low too!



Yipee! Huzzah! Patterson, cheer instigator, K. A., etc.



Yankee, Chi Oh, wide mush, eyes that should purr and slink.

"Sweet Lalanne, Heavenly flower,
Nature patted roses from the dew . . ."

. . . is the song on the lips of every ardent Carolina gridiron fan these days. For Jim "Sweet" Lalanne, (christened James Francis Lalanne of Lafayette, La.), has proved himself a heavenly flower on the Tar Heel 1938 football edition, seemingly well patted by nature with more than roses from the pleasant dew of his Bayou country in southernmost Louisiana. Up to now, it has been quarter-back Lalanne who most capably filled the cleated shoes of departed Co-Captain Crowell Little of the 1937 Conference champs in every respect: running, passing, and calling 'em.

Lalanne's arm brings back memories of the stellar performance of Don Jackson, rated tops in the country in his prime. However, Lalanne's passes are easier to catch. Jackson's were hard, bullet-like and difficult to handle while Lalanne's are soft, floating into the receiver's 'mitts' and sticking there like gum. But still, Lalanne's travel just as fast. It's just that "Jimmy's got it." *Tar Heel*, Sept. 23.)

The departure of Tom Bur-

sports

nette from Kenan stadium and Carolina football last year left a sore spot on the Tar Heel eleven for it was generally thought that few kickers in the country could match "educated toes" with the great Burnette. However, whether place-kicking at Carolina is becoming a tradition or not is yet disputable, Co-Captain Steve Maronic quietly and energetically stepped right into Burnette's shoes this past week. His five out of five placements have justly proved his worth. Just as Burnette hit homers out of Emerson stadium, so does Maronic boot the ball out of the park (Maronic place-kicked two out of three over the wall of Riddick stadium October 1).

With little ceremony and even less publicity, plans for a top-notch swimming team at Carolina this year are well under way. Main reason is the presence of Dick Jameson, newly acquired swimming-frosh football-physical education tutor.

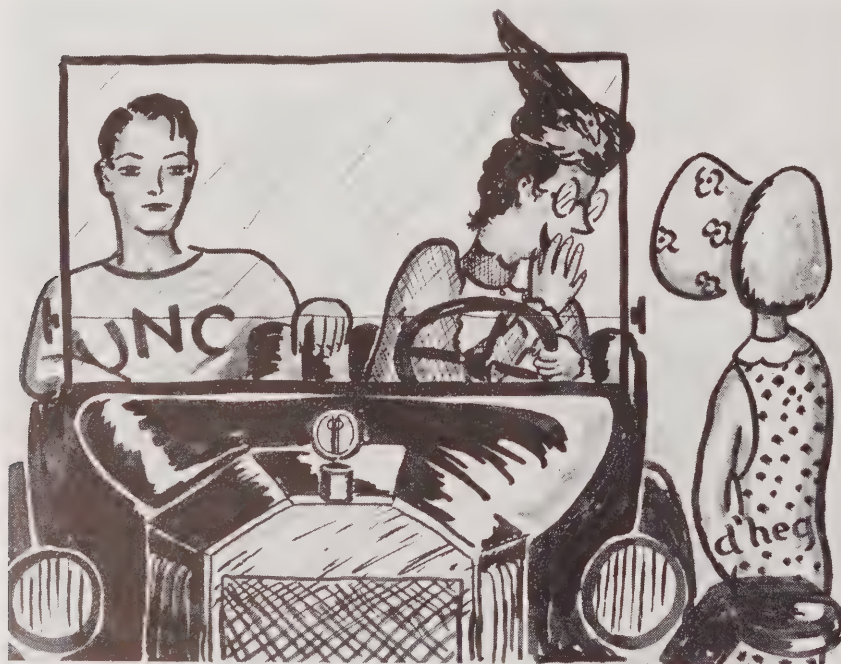
A Rice Institute grad, Dick taught football, swimming and

basketball at Oberlin before coming here this fall. He holds a master's in physical ed and "in my opinion he's one of the best men we have here from an all-around point of view,"—physical education head O. K. Cornwell.

Jameson is well liked at Carolina, and, vice versa, likes Carolina. He plans to begin training this week, if not sooner, with 4 weeks of aqua conditioning slated, leading up to a frosh-varsity meet in early December to get a line on his material. Among the possibilities known around the campus are: Jack Kraynick, Jack Boykin, Murray Drucker, Tom Rogers, Ernest King, Bob Weinberg, Tom Ryan, John Dawson, Lester Fine, and many others.

But far more interesting than the team prospects is the work going on behind the desk by Assistant Director of Athletics George "Bo" Shepard, chief schedule magnate. To date, Bo has scheduled four intercollegiate swimming meets with two more tentative. The probable schedule will be something like this: January 23—Virginia here; February 4—N. C. State here; February 9—Duke here; February 18—VMI there; February 23—W&L here; March 1—Duke there. So, to the many anxious swimming fans, there'll be plenty of opportunity to witness home meets—and very soon.

Last spring, LIFE photographer Peter Stackpole visited Chapel Hill, (Buccaneer, June 1938); returned to New York three days later with a complete set of Tar Heel tennis pictures. The story, according to LIFE'S editorial board member Richard Pollard, was originally planned to appear then but was delayed through lack of adequate caption material. With the aid of Coach Kenfield, the needed material was soon obtained and



You should see the one that got away!

(twenty)



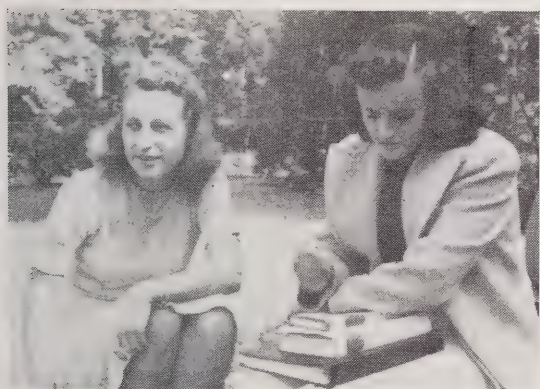
Harry's of Gregory. Cuppa Alpha and last of the Mohicans.



Elmer the Junior, ping ping. General Kappa Sig furniture.



We hope you can translate the ad in the lower left.



Kibler and Easley. Books and er, etc. Dangerous combination.



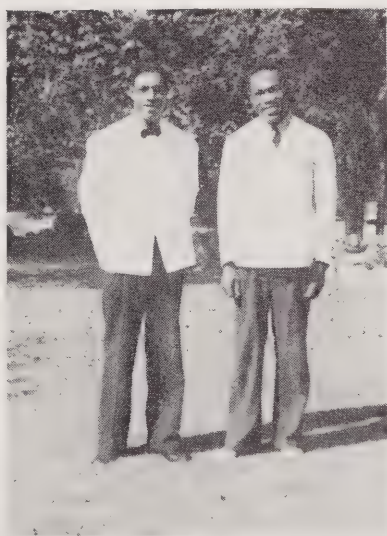
Mac. Center vent.



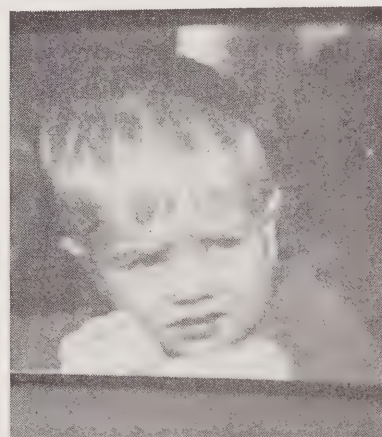
When the foot fell back we lost our cover-bug of June ish.



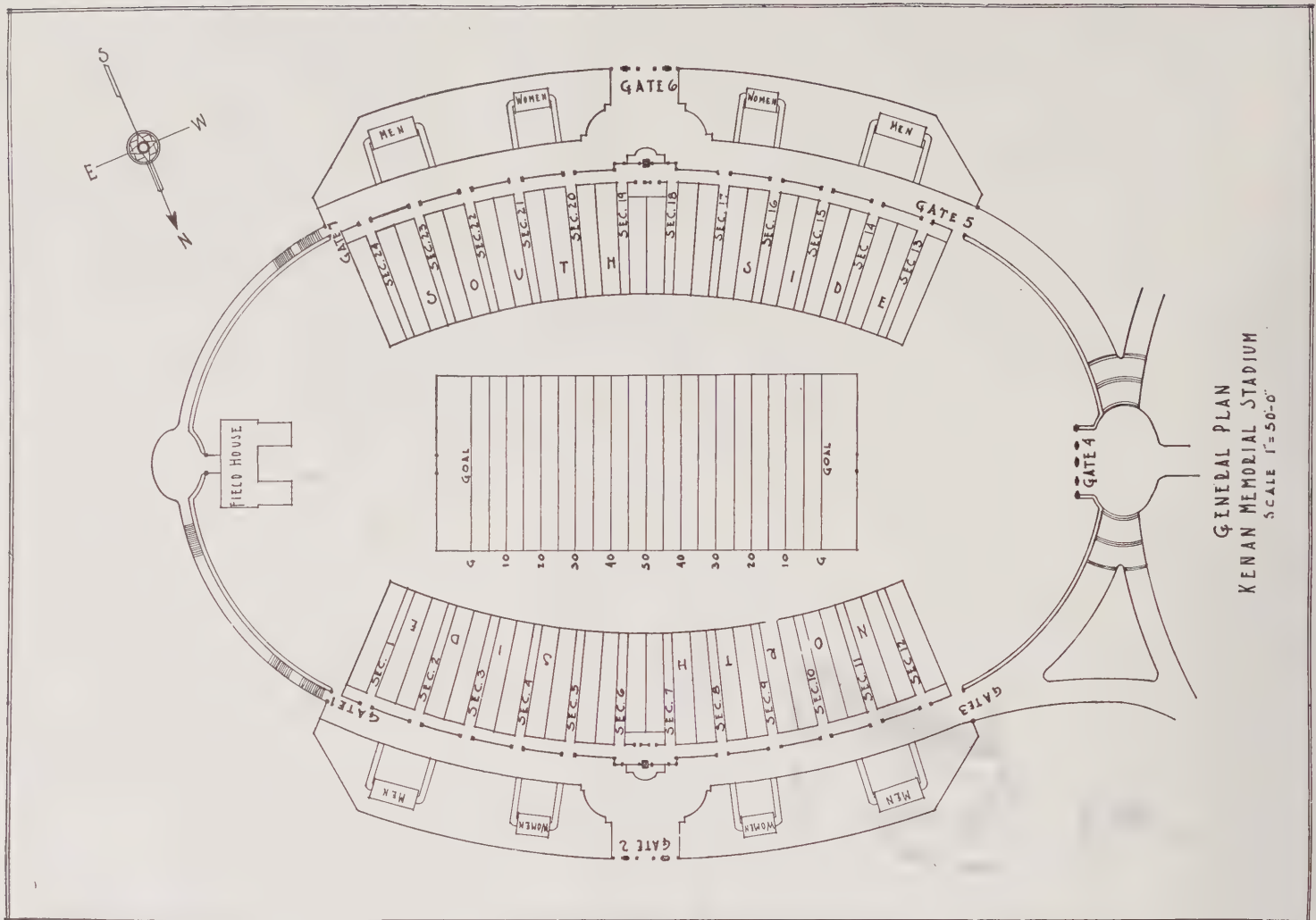
Study in saddle shoes; one once tradition, the other, potential.



Eddie and Steve: Living ghosts of alumni memories.



The class of '57 if his mother will show him the foregoing.



soc. lab

ing into pitch dark. Private but rather lonesome (O. K. Don't brag but try it once!)

Several of best spots in town to rear of tennis courts and behind grave yard. Very private and little known.

South of Raleigh road:

Road to stadium. Several turn off places. Car necessary.

Bell Tower—Hardy perennial but quite a few good spots near brook below same. Conversational little spot on actual steps to rear of tower, public.

Kenan Stadium—Map showing accurate description of same is found on this page. Rampant with spots, but rather public and cold and reputed serving to capacity crowds every evening. Try Swain hall at noon.

Several Sheds or wooden buildings between Tin Can and Bell

Tower. Steps on same and usually vacant.

Tin Can—Nice spot to rear at about center of building. Little alcove effect at front left end.

New Gym — Lane around swimming pool. Fine steps on left end, rear. Several pretty good locations on right end, rear, to left of pool.

Track Stadium—Field house porch. Stands. Fine open field with occasional benches, etc. Anywhere in this area good.

South of street bisecting campus:

Peabody—Rather nice class rooms, etc. but building usually open to late working faculty at all hours.

Phillips—Indention in wall to rear, right. Play cave under steps at front entrance.

Memorial Hall—Excellent in auditorium, cold weather. Two of best private spots on campus

at box entrance on either side of building beside stairs. Balcony good if you will be careful of people below—Make noise upon exit, etc.

Gerard Hall—Accessible by rear window on left side. Doors locked. Condemned and will probably fall if very athletic inside. Dusty, wear old clothes. Make preparations for opening before hand.

Playmaker Theatre — Pretty good until fire. Often open. Playmakers open minded so ignore interference.

Buildings Department — Nice locations at shed to left and woods to right, etc.

Saunders—Usual class rooms. Faculty goes to bed comparatively early. Fine for snow on ground, etc.

Murphy—Similar to above but proffs all over building off and on.

Venable—Good places to rear and left side.

Bingham—Usual class rooms, etc. Healthy, wealthy, and wise professors usually.

Caldwell—Fair spot at right, midway building. Med students are surprisingly embarrassed at things however.

Emerson Field—Fallen in disrepute in late years although formally one of the best on the campus, rivaling Stadium. Thus few usually in attendance. Stands, particularly at right end, top, under tree. Nice spots on field. Most private if caution displayed at entrance, right. Left gate closed.

Between Campus Avenue and Franklin Street:

House to rear of Music Hall unless rented is fair.

Methodist Church—Fine rooms all over the building, back or side doors usually unlocked. Steeple good if possible.

Graham Memorial—Steps at right, rear. Day time spot in attic; entrance through banquet hall, end.

Episcopal Church—Fine for convenience and avoidance of last minute rush. Steeple of old portion. General church proper. Room, cold, at right, main entrance. Steps to basement to rear. Steps behind room at entrance, end court. Fine places.

Spencer Hall—Rather convenient. Basement if key not found to door as yet; entrance through kitchen, back door. Bushes near pool to rear of building.

Hill Music Hall—Fine rooms in basement, particularly room to rear, right; convenient exit through window opening on ground.

Alumni is always full of folks and no good places anyway so don't look.

Pharmacy—Good spots at either end to back.

Davie Hall—Excellent spot at rear. Follow path through arboretum and turn right at rear

of building. Leads into utter privacy with nice exit invisible from outside.

Arboretum—The most overrated place on the campus. Everybody thinks everybody else will be there and thus is usually vacant. No very good spot except under large thorn bush in south east corner of clearing.

New West—Fine rest room on second floor, all conveniences. Faculty goes home rather early, about 9:30. Also usual class rooms.

New East—Good spot at left end. Often open car there to utilize. Fire escape on right end. Lower landing covered with bushes. One of best places in Orange County to be found on fourth floor. Room, some professional fraternity, well equipped, etc. Even radio which is ok to play softly. Go up and unlock window afternoon before and enter by fire escape at night. Fine exits if necessary.

—J. P.

Reporter: I've just got a perfect news story.

Editor: Did a man bite a dog?

Reporter: No, a bull threw a professor.

—The Urchin

Fraternity man—Would you be interested in joining a fraternity?

Freshman—No, thanks, I've got some clothes of my own.

"I'd ask you for the next dance, but all the cars are taken."

"How come you left your girl in Paris?"

"She wouldn't come across."

"Is your big moment fast?"

"Fast! Why, his speedometer registers ninety when we're standing in a parking place."

"All right, youse guys," yelled the sergeant, "The sooner you learn you're in the army the better off you'll be!"

The recruits jerked to attention.

"Count off!" roared the sergeant.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!" barked the first squad.

"one," squeaked the first man in the second squad. The sergeant demanded a recount. Again he was riled by a soprano peep from number one in the second squad. The sergeant got nasty.

"Are you one?!!" he yelled at the man in his heaviest voice.

"Yes, Sir," piped the little fellow, "Are you one too?"

—Joe Physledyck

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sports

room was found in the June 13th issue in which the 4 page picture story appeared.

Most pleasant angle was the introductory sentence: "The University of North Carolina students, known as Tar Heels, claim two superlatives for their college; (1) It is the oldest State University in existence; (2) It has the best tennis teams in the country."

In answer to the latter, many reactions from other parts of the country flowed into LIFE'S letter-to-the-editor department. One Mr. Moreno of Beverley Hills, Calif., (Nat'l. Junior Doubles Champ 1937) challenged North Carolina's claim and is sure USC's team could defeat the Tar Heels. A member of the University of Chicago also challenges North Carolina's claim to supremacy. Eastern college players on the other hand seemed unanimous in the opinion that any North Carolina tennis team was very hard to beat.

—Jerry Stoff.

"Quite the contrary," the man on shipboard answered, when asked if he had dined.

fell over the blue-eyed babe, who was in the line of fire between his seat and the anteroom.

The masculine members of the party were not the only ones to interrupt the announcer and leave so rudely while he was delivering his oration; because immediately after "the twenty five cents package at the corner drug store," the blue-eyed babe made a sprint for the door at the other end of the lodge that would have made Glenn Cunningham envious.

A continual stream of "excuse

Smartly Distinctive

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Your Clothes Artistically Tailored

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Parrish St.

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Appointment

DURHAM, N. C.

me pleases" resulted until by the time the announcer slurred into "... and now for the news of the day," the main lodge room looked like Gimghoul in the daytime and rush week was on in the anterooms.

1st Japanese—"Why doesn't Dong Foo commit hara-kiri?"

2nd Japanese—"He ain't got the guts."

A certain hospital patient's challenge, at every knock on his door. "Who goes there? Friend or enema?"

pluto

priva

copies Paderewski's "Minuet in G."

NEW GYM—Main floor, 208. A-9. Complete boudoir, pink tile, pleasant atmosphere.

GRAHAM MEMORIAL—110. A-4. Two lounges, desk, six chairs, waiting room.

THEATRE—Entrance, right. B-1. Mirrors, towels, table, crude representation of Greta Garbo, au naturel.

SPENCER HALL—One on each floor. A-3. White walls, sunny, nice view from street, few shades (inference).

HARRY'S—End, right. B-1. Rather obvious entrance, comfortable.

COFFEE SHOP—End, right. A-1. Two spoons, salt shaker.

UNIVERSITY—End, right. A-1. Greasy and homey.

KAPPA ALPHA—Entrance, left. A-1. Parlor, picture Randolph Scott, two Kappa Sigs. —G.B.T.

Jimmy: We've got a new baby down at our house.

Neighbor: How nice,—did the stork bring it?

Jimmy: Oh, no. It developed from a unicellular amoeba.

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locals

One never knows, don't we? The summer is over and a new year ahead. Quite a quantity of the neophyte coeds appear fair and prospective. The usual majority of winter affaires d'amour couldn't take the heat. Several made the biological necessity legal. And the rest return to try again.

Two of the S. A. E. herd were found with their shoes off in the Dorm Neaveau nights past, their bare tootsies twinkling over the nicholodian.

Several of the better new women were overheard discussing outstanding males and methods for catching same. From the tone of the stragity it will be a fine year for the boys.

We offer our utmost sympathy and consolation to the gentleman whose brother died during the first coed dance. After five pieces with much the same gal and last resorts proving futile, he received a call from home and was forced to leave. The interment was held under a table at Harry's.

It seems that a playful chap at the late Debutante Ball received a jaw broken in two places and less teeth than formally. It was a State College boxer whose full-dress tails he cut off. A pal offered his assistance by being knocked over a poarch rail and down a thirty foot embankment. It is rumored that they had been drinking.

Last returns from the Wake Forest game numbered 47 coeds there without dates. Of these, four were from the seven better new ones and two from the four top ranking old timers. Six of Carolina's blue ribbon females, all alone and wistful! Why doesn't somebody tell us these things?

The boys with the badges chased quite a portion of Duke out of town the other evening.

They were attempting to persuade several New Dormers to forsake the home fires for the evening and, witnessing the small hour of their exit, they almost succeeded. It was a quaint sight as one maiden eluded the cops by lying down on the porch roof a la Tarzan.

With a pot up to \$40.00 and two aces in hand, one of our more prominent gentlemen surrendered the ghost, etc. and messed up the game, the table, two brothers, and most of that part of the house, recently. Time, tide, and beer wait for no man.

The perinnial double-cross gets off to an early start with a Kappa Sig already signed up for three dates the week end of the Duke game. Yawn.

And one of the more prolific female stand-up artists of last year has totaled four thus far.

Last years titan queen was caught in the act with a knitting needle and yarn. Inferences optional.

A nice boy who was left out in the bitter chill last spring when she married another refuses to date this season. Plans to make Phi Bete and, perhaps, join a monastery.

The local din of vice and corruption has witnessed three fights since registration. All over the usual nothing and with somewhat like results numbering one torn sweater, broken glasses, wasted beer and enjoyment for all concerned including the usual packed house.

It is stated that-the-foremost female checked in a trifle late this summer and was fortunate sufficiently to be unnoticed while another, not so fortunate, can't return this year.

And watch that 3,700 enrollment decline since the patron saint left the Arts and Sciences.

—F. G.

**"SHURE AND HIS
PIPE DISTURBED
TH' PEACE!"**

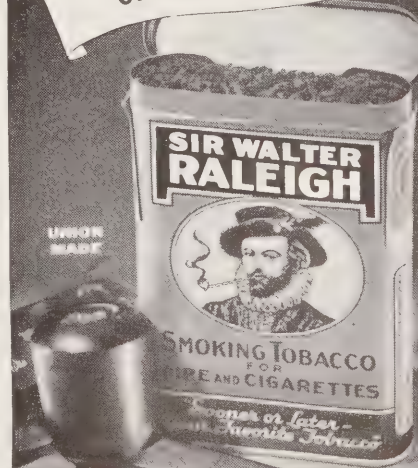


"MARRY ME, MARY?" But before she could answer, Frank's gooey-smelling pipe floored her. She just couldn't stand that strong, rancid tobacco. But Murphy saved the day!



"FAITH AND BEDAD!" Clean that pipe and fill up with my Sir Walter—the most fragrant blend of extra-mild burleys ever put in a 2-ounce tin!" So he did, and she said "yes."

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA**



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

subways

months. Incidentally, one crew disappeared in 1926 and recently showed up in Mommouth Cave, Va. At this rate they should complete the subway in 231 months, two weeks, and three days. This would at least keep them out of sight for a while.)

Fourth, we must appoint a committee to take care of all details and stuff. (This committee will be known as the I. D. I. F. I. C. R. T. C. meaning the Inter Dormitory - Inter Fraternity-Inter Campus Rapid Transit Commission. Fifth, we must, and I don't think it is asking too much for it was my idea, make me treasurer. And last, a minor detail that I failed to mention, we must raise \$502,978.33 as our share of the appropriation. Please do not let this discourage you, because if I do say it, things look very promising. Already contributions are flooding my office. Everett dormitory has contributed \$1.03; Aycock \$.65; twenty-five cents has been received from a co-ed in Carrboro; and thirteen cents from a group of private citizens who do not want their names revealed. Don't wait! Make your contribution today. Let's have at least one thing that Duke cannot borrow.

Hotel Clerk: "Why don't you scrape that mud off your shoes before you come in here?"

Back woods man: "What shoes?"



Tragedy

This watch was an heirloom from Grandpa,
But now I'm forced to hock it.
For you've got Coffee Shop tastes,
And I've got a Swain Hall pocket.

—X. X. X.

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Durham Engraving Company

Manufacturing Photo-Engravers
220 East Parrish Street

Durham, North Carolina

Prof: "What is the greatest Greek Tragedy?"

Stude: "Phi Delta Theta."

"You should hear my heart beat when you kiss me that way."

"Whadda you think I am, a contortionist?"

Wabbits have a funny face,
Their private life is a disgrace,
Oo'd be surprised if oo but knew
The awful fings that wabbits do,
And often, too.

—J. P.

Patron: "I'll take a box of those pills you're advertising, and make them double strength."

Druggist: "Yessir, here you are, sir. That will be 35 cents, sir."

Patron: "Hey, what's the idea of giving me my change in nickles?"

Druggist: "You'll need the nickels, sir—with those pills!"

—Puppet

Roommate: "Hey, Tom, wake up! There's a guy in here stealing your clothes!"

Second Roommate: "What d'ya want me to get up for? You two just fight it out among yourselves."

Motorist (stopping before hitch-hiker with his thumb in the air): "Want a ride, fellow?"

Hitchhiker: "Oh no; I'm just goosing a ghost!"

To an Unlovely Coed

Don't you worry, little girl,
If you have no date.
Leave others to the social whirl;
You can be Phe Bete.
And maybe if you study hard
In Botany or Drama,
You'll get the greatest gift of
God—
You'll make Alpha Kappa
Gamma.

—X. X. X.

Intent

Let your dancing
have oomph,
Let your figure
be shown,
Let your morals,
be nil,
Let your follies
be known,
For God helps a girl
with a will of her own.

—X. X. X.

And your partners dance in
squirms,
Do you smile when you're being
"cut,"
Then say "Joyed it" to the
worms? —X. X. X.

Inference

We're alarmed by the feeling
predominant
Of true love is tender
Suppression of gender
Through a program of mutual
disarmament. —D. F.

Nocturne on a Tenement Divan

When you start in sofa wrestling
With the heat at 98,
When you're reeking with a per-
fume
That I particularly hate,
When you say "Does itsy-bitsy
Find his snookums hard to
take?"—

Then, my love, I can't help
thinking

What a charming corpse you'd
make.

—X. X. X.

Credit

Platonic love has oft' been de-
fined
As a thing of beauty that springs
from the mind.
Please believe me. There is lots
to be said
For those who write poems and
put them in bed.

—Goldsmith

Itsy bitsy pider
went up de wader pout
down cum de wain
n' wash de pider out
out cum de sun
and dwided up all de wain
den itsy bitsy pider
went up de pout again

—J. P.

To a Dead Coed

Now that you're buried six feet
under,

Girls with character in their
faces

Seldom go to interesting places.
—X. X. X.



"My gal is fickle," says Sophomore Joe,
"What flavor she'll like I never know,
"So when I buy those swell Life Savers,
"I play it safe and get Five Flavors*."
(*Five delicious fruit flavors in one package.)

CONVENIENT PUL-TAB
FOR EASY OPENING

**MORAL:**

Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let refreshing Life
Savers sweeten your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

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**Florsheim
Cordovans**

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Most Regular
Styles
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See Florsheim Cordovans
at

Roscoe-Griffin Co.

Durham

Raleigh

vogue

coed

There's a crispness and zest to the air these fall days and still more to the new campus togs. Sweaters and skirts are still uniforms, but they've gone glamorous with the glowing artist colors and graceful lines. The colors are inspired by the rich browns, purples and reds of a Gainsborough portrait. Even the names are exciting: teal, moonstone, plum and mist. Something has happened to the standbys like burnt orange and tile. They have been "greyed" to a frosty finish that is entirely new. The combination of these luscious colors with downy angora is irresistible. Pullover and cardigan styles can be had in botany, cashmere, angora and novelty wools.

The newest skirts feature circular cut, pleats, or gores—most of the bulky tweeds achieve flare through gores. Plaids seem to call for knife-edge pleats all around, while jersey is very smart with pleats stitched to the hips, then flared. Belts are used on most skirts, so that a tuck-in shirt becomes necessary. The merry game of matching or mixing still goes on, and either way you get a striking outfit. These self-developed ensembles will take you anywhere—to church, village dates, football games, and even tea-dances if you're pushed for time.

Perhaps the wool dress is even more versatile than the skirt-and-sweater. It is a necessity on a coed campus. Beige jersey has returned to the spotlight, and is shown combined with every color in every style. One model features a tiny detachable hood lined with natural and wine plaid for cold or rainy days. Another dress has a skirt with stitched pleats all around. All shades of red are popular, from the grey-



ed-rose for dressier styles to flaming red for wear with tweeds. One of the smartest dresses has a cherry-red wool blouse and a navy tweed skirt. Details: a small-boy collar, fitted waist, and a lemon burlap belt. An olive two-piece dress in rabbit-hair wool is another smart sports dress. It has brown leather buttons and belt. Raw-hide belts are especially good with dark jerseys with tuck-in shirts.

For tea or date dresses, velvet has the field almost to itself. Velveteen is also popular for the more demure styles. There are many dirndl models with lace or peasant embroidery. More graceful lines are found in a black velvet with cowl neck and wide gold kid belt. The velveteen jumper with a satin blouse is still good.

Evening dresses are more glamorous than ever, showing a distinct Victorian influence. Narrow puffed shoulders on formals and velvet throat bands are new notes. Billowy marquisesettes and chiffons make lovely waltz dresses, but the most popular fabrics are velvet, satin, and brocades. A strapless white

(twenty-eight)

male

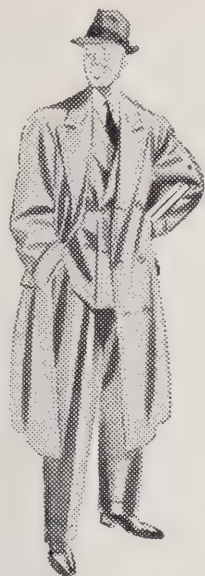
We told you last spring that the three button coat was going to be tops this fall and you may see for yourself that we weren't wrong. This season it is more popular than ever and clothing merchants tell me that, for campus use, they sell more of them than of any other style. The coat of this year is the same as last with a couple of minor innovations. Like last year it has the plain back, is fairly loose, and has fullness through the shoulders. A change introduced in the present coat is the shortening of the lapel roll from the center button to the top button, thus requiring the two top buttons to be fastened, instead of merely the center one as was the case before. Another minor change which we noticed on some coats is the addition of peak lapels instead of the conventional notch type on this coat. Contrary to what you may think at first, peak lapels look rather good, too.

There will be some double breasted suits sold this fall, and in this style we would like to call your attention to a few points. Latest models feature the top button fastened and the roll from that. Last season the London drape required the top button loose and the roll from the second. Fabrics being made into double breasted suits for this year are more dressy than heretofore, with many hard worsteds used.

It was our good luck to be in on the ground floor in predicting popularity for covert cloth and if you care to check up we mentioned it as early as last April. Thus we were not surprised at the large sales of covert suits and slacks which has taken place this fall. We do not be-

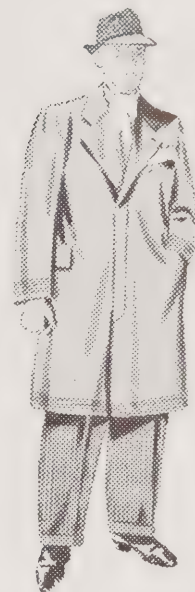
(twenty-seven)

Style Trends on the Campus



Our business is to keep the Carolina gentleman well dressed. We have Chapel Hill's most complete line of correct clothes for any occasion; it is a real pleasure for us to furnish your every clothing need.

Watch this space for Style Trends on the Campus, and visit our store when your wardrobe is lacking.



THAMES CLOTHING SHOP



FASHION HEADQUARTERS
FOR EASTERN CAROLINA

Miss Elizabeth Gammon is off to a football game in a distinctive suit of Winter Blue wool. Lightweight yet warm, smartly yet classically tailored, it is appropriate for almost any occasion. The full-length, fitted coat with matching skirt is especially good this year. A rolled collar, square shoulders, and effective pocket arrangement give this suit the svelte lines that put it on your "must" list this fall. A hat of matching blue felt and a white angora sweater complete the ensemble.

Ellis Stone & Co

Main at Corcoran, Durham, N. C.

Women may be slaves of fashion, but their burden is light.

The first day you move into a fraternity house be sure to learn the names of all your new brothers. You may never see them sober again.

The average man is proof enough that a woman can take a joke.

It is impolite to use baby-talk during social inter-course.

Before the invention of firearms, many weddings were the result of beau an' error.

After playing with fire for a few years girls usually aren't so hot.

The girdle manufacturer is often the divinity that shapes our ends.

You can lead a fraternity man to water, but why disappoint him?

diddle

She was a good little girl as far as good little girls go, and as far as good little girls go, she went.

Convenient
and
Satisfactory
Shopping
Everything
for the
Co-ed

at

Ellis's
Franklin Street

Voice over the phone: "Pop, guess who just got kicked out of college?"

We know one who is so sanitary, she soul-kisses through a straw.

A liar can travel around the world twice while a truthful man puts his pants on.

Probably the shortest book ever written would be "Who's Who in Germany."

People who live in glass houses might just as well answer the door bell.

A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once.

It must be a terrible blow to a man to realize that his eyes are on their last legs.

Carrion old boy, carrion, said the vulture to his friend.

—J. P.

This Cap Insures Your Health



Gold Seal Milk now offers the extra protection of the exclusive Darco sealed cap. This safety unit eliminates all handling dangers—mark it down as another reason why you should order a quart of Gold Seal Milk today.

Durham Dairy Products

140 E. Franklin St.

Phone 7766

"Chapel Hill's Complete Dairy Service"

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Won this month by

TIM ELLIOTT
Phi Gam House

Quit Beatin' around the Anhauser Pusch.

male

lieve, however, that the popularity which it has achieved will be maintained since manufacturers anxious to climb on the covert bandwagon have offered it in cheaper grades which sacrifice quality. Because of this influx of cheaper coverts we think the present popularity won't last. Slacks in the better grade will continue to find their way into the wardrobes of many students since genuine covert has few peers in wearing qualities and those which make a fabric tailor nicely.

Shoe stylists estimate that forty per cent of men's shoes sold this fall will be brown. For the campus we would change this to sixty per cent. Whether you agree or not, you should see two of the fine models in brown which will be tops in shoes this fall. The first, an interpretation of the ski shoe, is one of the most suitable models for campus wear and combines comfort with rugged good looks. The second, the familiar Cordovan in 1938 style, has all the good looks one could want and will out-wear a saddle oxford. The Cordovan should be very popular this fall.

—Ernest King

It was Prom time. Fifty couples were dancing to the strains of mad music.

It began to rain. A hundred and fifty couples are dancing.

Ga. Co-ed—"Where's Elsie?"
House Mother—"I don't know!
She went to the library."

Free Delivery

of

The New York Times

Daily and Sunday on day of
Publication

The New York Times

Agent: Eric J. Laddey, 8 Battle

disks

Swing fans should not miss Artie Shaw's new *Bluebird* releases, the best of which are *Begin The Beguine*, *Indian Love Call*, *Back Bay Shuffle*, and *Comin' On*. The last two are Shaw's own compositions and his clarinet playing is the highlight of all four sides. The arrangements of *Beguine* and *Love Call* are masterpieces...

A valuable addition to the Goodman recorded repertoire is the last Benny Goodman Quarter platter of *The Blues In Your Flat*—two original versions of the blues composed by Benny's vibraphone player Lionel Hampton. Both numbers are played in the slow four-four tempo so characteristic of this type of music. The second side includes a vocal by the composer; Victor.

Watch for the soon-to-be-released Decca recording by Paul Whiteman and a section of his organization which he calls his "Swing Wing." The *Modernaires* quartet and Jack and Charlie Teagarden are the featured soloists.

Skinney Ennis and his new band have just waxed their first records for Victor. This new

smooth band sounds more like the old Kemp style than Hal's band. *Garden Of The Moon* is heartily recommended.

Professor: I'm letting you out ten minutes early. Go quietly so as not to awaken the other classes.

FROCKS

for all
occasions

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A Truly Delicious
**COLA and
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IT'S GOOD
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For the Utmost
in
Quality and
Purity



Reporter (to visiting Frenchmen)—And why do you visit this country, Duke?

Duke—I weesh to veesit the famous Mrs. Beach, who had so many sons in France during the war.



Pledge: Do you love me?

Gal: Uh-huh.

Him again: Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?

Comfortable Study Chairs

From \$5 up.

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\$1.49 and up

Axminster Throw Rugs

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Study Tables and Desks
Various Sizes and Finishes

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Furniture Co., Inc.

106 W. Parrish St.
Durham, N. C.

coed

satin with draped bodice or a black velvet, also strapless, is the *dernier cri*. Cerise, plum, and all shades of purple are leading colors. Doll hats in velvet are very new and add that certain touch for evening.

—Mary Green



"It's raining cats and dogs outside."

"I know. I just stepped into poodle."

KEEP SPORTY



We specialize in sportswear of all types. Come in and see our sweaters, skirts and suits. Complete line of Evening Dresses.



The Betsy Ann Shop
E. Franklin St.

Dear Sir: I am engaged to a Pi Pi. I have been informed that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at 11 o'clock Friday night and make an explanation.

—Leo Lure.

Dear Leo: I have received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting.



Prof. (taking up quiz paper): "Why the quotation marks on this paper?"

Student: "Courtesy to the man on my left."

Our stock
always includes

Arrow and Eagle Shirts

Brentwood Sportwear

Pajamas

Ties and Hats

Suits tailored to measure

\$22.75 and up

JACK LIPMAN

To a Lovely Coed

Forget that F and just recall

The knowledge you've obtained.

You're from the greatest school of all,—

You're Arboretum trained.

Where there are males, you'll never flop,

You're triumphs will increase. And someday soon you'll reach the top—

You'll make the Golden Fleece.

Book
Lovers

are always welcome to spend their spare time among our books.

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The Bull's Head
Bookshop

Ground Floor of Library

Drink

Coca-Cola

in Bottles

Delicious and Refreshing

Durham Coca Cola
Bottling Co.

Durham, N. C.

Craftsmanship

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CHAPEL HILL . . . NORTH CAROLINA

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The University Dining Hall
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Hours

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*A new smoking pleasure
for millions*

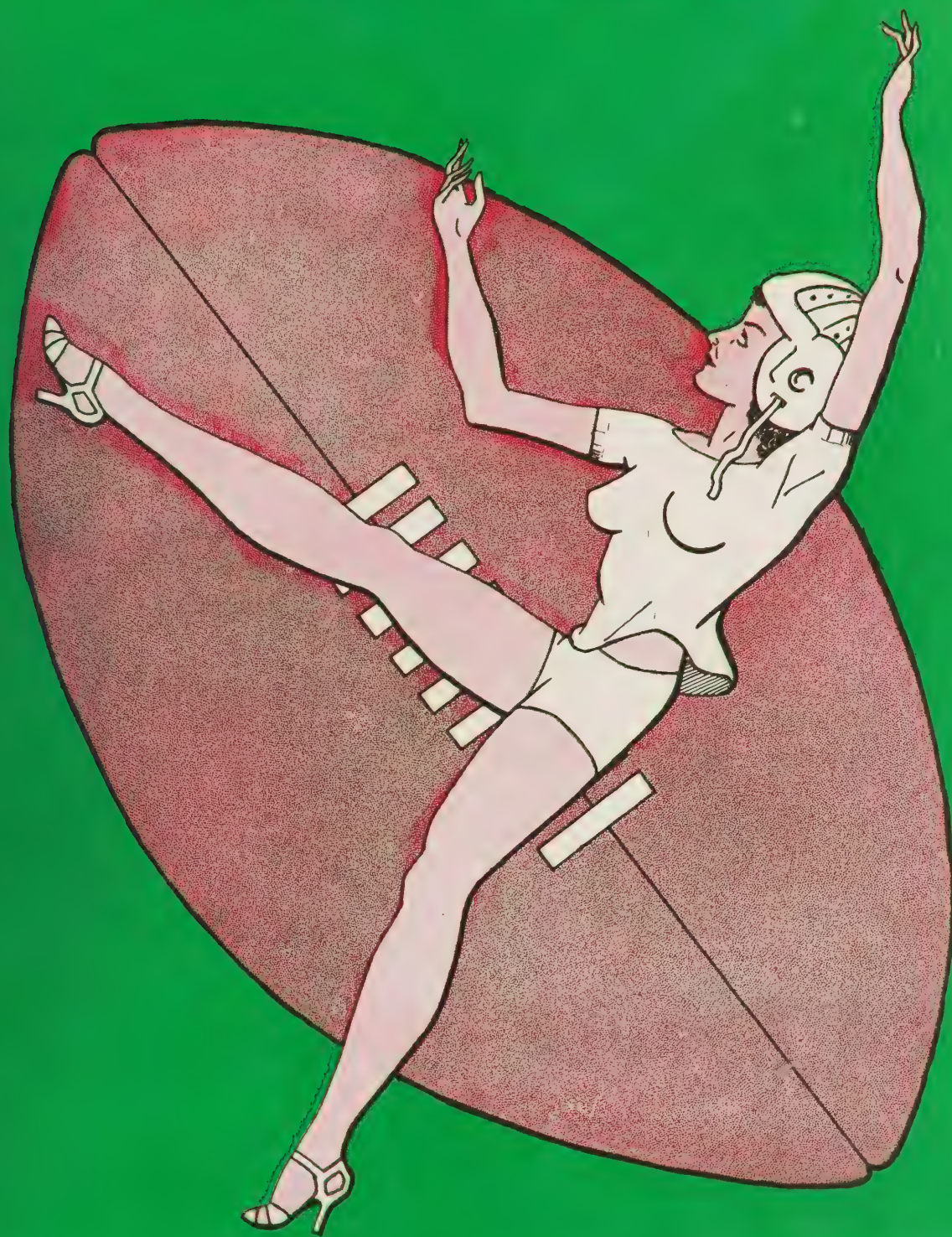


Up-to-the-minute...
mild ripe tobaccos and
pure cigarette paper ...
the best ingredients a
cigarette can have ...

*that's why more and more smokers are turning to
Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste*

They Satisfy ..millions

The **CAROLINA BUCCANEER**



NOVEMBER

15¢

1939

Your tired nerves need frequent relief

SCOTTIE Known variously in early history as Skye, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport. Extremely independent.



He's giving his
nerves
a rest...

and so
is he

LIKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs rest when they need rest...while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up the pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we *can* soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are mild — *soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise
"Let up...*light up a Camel*"



RALPH GULDAHL (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals: "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. Little breaks in daily nerve tension help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"

DID YOU KNOW:



— that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild tobaccos that are finer and, of course, more expensive. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...Turkish and Domestic.

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Smoke 6 packs
of Camels
and find out
why they are
the **LARGEST-
SELLING
CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA**

LET UP—*LIGHT UP A CAMEL!*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves

ALLAN BROW

rhapsody in fall colors



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The Carolina Buccaneer

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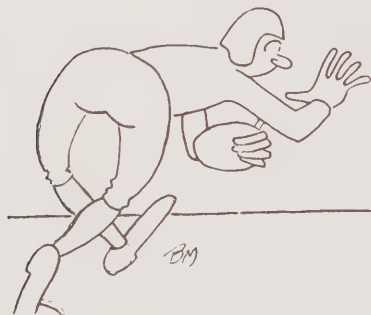
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We had reserved a lower booth and were all tucked in. Twasn't a fit weekend out for man nor beast. Alake, auld deil gangs the brae; a stoup o' maut, twathree!

We lost, ah 'tis true but old Davie Popular rustled to its heritage of almost a century and half, and felt at home once more. The veil of years was washed away, faint echos of an ancient day found harmony again with timeless tones, ole Massa Carolina shaded his dim eyes against a glistening present, surveyed the old plantation and found it good.

"What is this younger generation coming to," we said in the way of conversation. "You mean *when*," vouchsafed a spongy voice from under the table next door. "At least the Monday demons assure the *how*," said we.

We saw feet approaching. They followed each other over, tipped toward us and were swallowed by a vast expanse of white, two stud buttons and a face. We scurried back into a far corner. "There is no one at home," said we, ominously, "and

the cupboard, it is bare and mortgaged withal." The face opened. "Zero-line-A," it said, "Hittem!"

She crawled over, reared upright and rested her hindlegs on the andirons. We offered and lighted it for her. "I know a good one," said she, "but you can't print it." "So?" we inquired. "Its after hours," said she.

He was about thirty odd. The world outside gleamed on the blue serge. He showed us the Greek on the pin and the Latin on the ring. "29," said he, "Golden Fleece. All of it. And that wop on the door won't let me in!" He staggered off, slowly.

The glass slipped and broke and his hand fell on it. We tied it up with a hankchief which immediately was red. We hurried out and on the way we saw one bending over on the lawn, his face was pale. Grass will grow high there. We rang the bell and the nurse came to the door. "Bring him in," she said with resignation.

Ole Massa surveyed his plantation and smiled.

—THE EDITOR.

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A Double Sweetheart

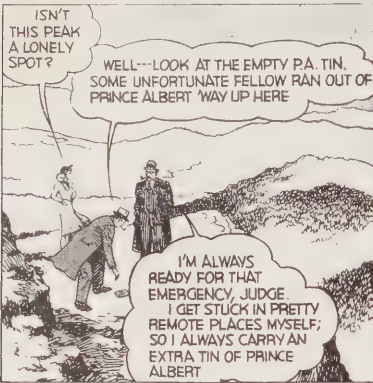
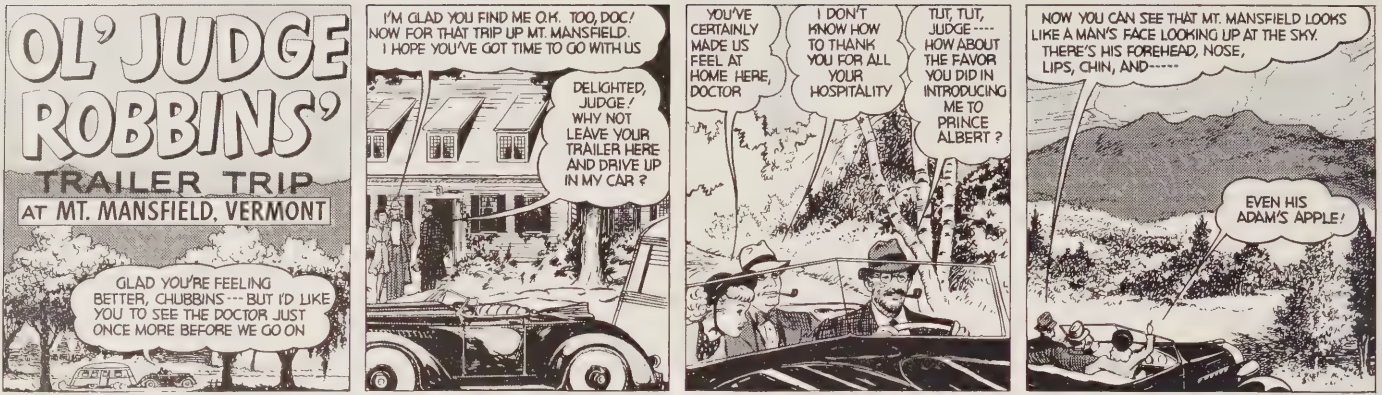
Old Golds try to
Please *everyone*, too.
So their
Prize crop tobaccos
Are *extra* aged
To make them
Double-mellow.
Their package is
Double Cellophane
To keep them just as
Tan-ta-liz-ing-ly
FRESH as any
Double Sweetheart!



STARTING NOV. 20th
TUNE IN on Old Gold's
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Bob Benchley, every Sunday
night, Columbia Network,
Coast-to-Coast.

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For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . .
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P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Brevity is the spice of life, blind dates, parking preludes, lingerie and local items:

A past inhabitant of a house on Pittsboro Avenue, up (?) for a recent fraternity affair, did passe outte thrice of an evening despite the entertaining attention of his auburn-tressed companion and finally relinquished the ghost on the lawn where he was allowed to absorb the gently falling dew and the night air ere the dawning sun arose.

One from the house on the corner across the street persists, much to the annoyance of Archer House, in calling at systematic and few minute intervals till he finds somebody sans date.

Passing out is seemingly in vogue. The New Dorm was host to one numbered among the missing an evening last who revived not sufficiently to call his

local

date who finally went to bed, upstairs in the New Dorm. He was finally resurrected by another who substituted. Curricularly, he fiddles with awful things in Howell.

We saw a lady, who in '38 accompanied one of Proff's leading disciples, weeping lustly near the Presbyterian Church after being tackled in true football mode by a rather inundated lad from 112 Cameron.



Out again was one who caused much distress to a Chi Oh pledge when he didn't show for the dance. Somebody called for a brother to substitute and found all the brothers likewise.

What dark secret are the two houses on the Cameron court concealing about a maiden in distress who called the police early in the quarter?

If anybody is interested in starting a neat little scandle, one might inquire as to the exact number of votes cast in the election last spring and compare that figure to the amount of names checked off in the directory as the voters passed by.

And if anyone is interested in raising a really hell, one might diddle into just what suddenly stopped that matter of a campus theatre last year.

Shall we rouse a rabble?

(twenty)

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.
—*Kitty Kat*

Eng. Prof—Those dangling participles aren't helping your grade any.

Coed—Why, they worked just fine in physics!

Teacher—What does F-E-E-T spell?

Johnny—W h y-a h, I don't know.

Teacher—What does a cow have four of which I only have two of?

Johnny's answer was as startling as it was unexpected.

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?"

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Lead hell, I just dealt."

—*Drexlerd.*

Cinderella: "Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?"

Good Fairy: "You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing."

—*Columns.*

First She: "Oh, Gilbert has the most powerful pair of binoculars!"

Second She: "Has he? Good, I dearly love these strong, virile men."

—*Cajoler.*

Oscar came to the city and got a job as janitor in a girls' school, and was entrusted with a pass key to every room in the building.

boogie

The following week the Dean ran across him and asked, "Why didn't you come around Friday for your pay, Oscar?"

"Vot! Do I get vages, too?"

First Cow: Where's the rest of the girls?

Second Contented Cow: They're over in the other lot in a bull session.
—*Voodoo*

Mr. Fineberg, dealer in new and used suits, was attempting to sell a rather fine English drape which in the course of its life had come rather too near a skunk.

"Dis is a suit, a finer one you couldn't get it batter on Main Stritt. Feel de goots. A poifect feet," said Mr. Fineberg.

"Yes," said the customer, sniffing, "that's a fine suit. But what's that funny smell?"

"That's me. Ain't I a stinking son-of-a-gun?"

Oh, don't get up, Mrs. Astor. I just came in to wash my hands.

Sub Mason Dixon—"Honey chile, would yo' mind if ah kissed youall?"

Yankeelass—"My Gawd! A Frenchman with a southern accent!"

—*J. P.*

"Why do you call that monogram on Betty's sweater 'digression'?"

"Its beside the point."

—*J. P.*

Harvard Man: "Who knocked on my door just now?"

Janitor: "It was me."

H. M. (to second H. M.): "What is he trying to say?"

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Mr. Cohen: "Ikey, stop putting your finger to your nose."

Ikey: "Aw, fader, can't I have some fun on my own hook?"

(Other jokes off and on)



"Don't touch that switch, Dear, you'll get a shock!"



"Why, Mr. Whetwizle, that's the wrong end of the camera!"

frivol astute absurd

"GERTRUDE!! it's happened!

"Well, you know that blond boy who sits in front of me in Ec. 1? Today he just turned around and asked me for a date.

"Of course I'm going. Why shouldn't I. Now, get up and help me with my girdle—I'm going to wear my new green dress but I can't do a thing until I get my girdle on.

"Yes, it's one of those new ones with a zipper up the side. The sales girl gave me a smaller size than usual and promised that it would bring my waist down to at least 30.

"With you helping me, Gertrude, I feel like the warrior 'girdling his loins for battle."

"There, see how simple it is? You just pull the zipper up like this and . . ."

zzz zzz zzzsstping!

"Oh, Gertrude! I forgot to lock it at the top. Here, you pull it up again while I hold my breath.

"Wait a minute, Gertrude, part of the dressing table scarf is caught in the zipper—back it down just a little . . . Gertrude! my heel is caught in my negligee . . . I'm falling . . . Catch me, Gertrude! GERTRUDE!

"Well! that's done it. Everything on the table ruined. Look at my Ecstasy perfume . . . and my face power . . . all over me . . . oh, dear, . . . help me up off the floor, Gertrude . . .

"Now then, do be careful, dear, when you close it this time . . . I'll count to three and you
(twenty-seven)



In view of the regular Chapel programs designed to acquaint the Freshmen with the facilities of the various departments of the University, it behooves us through these columns to add to their knowledge of one of the most significant divisions of the University, to wit, the Laundry



Department. Far reaching in its power, this department embraces every student under its authority. Such a powerful organization deserves more recognition and understanding than has hitherto been accorded it. The vast scope of the Laundry Department compels us to limit this first of our series of educational articles to a brief survey of Laundry Subdivision B-27 which handles our shirts.

It has been rumored about the campus that the Laundry has connections with certain shirt manufacturers. Through these connections our laundry has been said to receive a commission of 8.3702% of the retail value from the Shirt Trust on each shirt rendered unfit for further service. The saw-tooth collar, the frayed cuffs, and cigaret burns in the shirt proper, all were reported to be the means most frequently used to gain this end. We have our spies planted in all departments of the University and by means of the reports of those in the Laundry we were
(twenty-six)

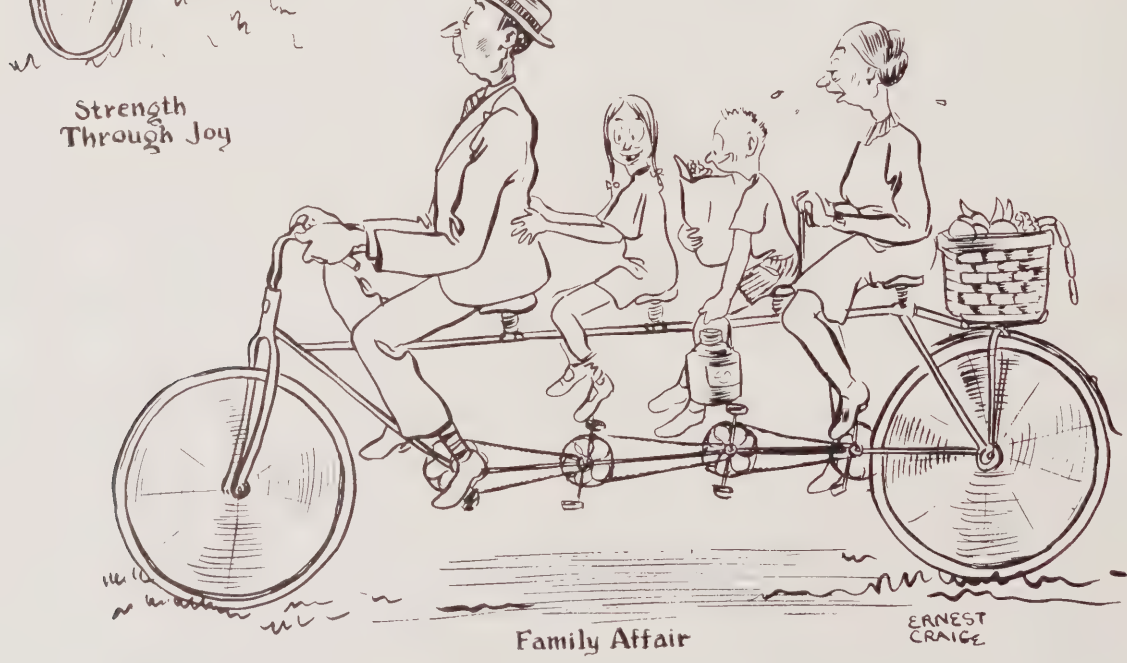
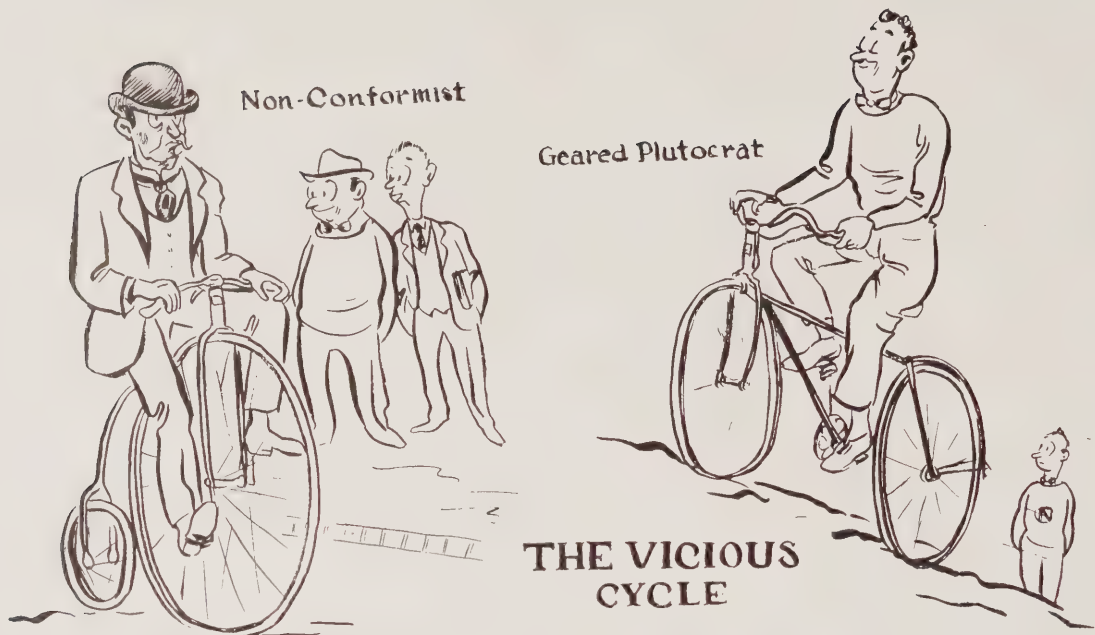
J. Wellington Johnson was found dead in his study, and lying nearby was the lethal instrument. It was a pearl handled pump handle. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that he had been struck with it from behind while he was sitting at his desk telling dirty jokes.

Percival C. Dingelheifer, the great detective, ran his fingers through his wig and concentrated to beat the band. He walked all up and down the great floor in his muddy shoes, gritting his tooth and cussing Adam and Eve. "It is an impossible case," he said, spitting on the floor, "but I will solve it." And he snickered down his shirt collar. But then, without warning, the strain of it all became suddenly too great for him, and he flung himself upon the floor a couple of times and burst into tears.

Seeing this magnificent display of emotion from my sensitive and celebrated friend, I arose from my chair and staggered across the floor to comfort him. I dried his eyes with the hearth-rug and told him to shut up the damned racket. Then, becoming suddenly touched by his sorrow, I puckered up and began weeping all over in his face.

This seemed to give him courage, for he climbed to his feet and strode across the floor, stumbling across J. Wellington Johnson and falling flat of his face. He got up and strode some more, and then, like a bolt of something or other out of a blue sky, he stopped short, as if he had been smoot with a yerde
(twenty)





history on saturday

The Trojan War was Homer, King James revised a book or too; You, Cellini, Boswell, Beard, on your pedestal, move over.

A football field is one hundred yards long. Did you know that Willys Terry, Yale halfback, ran one hundred and fifteen yards for a touchdown in 1884? He took the ball from scrimmage fifteen yards *behind the goal line*.

The sport of football as a collegiate and professional enterprise is, in its general technicalities, common knowledge. Statistical data and historical information, usually up to the minute in other activities of such magnitude and following, in football however moulders in the rusty files of newspaper morgues and alumni memory and is rarely freshened with the light of the printed page. Football history, other than the revival of passé heroes at space rates, is infrequently if ever illuminated. Now it can be told.

The following is utterly irreverent to continuity but, to the best of our knowledge, clings right verily to veracity of fact. Here we go.

The longest run on record is 115 yards as given above . . . Pat O'Dea of Wisconsin once place-kicked a field goal 70 yards clear out of the ball park . . . Bob Leach, of the original "Flying Squadron" at V. M. I., scored 26 touchdowns in the 1920 session . . . Georgia Tech rolled up the lengthy total of 222 points while holding Cumberland College scoreless. The game lasted only 45 minutes which gives Tech an average of almost one touchdown per minute . . . A Tennessee halfback named Douglas, in the fall of 1902, punted the thing over 108 yards in the air.

Against Michigan in 1924, Red Grange scored four touchdowns



in exactly 12 minutes of playing time . . . Bemus Pierce, Carlisle fullback of 1896 must have been rather wilted after the game with Illinois in that year. He returned three kickoffs for touchdowns . . . In 1889, Sewanne played five major opponents in as many days and kept a virgin goal line . . . Iowa State was pushed over her own goal three times in the game with Drake in 1925 but still won, 7-6 . . . In 1912 Jim Thorp scored 198 points for an alltime collegiate high.

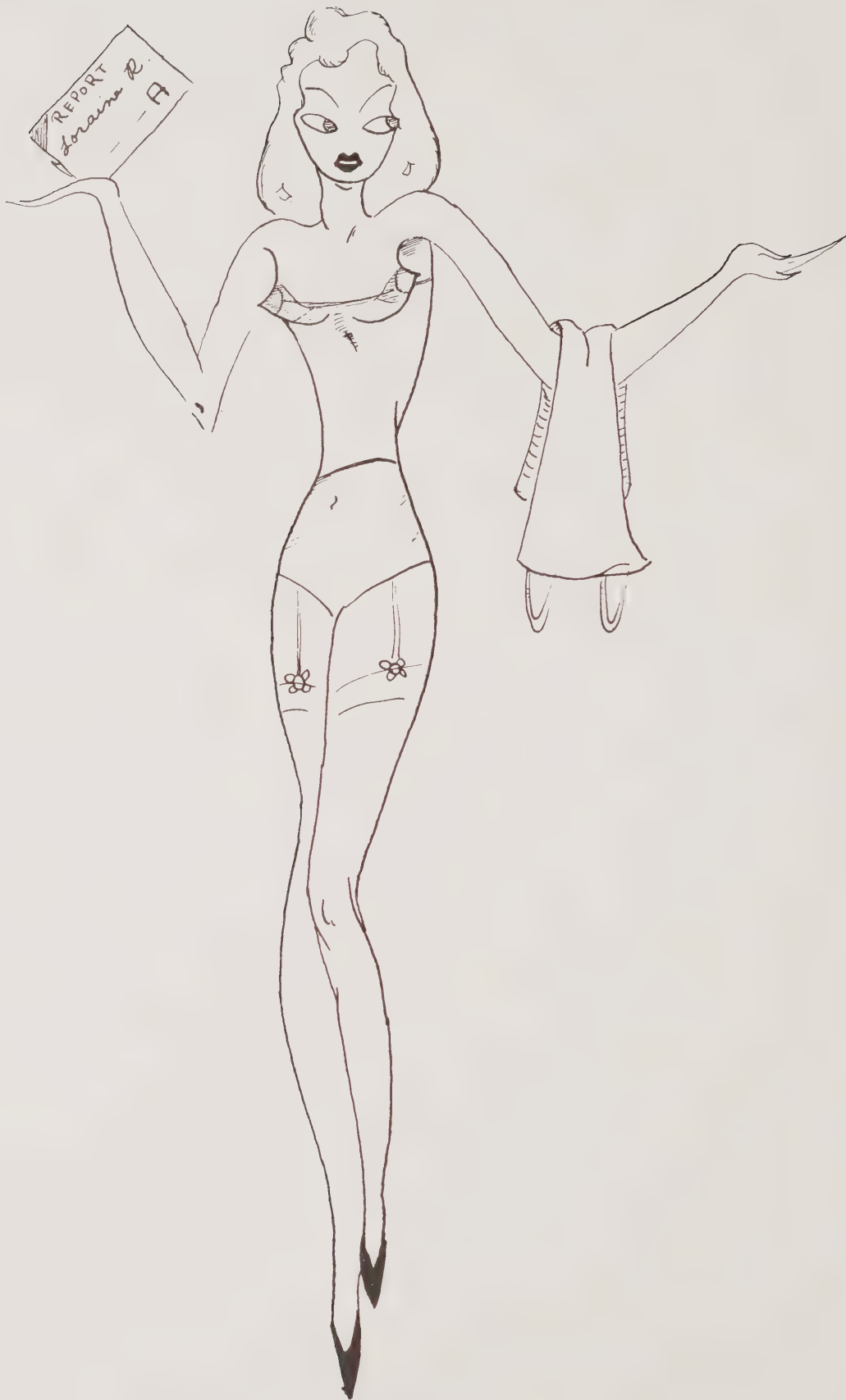
Bob Peck, Pitt's All American Center of 1915-16, tackled the Penn State ball carrier on 11 successive plays in the same game . . . In 1920, Ben Boynton of Williams received a punt 10 yards in the end zone and ran through the entire Hamilton team for a scoreboarder . . . Brad Robinson of St. Louis

threw an 87 yard touchdown pass to John Schneider in the game with Kansas State in 1906 . . . The immortal George Gipp of Notre Dame scored a 63 yard field goal by a drop kick in 1920.

Forrest Peters of Billings Tech dropkicked 17 field goals in a game with the Montana freshman for an all history high for one game and one season . . . Grover Wershing of Temple completed 28 out of 32 attempted forward passes in the game with Schuylkill in 1928 . . . The same Pat O'Dea mentioned a while back: In a game with Northwestern, in a snowstorm, he dropkicked a field goal from his own 32 yard line.

Only two negroes have made All American rating: Fritz Polard of Brown, 1916, and Paul Robeson of Rutgers, two years later . . . Hamilton Fish, congressman from the state of New York, was an All American tackle at Harvard.

H. M. Coleman of Wisconsin recovered a fumble five yards behind his own goal posts and scored a touchdown against Minnesota in 1891 . . . Sandy Hunt of Cornell duplicated the same phenomena against Carlisle in 1901 . . . In 1929, Rupert O'Keefe caught a pass on his own twelve yard line and scored a touchdown for Marquette against Auburn . . . Jack Burke of Mississippi took an Alabama kickoff back 109 yards through the entire Crimson Tide . . . Early in 1891 Williams lost to Yale 46-10. For over three years following that score, the goal line of Yale was not crossed until late in 1893 when Penn tallied a lone touchdown breaking
(twenty)



Damyankeeland

On the weekend of November 12th
is the Fordham game and New
York City. The game is secondary.*

Whether your father owns a cotton mill or a hot dog stand, whether you are N. Y. A. or D. K. E., this weekend don't let it worry you. One can ride up for \$5.00 or one can bum. There is no admission booth at the city limits and the town is yours. On Seventh Avenue they have hamburgers and drinks for 5c per both.

However if one happens to be numbered among the omnipresent middle class and has \$2.50, the following:

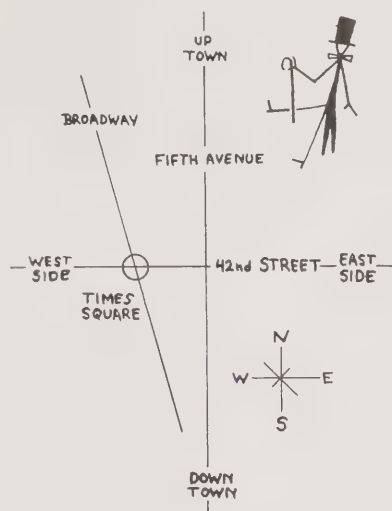
COTTON CLUB — B'way at 48th. *Cab Calloway* and floor show. Dinner \$1.50 week-nights; \$2.00 Saturday and Sunday. Minimum after 10 p. m., \$2.00 week-nights, \$2.50 Sunday, \$3.00 Saturday. (By minimum is meant what you gotta spend if you go in. Food counts also.)

INTERNATIONAL CASINO — B'way at 45th. *Larry Clinton* and rather warm show. *Plaisirs de Paris*, midnight supper show, rather warmer. Dinner \$2.50. Supper \$3.50. Minimum \$2.50 week, \$3.00 Saturday, etc.

PARADISE — B'way at 49th. *Russ Morgan* and review. Dinner \$1.50 and \$2.00 weekends. Minimum \$1.50 week-nights and Sunday. \$3.00 Saturday.

COMMODORE — Lexington at 42nd. *Sammy Kaye*. Dinner \$2.00. Cover charge, 75c after 10 p. m. week-nights and \$1.50 Saturday.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Tilt the head back to approximately 96°, open the mouth very wide, and look as silly as possible. However, if you've been before, just turn to this page and save time.



ESSEX HOUSE — 160 Central Park South. *Richard Himber*. Dinner from \$1.75. Minimum after 10 p. m. \$1.50 week-nights and Sunday; \$2.50, Saturday.

EL MOROCCO — 154 East 54th. Small band but no cover or minimum at bar or bar tables. One may dance.

PLAZA — Fifth at 59th. *Edie Duchin*. Large show. Dinner \$3.50 and Saturday, \$4.00. No cover for dinner guests. Otherwise \$1.50 and Saturday, \$2.50.

RAINBOW ROOM — R. C. A. Building, Rockefeller Center. *Al Donahue*. Lotsa other stuff. Dinner \$3.50. Cover after 10 p. m. week-nights, \$1.50 and \$2.50 Saturdays.

WALDORF EMPIRE ROOM — Park at 49th. Informal. *Benny Goodman*. Dinner at \$1.75. Cover after 10:30 p. m. Friday and Saturday, \$1.50. Thursday, \$1.00.

NEW YORKER — 8th Avenue at 34th. *Tommy Dorsey*. Dinner \$2.00. Cover after 10 p. m. week-nights and Sunday, 75c. Saturdays \$1.50. Saturday afternoon show at 1:30 with no cover or minimum. They frown if you dont buy *something* however.

PENNSYLVANIA — 7th Avenue at 33rd. *Kay Kyser*. Dinner from \$2.00. Cover after 10 o'clock 75c week-nights. Saturdays, \$1.50. No cover during dinner before 10:00.

ROOSEVELT — Madison at 45th. *Roger Pryor*. Dinner \$2.50. \$1.00 cover after bed time week-nights and \$1.50 Saturday.

KIT KAT CLUB — 152 East 55th. *Jimmy Lunceford*. Reviews, Harlem, at 10, 12, and 2 o'clock. Fired Chicken from \$1.50. Minimum after ten, \$1.50 week-nights and Sunday. Saturdays \$2.00.

ONYX CLUB — 62 West 52nd. *Maxine Sullivan*. Present prices not available but assuredly reasonable.

FAMOUS DOOR — 66 West 52nd. *Count Basie*. Ultra band. Possible all night at bar on 50c.

SAVOY — Lenox at 140th. *Don Redman*. Typical Harlem-White. Fare unavailable but, we know, far below average.

YACHT CLUB — 150 West 52nd. *Fatts Waller*. Dinner from \$1.25 and minimums of \$1.50 all time.

HICKORY HOUSE — 144 West 52nd. *Joe Marsala*, hot. Nothing definite but take along a couple bucks.

And at the Paramount Theatre
(twenty-eight)



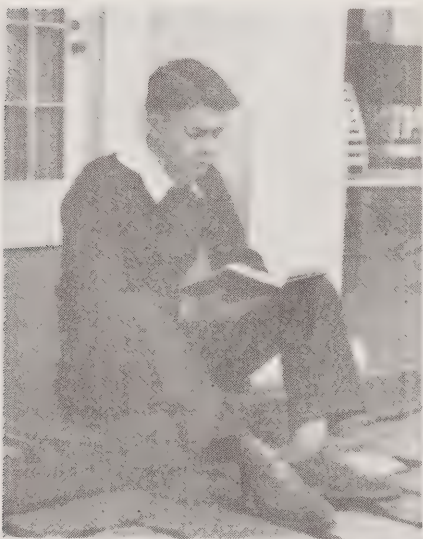
Meat, two vegetables, salad or dessert, drink.



Yak: A long-haired, wild or domesticated ox. (Webster)



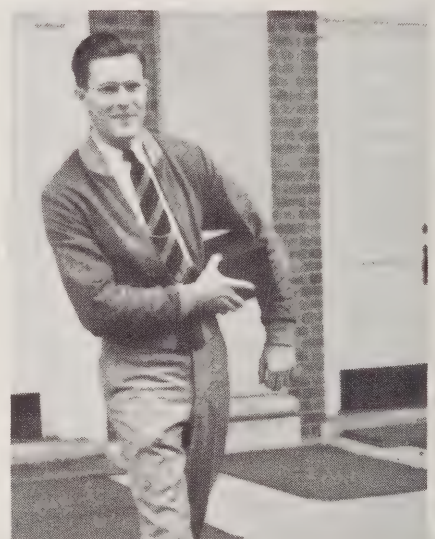
Trotman slaps a Joe College—Barrymore on us.



"And-the-little-red-hen-said-to-duckey-wuckey—."



Wide journalistic demeanor by Stanback.



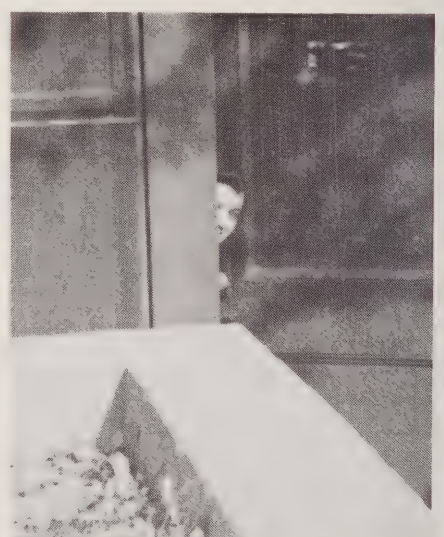
Robert Nathaniel Foo Man Chu Magill with a floy floy.



Mrs. Williams little boy Ray who toots trumpets.



Who should be at home thinking up dirty jokes.



Ah, so the nasty man hadn't gone away!

sports

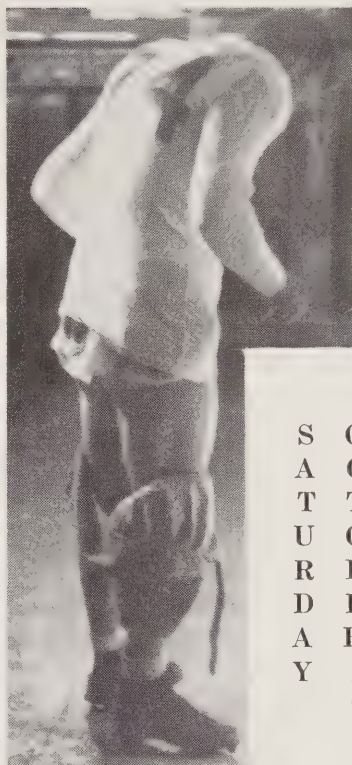
The less said of it the better. This is a humor magazine and the afternoon of Saturday, October 29th really wasn't so funny.

Carolina suffered some most obvious ill luck, Carolina was not at all up to the form displayed before this season, Carolina had trouble, trouble; the chief trouble however was *eleven gentlemen from Duke University*.

Said George Radman, half-back, after the game, "A better team beat us, that's all."

The third largest crowd ever to witness a southern football game packed Kenan stadium that grey, gloomy afternoon. The odds varied on the outcome with the Blue Devils rated a slight favorite, having been neither defeated nor scored on to that fateful day. It was rated a clash between Carolina offensive and Duke defense. And there is little doubt that it was such a clash, with a minor exception: Duke also had offensive, 14 points worth. Our offense was mostly defensive. Again, it was deception for the Tar Heels and power for the Devils. Much of this power was deception we observed.

We were counteracted, that's all, and we agree with Mr. Radman. Wallace Wade, defeated by more than two touchdowns only twice in twenty years of coaching, has done well. We'll pull for his boys for the rest of the year. We hope Duke goes to the Rose Bowl. Not that we advocate brotherly relationship or



S O
A C
T T
U O
R B
D E
A R
Y 2
9

anything. We'll leave that to the library. We liked the good old days when bottles were thrown and stadiums were painted and a fine time was had by all. Them were the days. But for this season, we hope Duke goes over big. It will look better when we beat them next year.

Eric Tipton, though we witnessed better in Tulane's Brunner, is now numbered as one of the boys. Tipton ran amock over the home town lads and completely stopped Carolina's backfield. Only Mr. Stirnweiss and his broken field jaunt in the third quarter could at all compare and that was out-weighted by quantity.

Both teams attempted four wicked goal-line drives. Duke, or rather Tipton, stopped all of Carolina's; the Tar Heels killed half of Duke's but the remaining couple were valued at seven points per each. This driving power plus alert pass snatching plus Tipton's ten yard average punting advantage pulled the glory away from home.

The Blue Devils are unbeaten, unscored upon, and certainly unembarrassed, as one local sports editor puts it. If Pitt goes the way of the weary, Duke's next step will be a logical withdrawal from the Southern Conference and the acceptance of a Rose Bowl invitation. Ah, well.

The history of Saturday is of ancient repetition. In 1888 it was called rugby and the place near Durham was denominational. Trinity licked Carolina: 16-zero. It all began then. The standings to date however are on the side of the local institution—

GAMES WON

Carolina, 13; Duke, 9.

POINTS SCORED

Carolina, 264; Duke, 180.

Carolina beat the Dukes 48-7 ('29) and 41-0 ('25). More recently Duke has taken the Tar Heels 27-7 ('36) and 25-0 ('35).

This weekend we dash up to Yankeeland. Fordham, already shellacked by Pitt's boys, would drive a few flies from the ointment by losing. We believe they might be persuaded to do same. Good God, we hope so.

—Jerry Stoff



—JOSEPH J. PHYSZEDYCH



I. Q. Foo

Multiply correct answers by 43 and errors by 62. Subtract and divide by 18. The result is your rating as compared to a three year old cretin. Answers on page 31.

- A. EXAMPLES: 1. How many coeds are five and ten coeds?..... (15)
 2. If you walk one mile per hour for one mile, how far do you walk?..... (1)
 1. How many coeds are five coeds and ten coeds? (Hint: see above)..... ()
 2. How many frat men are five frat men and ten frat men?..... ()
 3. How many coeds and frat men are five coeds and frat men and ten coeds and frat men?... ()
 4. A sophomore payed \$35.00 for a frat pin. He pawned it for \$2.50..... ()
 5. If a man runs a hundred yards in ten seconds, how many feet does he run in 1/5 second and ten coeds?..... ()

B. EXAMPLE: Students drink beer because—

- () It's the thing to do.
 (X) It's cheaper than whiskey.
 () They like it.

1. They wear red suspenders at State College because—

- () It is an administrative regulation.
 () They wore red suspenders in high school.
 () The law of gravity is recognized there.

2. What do they call blind dates at W. C.?

- () Blind dates.
 () They don't call 'em if there's anything else to do.
 () I thought that institution was in Raleigh.

3. If you missed your 8:30, you should—

- () Order another beer.
 () Say, "Well, God damn," and go back to sleep.
 () Know better than to have an 8:30.



4. The silliest thing that ever happened in Durham, N. C., was—

- () A college to advertise Bull Durham tobacco.
 () The A. B. C. individual purchase allotment.
 () To keep his pants up.

5. The proper thing to do on a date is—

- () Be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, obedient, cheerful, reverent, etc.
 () Get out as cheaply as possible.
 () Do you mean literally?

C. EXAMPLES: 1. Europe is in: France, Kansas, one helluva mess, Eastern Asia.

2. Beer is obtained from spigots, cantaloupes, hops, Durham Riding Academy.

1. Lust is: iron oxide, naughty, and ten coeds and frat men, pleasant.

2. \$2.50 is considered: cheap, exorbitant, nominal, a good night's work.

3. Matriculation is: a Spanish painter, something dirty, Thursday morning, exorbitant.

4. Love makes: the world go 'round, hay, period, for increased expenditures.

5. Seventeen is: a story by Tarkington, old enough, the age of legal affirmative, three times five.

D. SAMPLE: Necking is to mugging as Roosevelt is to: mugging, dictator, U. N. C.

1. Flunking — cutting: Orgy — Baptist Sunday School, house party, ten coeds and frat men.
 2. German — sober: Ink — whole-wheat toast, Vat 69, post office pen.
 3. Thingummy — gadget: Whatchamacallit — doodad, thingamabob, to keep his pants up.
 4. Pansy — flower: Curricular — floogie, Harry's, playmaker.
 5. Cause — effect: Rumble — earthquake, volcano, 12:00 class.

—Joe P.



They Satisfy

Discovered
...a new pleasure
in smoking

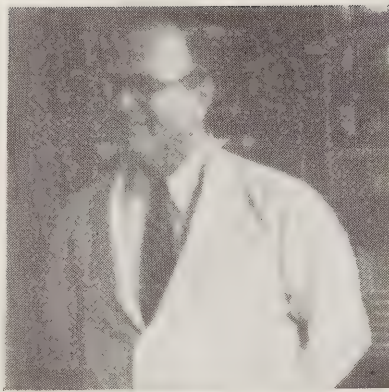
You too will find more pleasure
in Chesterfield's refreshing
mildness and satisfying taste.
That's why smokers every-
where are now saying...

*"More pleasure than any
cigarette I ever tried*

They Satisfy"



Playmaker en garde.



George of Hellos.



Rhodes scholar, bike, artist.



Annual collective coercion.



Lelanne, leg, fan mail.



Kappa Sig on Saturday night.



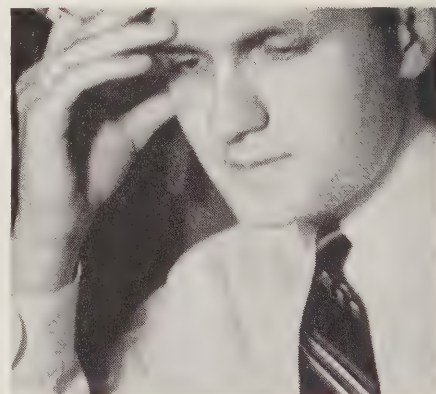
Sam's Joint and élite.



Tummy (and eye) fillers.



Mixed studies in dark brown; Lois, Timanus.



music

Local Boy Makes Good Respectively

The University of North Carolina has long been noted for her outstanding contributions to musical fame. Numbering among her alumni the names of Hal Kemp and Kay Kyser to the fore, she has produced more *good* bands than any other southern college at large. Some old, some new, this year we are proud to continue tradition in presenting the following. You will dance to these boys all year. Give 'em a hand:

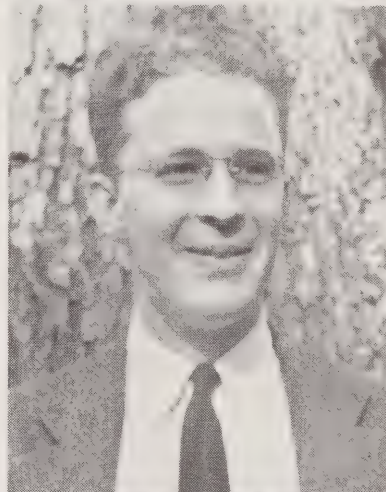
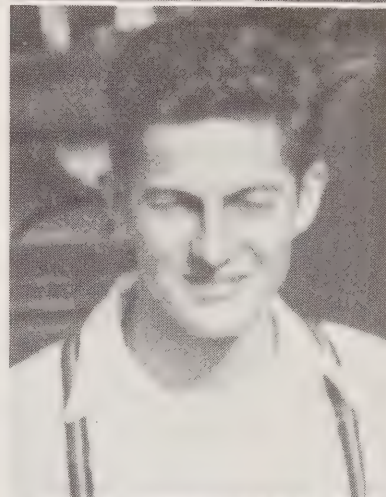
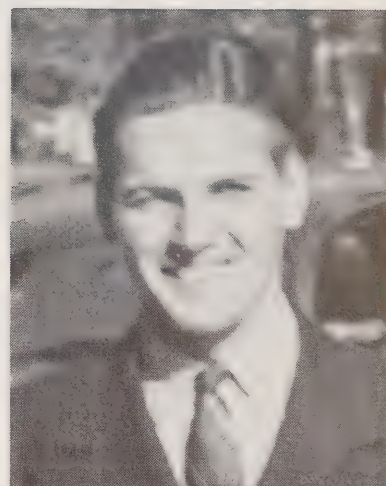
TED ROSS organized in the spring of last year and survived the long contract for two dances a week throughout the summer school here. Ross is experimenting for an original style, not especially swing, but one that will fit a good, all-around band. His organization aspires to please the dancers and give a good show rather than exclusively pamper the musical whim of the moment. Ross twitches a lethal guitar and features Wiley Rogers on the hog calling. Four sax, three brass, three rhythm. Ross is an experienced musician: essential one obtained and results assured.

JEEP BENNETT was in the swing last winter. Featuring a dozen pieces of heavy musical artillery and vocals and arrangements of his own, Bennett one-nighted the two Carolinas during the past season; received mail at The Villa in Morehead City and the Nags Head Beach Club. One of the clarinet melters, he is reputed to be rather hell. Arrangement a la Goodman is the word with the accent on screwball and gotta go. Only longer hair is lacking for the perfect personification for few work harder and love the art more. It is not mere publicity when Bennett says, "My pride and joy is seeing the boys really

rehearse one of my arrangements, *comme il faut*." Let it be hoped that the French department had as much effect on Kemp.

JERE KING got underway two years ago, slinging together thirteen of Carolina's most experienced musicians. Paul Whiteman has called this "one of the most up-and-coming bands on any college campus." Arrangements in the Dixieland manner are by King who prolifically about on the vibraphone and drums. The yodels are effected by Ray Williams and Wilford Gragg. During the season last, King was featured on the Marine Roof of the Robert E. Lee Hotel in Winston-Salem and at the Nags Head Beach Club. Composed of four saxes, ballancing brass and three rhythm, the din is danceable and listens at well. King's is one of Carolina's most popular bands and if they stay in the business things are rather expected.

FREDDY JOHNSON'S band grew up with Davie Poplar. As integral a part of the University as 10c beer, the old man of the hill this year features eight whistles, two rhythm and Jimmy Applewhite, who, with a mere wiggle of the adams apple, lightly turns the coed's fancy away from the orchid you pawned your frat pin for. This summer Johnson tanned at Myrtle, Atlantic and Buckroe Beaches, Isle of Palms and Nags Head. Arrangements in the sophisticated swing mode are by Hartsell and Mack, piano and end sax respectively. The aim: A danceable band which is easy to listen to. Johnson wields a wicked baton with personality emphasized. It is hoped that the class of '42 will see much of him before a Pharmacy job turns up.



verse

Surrender

To Betty and Stella, to Elsa and
Nell,
To Bill, Claire, and Lucy, to the
others as well,
In short, to these darlings I've
verbally kicked,
Come enjoy your revenge, for
you've won and I'm licked.
No more all those verses to coeds
specific,
No more all those outcries from
coeds terrific.
Your methods are subtle, no
blows I receive;
You've conquered with the old-
est weapon since Eve.
For I have discovered, that
though I have tried,
The instinct of mating cannot be
denied.
So kindly "give out," though pure
motives I lack.
How about a date—tonight at the
Shack?

—Jeffrey

Coy

A woman's attraction
Too often reflects
The mental distraction
Of the opposite sex.

—D. F.

Such little hands, such little nails,
Without a blotch or stain, - -
How apt that they should har-
monize
With such a little brain.

—X. X. X.

Minus

The roses were red, dear
The violets were blue;
When I brought them last night
Where the hell were you?

—PEG—

Sans Precedent

Of all life's most ignominious
failures,
There's none worse than
The coed who graduated from
Chapel Hill—
Without a man.

—X. X. X.

Conversationalist

Such a little figure,
So slender and so neat,
Such little teeth, such little ears,
Such dainty little feet,

Bewildered

Why is it whenever I meet a coed,
Of whom the most scandalous
things are said,
The type that makes all her boy
friends report,
"She'll give anything to anyone
—she's just that sort," - -
Why is it, I ask, when we start
the sex duel,
I'm always the exception that
proves the rule?

—X. X. X.

Masque

Your smug attempts to give an
indication,
Through knowing smiles, of wide
sophistication
Bespeak, I fear, in terms of af-
fection,
A camouflage for mental aberra-
tion.

—D. F.





Wistful

The red of your lips, the blue of
your eyes
May have charms for some other
guys;
But spare me your wiles, your
tricks and your trades,
I'm only the guy who turns in the
grades.

—PEG—



Sweet Mary Jones has donned
her skates,
Upon the ice to frisk;
Oh, isn't she a brave little girl,
Her little *.



Sooth

What is it, you ask, that attracted
me to you?

My sweet, I really don't know.
Perhaps 'twas your eyes that
forced me to woo you,
Your cheeks with their radiant
glow.

Perhaps 'tis your virtues that
lure me and hold me,
Your pure, noble sweetness so
real.

But mostly I think it's because
you once told me
Your papa is president of
Bethlehem Steel.

—X. X. X.



The thoughts of a rabbit on sex
Are practically never complex.
A rabbit in need
Is a rabbit indeed;
And his actions are what one ex-
pects.

Social Conscience

History is now in the making,
Or so I've been told by a few.
There's rumors of trouble in
Europe,
A disturbance in China, too.
And, my love, here sit I spend-
ing my time
Writing a poem about you.

—X. X. X.



Frugal

Ambition fires me at the thought
Of seeking something never
sought;
Therefore, my dear, I'm sore
distraught
For fear I'm wooing you for
nought.

—D. F.



Footprints

When I say breathless, daring
things
And you react with, "I know,
dear,"
The syllogistic process brings
The thought that I'm no pioneer.

—D. F.



A Moron named John Henry
Blinker
Was spending his life in the
clinker.
He'd murdered his brother,
His father, his mother.
He said, "I'm a regular stinker."



Economics

You overwhelm me each night
with your kisses,
With your passion that sears
and burns.
But, darling, I wonder if you've
ever been taught
The law of diminishing re-
turns.

—X. X. X.

A disconsolate Russian named
Lowoff,
Insisted on cutting his toe off.
The sight I admit
Wasn't pleasant a bit,
But Lowoff was always a show-
off.



Rebuttal

If I told you that I loved you
When the moon was in the sky;
If I mentioned that I prized you
As the silver clouds rolled by,
If I said that I adored you
As I breathed a lovers sigh;
There was one thing I forgot—
I should have told you:
I was high.

—PEG—



I sat by the duchess at tea;
It was just as I feared it would
be;
The rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And, of course, they all thought
it was me!



Weep to the tale of Willie T8.
Who met a girl whose name was
K8.
He courted her at a fearful r8,
And begged her soon to become
his M8.
"I would if I could," said lovely
K8.
"I pity your lonely, unhappy st8,
But, alas, alas, you've come too
l8,
I'm married already, mother of
8.
'Tis a cruel end and a bitter f8."



A New Place To Go In Durham

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local

Tributes for the weekend of
Oct. 29th—

Johnny McCord for his attitude toward the \$5.26 chandelier and a salt shaker. One may depend on Johnny.

Emmet Spicer who carried eight boys home in wee Sunday A. M.

Cheer Leader from Duke who called 'em to the goal posts and watched the fray from the stands.

Jim Hutchins who retained friendly relations in the goal post affair.

Alumnus Drew Martin who lead cheers from the aisle. Sigh for auld lang syne.

The two lads who sat in the stands and pulled for Carolina two hours after the game was over.

The Spencer Hall pep rally at 1:49 A. M.

The Sigma Nu's quiet little informal gathering.

Orson Welles for the best gag since Roosevelt.

history

a record that remains today as an all time defensive mark of 30 games without an opponent score . . . The University of Washington varsity went through 63 consecutive games without defeat.

And to date Steve Maronic of the University of North Carolina ain't missed no placements.

—*Elbert Hutton*

Jean's

Featuring

Fashion

Classics

Raleigh, N. C.

The *program boy* who was yelling "Get your programs here. Names of players, positions, numbers, *salaries!*"

The *fraternity* that saved most of it for a big Saturday and went up to find it stolen that evening.

The *unlocked windows* that allow late permission so early in the year.

Everybody and a few in particular who tried to start fights on the corner.

Russ Carlisle who really wasn't so damn bad.

and

Mr. Benjamin Lindsay and *Norman Burnett* who served all too well.
—*V.G. plus.*

absurd

smerte. "Europa," he said, "I have it," and spat in the maid's face from sheer exuberance. "I know who the moiderer is," he said. "I never fail." He turned to me.


"You did it," he said, sticking his finger in my eye and hitting me over the head with an apple dumpling.


Yes, it is true. I did it. How he found out, I don't know, but it was I who killed J. Wellington Johnson with the pearl handled pump handle, just for a thrill.

"Congratulations, Percy, old boy," I said, kissing him tenderly behind his left ear and choking with emotion and stuff.

And Percival C. Dingelheifer skipped gaily from the room, singing hymns like hell.

—*Mack Hobson*

——
"Lovey Dove, will you marry me—or something?"

——
Frosh: "My goodness, what a thin dress you're wearing. I can't see what keeps you girls from catching cold."

Co-ed: "You're not supposed to, dear."

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"Tomorrow's Styles — Today"

disks

The VICTOR people have come out with another of their "one tune, two band" ideas. This one should be very popular in the section since the tune is *Carolina Moon*; Tommy Dorsey on one side pitted against Sammy Kaye on the other.

For pure swing originality, the two Harlem floogies, *Slim and Sam*, are the year's sensation. Having scored heavily with *Flat Foot Floogie* and *Tutti-Frutti*, Vocalion has released their newest: *Jump Session* and *Vol Vist Du Gaily Star*. The string bassing is colossal—probably the best ever recorded.

The latest *Chick Webb*—*Ella Fitzgerald* recordings are the kind of stuff that won for them their tremendous following. *Whacky Dust* and *McPherson Is Rehearsin' To Swing* are especially recommended; *Decca*.

There's a neat tune entitled *Monday Morning* which is gaining remarkable popularity on the net-works these days. You'll enjoy hearing (or missing) *Kay Kyser's Brunswick* record of same with *Ginny Simms* vocalizing.

Also recommended are: *Mildred Bailey's My Reverie* (Vocalion), *Andy Kirk's How Can*

We Be Wrong (Decca), and *Jan Savitt's Ya Got Me* (Bluebird).

And if you want to sit up all night, we might add: *Larry Clinton—Who Blew Out The Flame*, Victor; *Glen Miller—By The Waters Of Minnetonka*, Bluebird; and *Art Shaw—Begin The Beguine*, Bluebird.

Aw, there's lots of em: *Goodman—You're Lovely Madame*, Victor; *Berigan—Button, Button*, Victor; and *Whiteman's Heart And Soul* and *While A Cigarette Was Burning* by the Decca company.

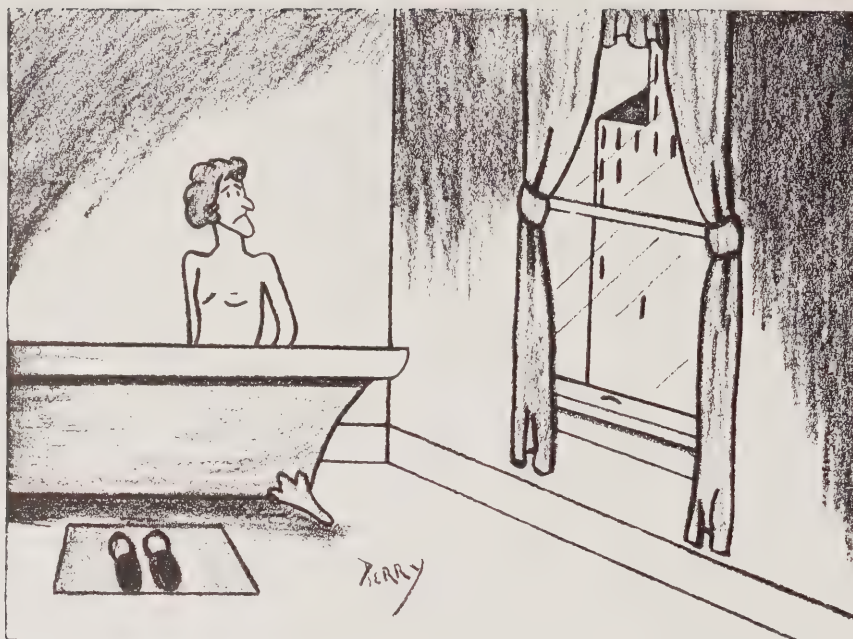
—Jerry King



"Goodbye, Maw, I'm leaving for Carolina."

"Goodbye, dear. Be good. Have a nice time."

"Can't you make up your mind, Maw?"



Mother: Junior, say "ah" so the doctor can get his fist out of your mouth.

—Ram-Buller



Frosh: "A woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Soph: "I say it's her eyes."

Junior: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

Senior: "What's the use of sitting here lying to each other?"



He was sitting at the bar downing one after another and laughing boisterously. Every so often, as he mumbled to himself, he would hold up his hand in protest. Finally the bartender's curiosity got the best of him. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm telling myself jokes," was the reply. "But why the hand in the air?" "Oh, that's when I stop me if I've heard it."

"Who yuh shovin'?"

"Dunno, what's your name?"

—Mad Hatter



He: "Who spilled the mustard on this waffle, dear?"

She: "Oh, John! How could you? This is lemon pie."

—Exchange



Patron: "I'll take a box of those pills you're advertising, and make them double strength."

Druggist: "Yessir, here you are, sir. That will be 35 cents, sir."

Patron: "Hey, what's the idea in giving me my change in nickles?"

Druggist: "You'll need the nickles, sir—with those pills!"

—Puppet



"Name?" queried the immigration official.

"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.

The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo."

Johnny was over visiting the Pi Omegas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course!"

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him: "You're kissing beautifully tonight, Johnny!"

"Johnny, Hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. John's at the door taking tickets."

—Burr.

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"You cruel child," declared Mr. Klotz, "why did you cut that poor harmless worm in two?"

"But, Mister, he looked so lonesome," vouchsafed Tiny Tim.

—Red Cat.

"Is that your sister standing over there?"

"Huh uh."

"Is it your mother?"

"Naw."

"Is she any relation to you at all?"

"Nope."

"Gosh, I'd sho like to go amugging with 'er!"

"Say! What's the matter with my family?"

—B. S.

She was only a farmer's daughter, but, my, how she did shock the corn.

—Exchange.

"Mister, did you hit that old lady?"

"Yeah! What of it?"

"You sho do pack a wallop!"

Grand Paw was at his first dance. His grand-daughter asked, "I bet you never saw anything like this in the gay nineties, did you Grand Paw?"

"Once," said Grand Paw, "But that was on my honey moon!"



Then there is the fellow who winked at the elevator girl and she took him up on the ninth floor.

—Red Cat

Perplexed Oriental—"Our children velly white. Is velly strange."

"Well . . . Occidents will happen."

—Voo-Doo.

Moe—How do you like this chimney sweeping job?

Joe—Oh, it soots me.

"I hear you have a keg of beer in your room."

"Yes, I keep it to gain strength."

"Any results?"

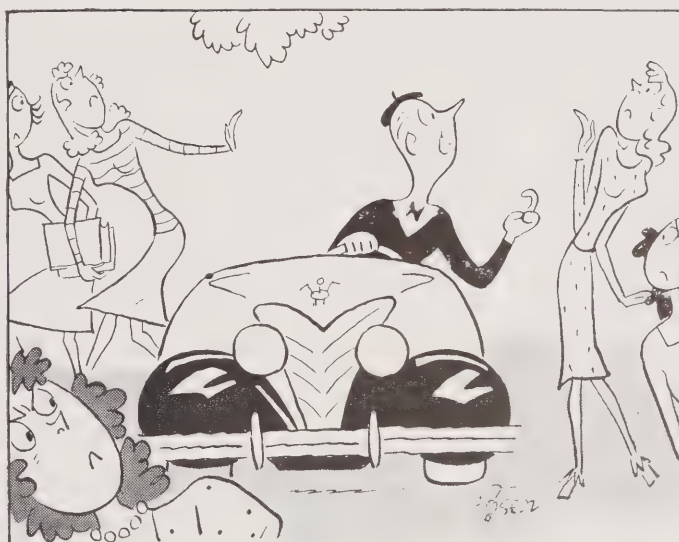
"Oh, marvelous. When I first got the thing I couldn't move it at all, and now I can roll it around the floor without difficulty."

—N. Y. U. Varieties.



Oliver Hardy, honest t' gawd, with, l. to r., cousin Tom Fry and visitors to Hollywood Jack Pancoast and Cliff Craig.

Then there was the man who invented a glass eight ball for people who like to look ahead.



Poor Ned was rich, but he had no pals,
His breath drove off both the boys and gals,
Then someone slipped him some Cryst-O-Mints,
And Ned's been popular ever since!



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let refreshing Life Savers sweeten your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

You Are
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Walgreen's
Durham, N. C.

vogue

coed

Fashion editors are racking their ingenious skulls in search of elusive synonyms for glamorous, alluring, suave, etc. All this flurry is over the new coats, which call for innovation. Fur is lavishly used on everything; with a theatrical gesture, it parades jauntily down the front and swirls around the hem. The skater silhouette, long beloved by Hollywoodites and "introduced" this year by Molyneux, features a slender fitted waist and flared skirt weighted by wide bands of fur. Tiers of fur from the waist to the hem is a variation of this style. Softly draped, monastic coats with wide sleeves bring the fullness to the front with belts or drawstrings. Boxy swaggers with the flare starting from the shoulders and the deeply gored princess silhouette are still popular. Collars frame the face to soften the rather severe effect of upswept hair. "Chubbies," chunky little jackets, are the cutest tricks in fur this year. They are usually collarless with three quarter length sleeves, and are worn with dark wool dresses and suits. The trend toward softness and femininity has brought back the muff, coy symbol of the s. s. and g. nineties.

Balloon sleeves and tuxedo front of fur are favorite trims for wool coats. Small rounded collars are made of the flat furs such as caracul, but the long furs i. e. fox, skunk, and possum, are used for both collar and lapel. The full-length fur



coat, however, still serves as sport and dress coat on most campuses, covering the sins of tweed suits and evening dresses alike. Shoulders are high-slung, sleeves wider than usual, and waists belted on many of the coats. Swaggers, with fullness entering through the shoulder, have become a fur classic. Pockets and tiny collars are details. Dress and finger-tip lengths are equally *chic*, but the dress length is perhaps more practical for all-purpose wear. Sheared beaver, skunk, lapin, o'possum and Persian lamb are most commonly seen—you can be different in Jap mink, if you're filthy rich.

The typical campus topcoat is either tweed or camel's hair, with tweed holding a slight edge. Monotones, plaids, checks, and herringbone weaves are used in all the autumn styles and colors. The classic Harris tweed is always correct and everlasting. Reefers, in either the three or five button type, are specially smart in the herringbone weave. More fullness through the chest, greater flare in the skirt, bound pockets and velvet collars add fashion interest. The reversible topcoat in tweed and gabardine has become a Carolina uniform—just in case it rains. Salt-and-pepper mixtures or solid colors like brown, wine, and green, are very smart. A loosely fitted coat



male

It's time we said something about topcoats for fall but, as sure as we do, the day this magazine comes out the weather will be more like July than November. That is a chance we must take and never let it be said that we weren't willing to do and die for our readers. The show must go on!

The headliner in topcoats this fall is the three way coat which is a topcoat, an overcoat and a raincoat. This coat is the familiar reversible with the addition of a lining which makes it heavy enough for an overcoat. On mild days the lining zips out and we have a lightweight topcoat. Reversed it makes an excellent raincoat as the gabardine side has been treated with the "Cravenette" process which makes it waterproof. The coat is a very practical one for everybody who has to count pennies, thus making it an almost unanimous favorite.

While the above mentioned job is popular and practical it is by no means the whole show in the topcoat line this season. A light tan camel's hair polo coat with regular shoulders is an exceptionally fine coat which will grace the wardrobes of many discriminating people. If you're buying a coat this year you can't fail to consider what covert has to offer in the way of smart patterns in green, the natural covert, and a hybrid which is more green than blue.



Style Trends on the Campus



We suppose we'll have to pardon this chap for having his mouth open since his taste in clothes is above reproach. The three button coat he is wearing embodies the latest in distinctive styling. The fabrics Harris tweed and covert are very popular this year in this particular model. The coat over his arm is a tan camel's hair polo coat.

Drop in to see our selection of Harris tweeds, coverts, and other fine fabrics for fall and winter suits.

THAMES CLOTHING SHOP

male

Tweed coats are blossoming forth in some attractive patterns this fall, too. Brown, green, heather are the big numbers and tweed coats should be of interest to you, especially if you are able to recall crisp autumn days spent around horses or in the fields.

We realize that we haven't yet told you much about how coats are actually cut this season, so here goes. Continuing the trend of the reversible of last year, topcoats now have much fullness through the body and are beltless in almost all cases. Most of the new coats have raglan sleeves, the gift of the military to comfort and utility.

In general, coats are shorter this fall. Nearly all are above the knee or just to the knee and the number of people who want fingertip coats is increasing. The fingertip coat is an adaptation of an English walking coat,

especially designed for freedom for the legs. The popularity of this coat is growing, but we wouldn't advocate it for anyone who doesn't have two or three other coats.

Both fly fronts and the usual open buttons are found on the new crop of coats which are 98% single breasted. The military collar is featured on most coats having raglan sleeves, though regular collars are by no means out.

Why we ever thought of this in a topcoat article we don't know but we saw some new silk knit ties which look darn good. They come in several solid colors, but black is most popular because of its adaptability.

—Ernest King

The prof coming downstairs in his home slipped and fell to the bottom. Picking himself up, he said:

"Now, I wonder what all that noise was about?"

Coed

of wine, brown, plum, and green double plaid is one of the eye-openers of the year. Pastels in tweed, accent dark wool dresses. Full-length evening capes and coats of rose, grey, and all shades of purple contrast with fragile dresses of net, lace, and satin.

Highly-colored suede jerkins and hunting print scarves are accessories for the tweed suit. Suede shoes with the new platform sole, or the ever-present saddle oxford are complementary to the tweeds. As for jewelry, antique gold or pearls, take your choice.

—Mary Louise Green





Lung Upholstery furnished through the courtesy of Steve Maronic and Horace Palmer.

A Colored Gentleman (on being asked what was meant by tact)—I can't express it, boss, but I know what it is.

Boss—Well, Sam, can you give me an example?

Sam—Yes, suh. You know I cleans up around this hotel, and when the other day I step into the bathroom on de second floor an' there was a lady in there, I stepped right out an' said: Pardon me, suh! Well, when I said Pardon me, that was politeness, but when I said Suh! that was tact!!!



Coach Wade: What's the matter with you fellows, you look like a bunch of amateurs.



Three roosters in a barnyard in the rain,
Two ran for the barn.
The third made a duck under the porch.

astute

advised that this base canard was entirely unfounded in fact. In the interests of the traditional Buccaneer policy of sheer, unvarnished TRUTH, we did not accept as final the opinion of our Grade B Spies who happened to be stationed in Carrboro. Instead we placed some of our best men—Grade A Agents—in responsible positions in the Laundry. Recently they made their confidential report from which we divulge certain significant facts.

We feel that the above-mentioned base canard can best be refuted by illustrating the improvement of the button service on shirts. Last year the Laundry partially solved the button question by the use of a device known in the trade as the Print-whistle Button Crusher. As the name implies, this machine thoroughly demolished the buttons into small fragments. Mark ye these words: The Button Crusher performed its work well (not a button was overlooked), and, as a matter of fact, met with popular approval. But, the Laundry, striving to improve an already satisfactory operation, this year felt that the Button Crusher lacked finesse.

Consequently, an Apex Improved Button Countersink was purchased. Clearly, nothing is too good for Carolina students. The Button Countersink, a devilishly ingenious mechanism, imbeds each and every button so deeply into the shirt that it can not be buttoned without considerable effort. Now, here is the particularly clever part. The Countersink, in addition to the imbedding process, neatly crushes the center of the button in such a manner that, when the button is raised to be inserted into the button hole, it invariably pulls loose from its moorings and drops to the floor. The apex of efficiency indeed.

—Bill Lankford

Welcome

To U.N.C. and to Durham

You will probably be searching the shops for the right kind of clothes for campus and classroom.

We cater to college girls and invite you to come in and get acquainted with our store.

Our styles are different and distinctive in styling and workmanship.



We solicit charge accounts.

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Durham

frivol

pull it up while I hold my breath again . . .

"One . . . two . . . three, pull, Gertrude!

"There, that got it! Oh, Gertrude it got me too, GERTRUDE!!

"Where??? You let this vicious little thing chew me up while you stand there and ask 'Where,' Oh do something, unlock it quick, Gertrude, GERTRUDE!!

"Put a little cold cream on it Gertrude—there.

"Now, pull it up again slowly, and I'll try to stay out of the way . . .

"Slowly now . . . it's almost closed . . . I can't hold my breath much longer . . . hurry a little bit can't you, Gertrude?

Zzz zzzsst ping!!

"Oh, Gertrude! I thought you had it locked at the top. I just couldn't hold my breath any longer. . . . Try it just once more will you, dear?

"Easy now . . . There!! Oh, Gertrude, the salesgirl was right! Just look at my figure . . . It's lovely . . . and so comfortable . . . really dear you must try one yourself . . . Now, let me slip this dress on and you tie the sash for me . . .

"Just lift the sash a little bit, Gertrude . . .

"Gertrude! be careful . . . I can feel the tab on the zipper coming up . . . Catch it before it unlocks again . . . Hurry Gertrude . . . it's right there . . .

Zzzz zzz zzzsst ping!!

"Oh Gertrude, GERTRUDE!"

—Carroll McGaughey

"What is the tactful way for a girl's father to let her boy friend know it's time to leave?"

"He may casually pass through the room with a box of breakfast food."



Mack—Say, that was some blonde with you last night. Where did you meet her?

John—I dunno. I just opened my wallet and there she was.



Keep your shape in shape: Remember, no one likes to follow the straight and narrow.



"I passed your house yesterday."

"Thanks awfully."



"I don't like your boy friend at all."

"Why?"

"He whistles dirty songs."



"I saw Joe last night and got that old feelin'," sighed the blonde. To which the brunette cracked, "Oh, so he's still as fresh as ever?"



"It takes guts to do this," said the moth as he popped on the windshield.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

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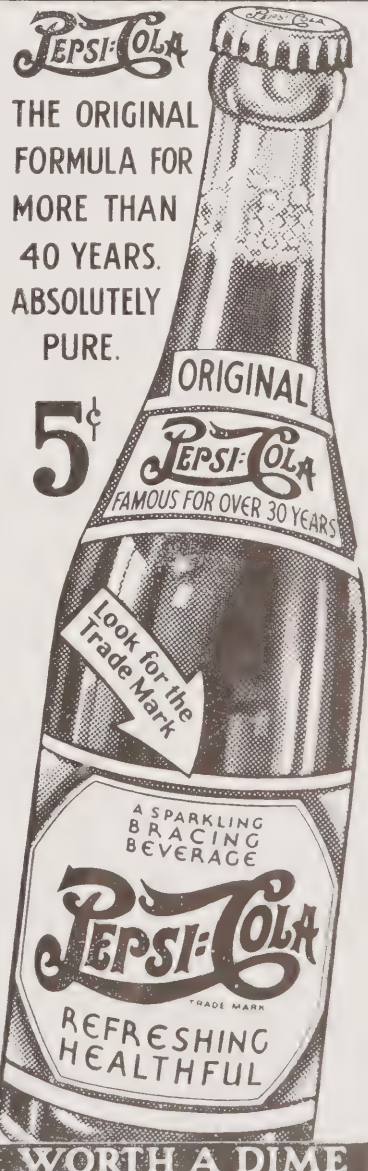
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damyankeeland

tre, Broadway and 43rd Street, is the usual movie *plus* Raymond Scott and Maxine Sullivan.

It is to be remembered that the above is subject to slight changes due to our early press time, etc. Upon your arrival in the city however a current copy of *Cue* or the *New Yorker* will confirm our list or show what changes have been recently made.

The above were chosen primarily in respect to bands playing at the various spots. Naturally we could have mentioned the *French Follies* and other such points of interest but we will leave that to individual inclinations.

Let's go Carolina.



"Ah can't come to work tomorrow, Mam. Mah little boy is sick."

"Why, Mandy! I thought you said you were an old maid!"

"Ah is but ah ain't one of dem fussy kind."

—DeHeg

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We specialize in Steaks

Royal Pines

Corner Hope Valley Road
and University Drive
Three Miles Outside Durham

It was cold as hell.

"Listen," I said to her, "how would you like to——for awhile?"

"No."

"Just for awhile?"

It was getting colder.

"I wouldn't——with you,——, if you were the last——man on this——earth."

I felt lousy.

"——you," I said.

She looked fine.

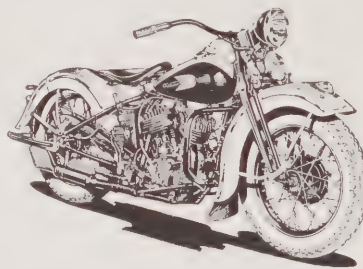
"——you double," she said.

"Go to hell," I said.

She looked fine and I felt lousy and it was cold as hell.

—T. S. Jones

King of All Sports



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'39 Harley Davidson

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A boy was walking down the street wheeling two bicycles, when he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked the pal.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," said the boy, "and we stopped under a tree to rest. After a while I kissed her. 'That's nice,' she said. Then I put my arm around her waist and asked her how that was. She said it was great. So then I kissed her on the cheek and winked at her and she said, 'Oh, boy, you can have anything I got.' So I took her bicycle."

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Tailors and Furnishers
103 East Main St.
Durham, N. C.

First Cow: Where's the rest of the girls?

Second Contented Cow: They're over in the other lot in a bull session.

—Voodoo



"What's the matter, officer?" they asked. "Were we driving too fast?"

"No," he answered sarcastically. "You were flying too low."

NEXT MONTH

In view of the *Literary Heritage* issue of the *Carolina Magazine*, December 1936, in which a much discussed story, *Slaves* by Robbins Fowler, was reprinted we take great pleasure in presenting to a new generation a similar piece, one which produced like results at the time of its initial run in the *BUCCANEER*. All objections must be filed not later than the night of December 10th, otherwise, appearing in the December issue of the *CAROLINA BUCCANEER* will be a reprint of an article attributed to one Pat Gaskins:

CONTACT BRIDGE

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

WINNERS:

"Its a great life if your don'ts weaken."

—MORRIS ROSENBERG
T. E. P. House

"Freudian cowboy: Homo on the range."

—ANONYMITY REQUESTED
N. B., West Cameron

Be Well Dressed . .

Wear

Hart Shaffner & Marx
Suits and Topcoats

A Fine Selection of
Manhattan and Arrow Shirts

Wilson Bros. Furnishings

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McLeod & Watson
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● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
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— has smoked Luckies for 21 years

OTIS RUCKER, Independent Expert Since 1909, says: "I Smoke Luckies Because They Buy Fine Tobacco"

"I've been an auctioneer and warehouseman since 1909," says this typical expert. "I started smoking Luckies when they were introduced in 1917. The finest tobacco goes into them. Most of my friends in the tobacco business smoke them, too."

Sworn records show, in fact, that among *independent* buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen, Luckies have *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Yes, Luckies give you the finest tobacco. And they are *kind* to your throat! Their exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in *all* tobacco. Try Luckies for a week.



Sworn Records Show That - WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST - IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

The CAROLINA BUCCANEER



DECEMBER

15¢

1938

High-tension times are hard on nerves



BEAGLE HOUND—English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of oldest breeds in history. U. S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height.

**He's giving his
nerves a rest . . .**

A DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he stops—relaxes. We often neglect our nerves. We press on heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up—rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy Camel's ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.

**People who know the sheer joy
of an active, effective life say:**

"Let up—light up a Camel!"



COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."



and so is he



DID YOU KNOW?



—that tobacco is "cured" by several methods—which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from choicest grade tobacco—there isn't enough! It is important to know that Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.



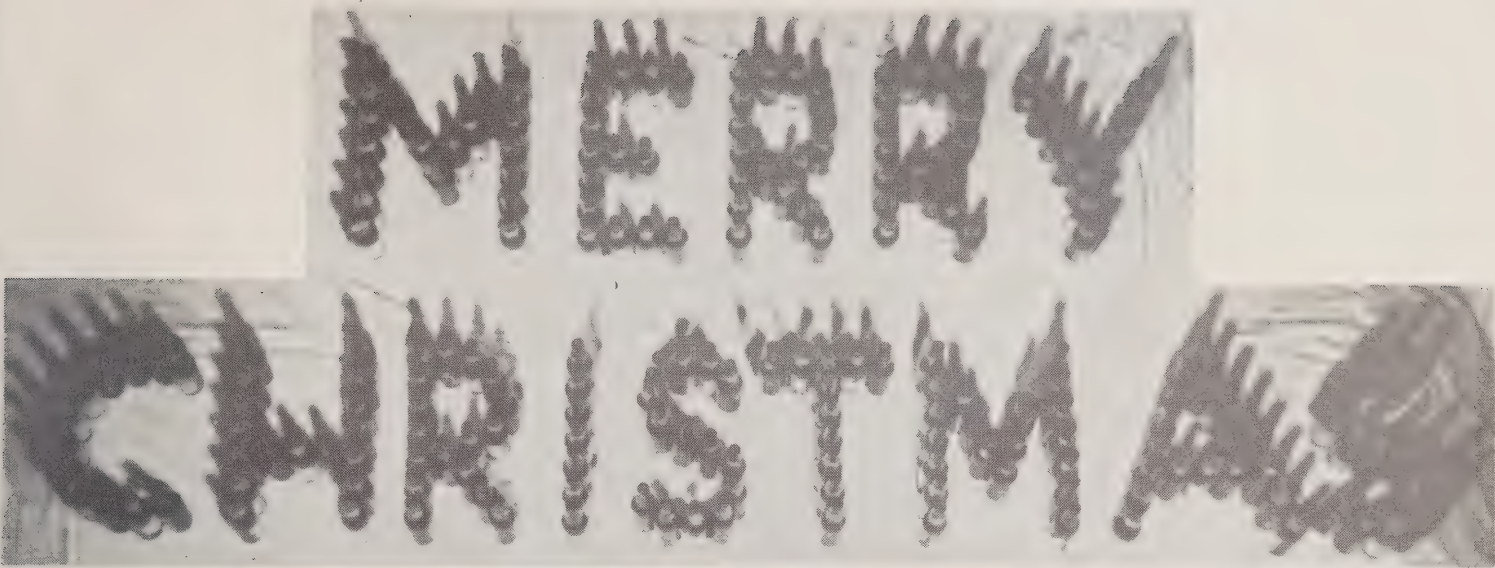
Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**



Let up—Light up a Camel

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R. J. Reynolds
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Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves



And a Very Happy Foo Year



And Good Luck on Exams etc. Stuff

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CARL PUGH, Editor in Chief

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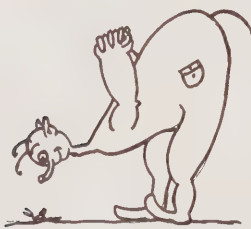
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We were returning home. The numbers on the clock were re-incarnated, slowly growing large again. The moon was cold and jealous of the rising glow upon the east and straggling stars blinked sleepily. The dawn was busy making dew.

As we passed the corner we saw a kitten approaching. He was a very small kitten and he walked slowly, his brow wrinkled in a tiny frown. As he saw us his pace quickened and he hurried toward us. As he came closer we saw a trouble and a question in his eyes, perplexity much too large for such a little kitten. "Pardon me," he said, "but could you please tell me how many is *seven* from *nine*?" We looked at the kitten and he was so small and with such a big worry. We thought a while. His eyes were big with waiting, almost hiding what lit-

tle kitten there was. We thought a while and said, "Seven from nine is *five*!" The great trouble melted in his eyes, almost overflowed. "Oh, thank you," he said and ran away.

There were misty day-time shadows beneath the trees and the morning's dew was finished and delivered. He was such a young little kitten, we thought, and with youth's usual disregard had probably been careless with his lives, thinking there were always plenty more; it wouldn't matter if a few were lost if there were fun. Addition is of furtive growth.

But he was such a little kitten and we couldn't bear to share the truth. We were glad we told him that seven from nine was five

Is anyone drunk enough to drive?

— The Editor

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boogie

Is the editor in?

No.

Well, throw this joke in his waste basket for me.

—*Varieties.*

“There goes Professor Water-brain; he’s one of the foremost abnormal psychologists in the country.”

“Is that so? Who are the other three?”

—*Michaux.*

Silence.

More silence.

Strained silence.

He: “Aren’t the walls unusually perpendicular this evening.”

—*Panther.*

“I know a girl who plays piano by ear.”

“Shucks, ’Tain’t nothin’. I know an old man who fiddles with his whiskers.”

Be original. Don’t wear suspenders or a belt. Eventually your originality will be noticed.

—*Columbia Jester.*

“What’s your name?”

“I don’t know, but I’m beautiful.”

—*Froth.*

Beta—“Are the boys at your house superstitious?”

S.A.E.—“Oh, yes, we never sleep thirteen in a bed.”

—*Puppet.*

“Are you a college man?”

“No, a horse stepped on my hat.”

—*Gargoyle.*

“Look, Dear, how picturesque. The Joneses are bringing home a Yule log.”

“Yule log, hell. That’s Jones.”

“So you’ve been to college, eh?”

“Yeah.”

“How high can you count?”

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king.”

—*Drexerd.*

Professor: “Are you cheating on this examination?”

Student: “No, sir. I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper.”

Prof. (taking up quiz paper): “Why the quotation marks on this paper?”

Student: “Courtesy to the man on my left.”

Even his best friends wouldn’t tell him, so he flunked the exam.

Joe College (during final): “Are you sure question six is in the text?”

Professor: “Certainly.”

Joe: “Well, I can’t find it.”

—*Jester.*

“Congratulate me, ole boy, I passed the exam!”

“Honestly!”

“Now don’t get personal.”

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a \$3.50 book to sell to his classes.

—*Caveman.*

(anon)



“You mean I lose again, Mr. Ginsberg?”

Psing Me a Love Psong

by
MACK HOBSON

David was sitting under a sycamore tree playing on his harp and cussing the Philistines. "How romantic to be a keeper of the sheep!" he said, and sighed deeply, inhaling two lightning bugs and a grasshopper leg. "How too utterly lovely," he continued relentlessly. "I think I'll write a psalm."

This being an everyday occurrence with David, he wrote three without stopping, and then, just to show that he thought nothing of it, he wrote another with his eyes shut. "I never saw anybody who could write psalms like me," he said to himself shyly. "I must be getting good." The tremulous quality of his voice touched him deeply, and he buried his face in the mud and wept bitterly.

Suddenly he felt a light touch on his shoulder, and looking up he saw bending over him a lovely young shepherdess. His tears dried instantly, and so did the mud on his face.

"Why are you crying?" she said softly in a voice which flowed over him like a refresh-

ing breeze.

"Hell," said David, his gaze exploring her boundless beauty. "That's what I'd like to know."

This seemed to establish a bond between them, and she looked deep into his eyes, saying nothing and smiling at him. David blushed deafeningly and dug his toe in the dirt, then hung his head and giggled horribly. After a moment he peered over the corner of his eyebrows to see if she were still looking at him, and, seeing that she was, lost all control of his emotions. Throwing himself at her feet, he kissed fervently all six toes on each foot. "I love you, I love you," he gasped, and then running out of toes he kissed her ankle just for the hell of it.

Touched by this display of gallantry, she laid her hand on his shoulder and bade him arise. David riz. "I feel like writing a psalm," he said, and before she could stop him had written two. "I can do that with my hands tied behind my back," he said.

"I'll bet you could do anything, maybe," she cooed.

"Well, practically," said David. "Incidentally, will you pardon me for just a moment? There's a lion after my sheep." He ran quickly down the hill, fearlessly slew the beast, and ran back up again. "Those things are always popping up," he said. "Where were we?"

"I think you are so wonderful," she said, swaying toward him as if blown by the wind. "Why are you so wonderful?"

"Shucks," said David modestly. "I believe you're pulling my leg."

"No," she whispered, her eyelashes brushing over his face. "No, I'm not." Her lips moved within an inch of his, and she let her arms slide around his neck. "Can't you take a hint?" she said subtly.

"Here come the Philistines," said David. "Pardon me while I go slay Goliath." Sling-shot in hand, he staggered bravely down the hill. "Just watch me," he said, "and I'll show you how it's done."

At the bottom he was met by a hail of jeers from the Philistines. "Smear him," they yelled. David smiled contemptuously.

"I could do this six days a week," he said nonchalantly, slaying Goliath with one hand and writing a psalm with the other.

"My hero," said the shepherd girl, who had followed David down the hill.

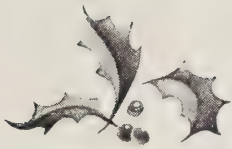
"Ain't I, though," he said, making a naughty face at the Philistines.

Then, before he knew what was happening, she had kissed him squarely on the lips. David staggered as if shot. He grasp-

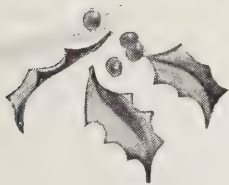
(twenty-eight)



"My frans . . ."



The Girl
 “who has a Book”
 Gets a Book and
 Loves it!



Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
 of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
 opens from the *BOTTOM*.



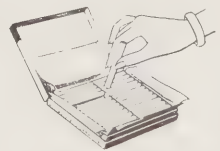
Whatever
 Her taste
 Is in reading
 Here's one book
 She'll really enjoy.
 It's dedicated
 To her
 Cigarette taste
 . . . And it's a
 Volume of pleasure!



This Old Gold
 Gift-book
 Looks like
 A rare edition.



When she opens
 It up
 She'll find
 Two regular
 “Flat-Fifties”
 Of Old Golds
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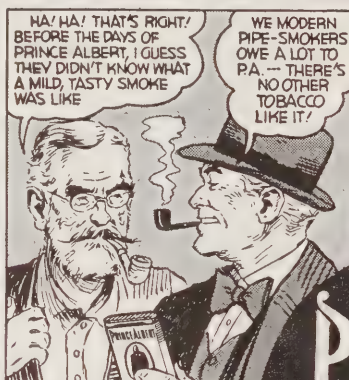
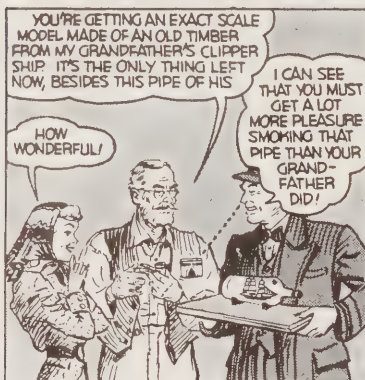
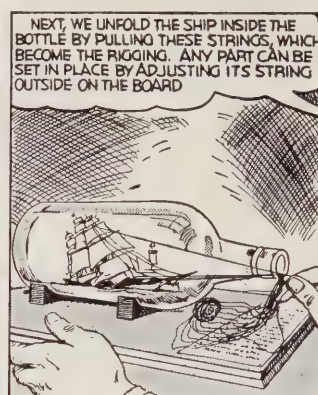
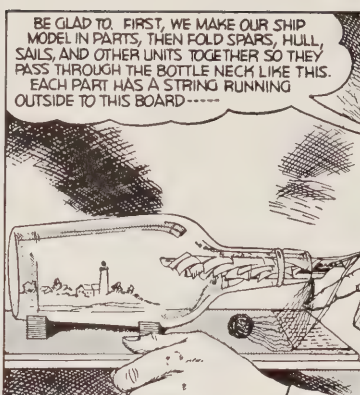
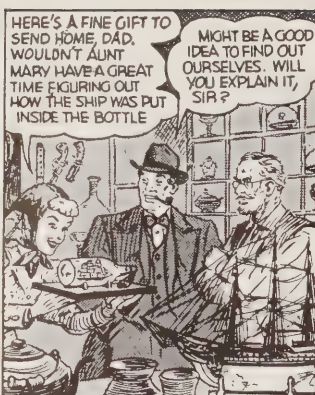
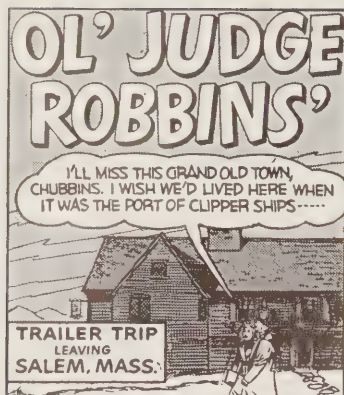


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 An Old Gold
 She'll discover
 The most thrilling
 Chapter
 In cigarette
 Enjoyment.

Old Gold Christmas book-
 package now on sale at
 all cigarette counters.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's “Melody and Madness” with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

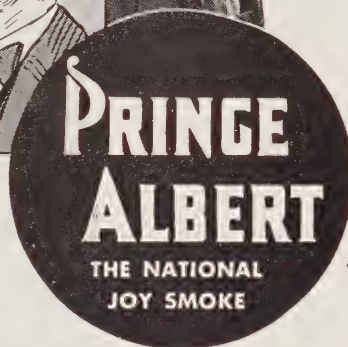
For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



WHAT I WANT IN A PIPE TOBACCO IS JUST WHAT I GET IN PRINCE ALBERT—A **COOL, MELLOW SMOKE FULL OF RIPE, RICH TASTE BUT NO BITE**

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P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.



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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

local

I Now Pronounce Thee Possibly . . .

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Mrs. Connie Freeman

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All American, etc.

by

RAY WOLF

Head Football Coach, University of North Carolina

as told to

Jerry Stoff and Elbert Hutton



"I think it's foolish to pick those I haven't seen play. Most of the all-star teams are merely guesses." That's what calm, placid, congenial head coach Ray Wolf of the University of North Carolina football fame thinks about the mythical 'all' teams. Yet, upon proper request, he'll gladly furnish you with some interesting data and material on some of the most outstanding players in the country—and the southern conference. And that's just what he did last week at the request of the writers.

Coaches Johnny Vaught and George Barclay sat nearby nonchalantly reading the morning paper as Ray Wolf picked up his pen.

Without second thought, three names immediately went down as sure bets—Ki Aldrich of TCU at center, Davey O'Brien of TCU at quarterback, and I. B. Hale of TCU at tackle. Yes, Wolf is a TCU man but that they-can-still play-on-my-teams-anytime reason of his was quite convincing. Naturally, Marshall Goldberg, the Pitt marvel at fullback, worked his way into the lineup somehow, and then, right behind him, came Tulane's Bronco Brunner and Eric "The Red" Tipton from somewhere near Durham, all without opposition.

Returning to the line, Coach Wolf slowed up a bit. The guards, tackles and ends had him stumped. Then, an inspiration. "I know a guy who has played good ball for three years. I know it and I'm going to put him on my All-American." And without

further ado, down went the monica of Kochel, a member of the humble Fordham Rams. Well done, professor, very well. What about that other guard? George Barclay put in a wise word for 'his boy' Lou Brock (Nebraska). Turning to the other tackle position for a mate for Hale, Wolf thought hard. Finally, his namesake appeared on the horizon, and with the urging of Vaught and Barclay, he consented. So Alvord Wolff of Santa Clara became a Wolf All-American.

And now the time came for all good ends, that is, the few there are. It didn't take long to narrow the field down to Roland Young of Oklahoma, Brud Holland of

Cornell, Bill Daddio of Pitt and Ken Kavanaugh of LSU. However contemplation gave Kavanaugh the final nod. And these were the All-Americans.

Here's the complete, unadulterated All-American team picked by Coach Ray Wolf :

Ends—Roland Young (Oklahoma) ; Ken Kavanaugh (LSU).

Tackles—I. B. Hale (TCU) ; Alvord Wolff (Santa Clara).

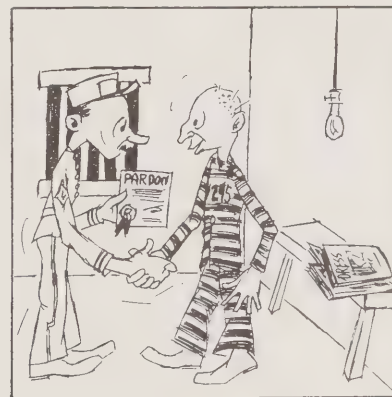
Guards—Kochel (Fordham) ; Lou Brock (Nebraska).

Center—Ki Aldrich (TCU).

Halfbacks—Bronco Brunner (Tulane) ; Eric Tipton (Duke).

Fullback—Marshall Goldberg (Pittsburgh).

(twenty-five)



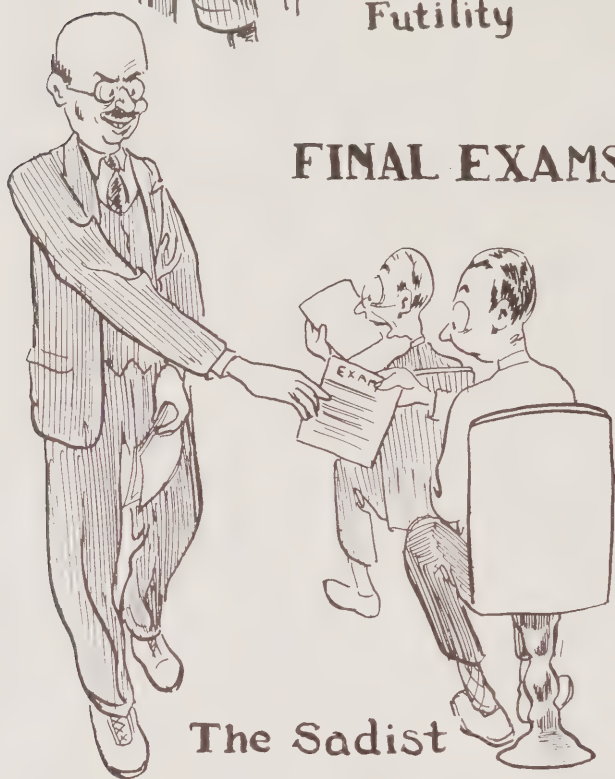


Futility



Obnoxiously Well Prepared

FINAL EXAMS



The Sadist



Subtle Extortion



The Road Back



ERNEST
CRAIG

For Christmas Dinner

by
BILL STAUBER

*... for Christmas dinner.
This is the last time I am
going to invite you, and if
you don't come, I'll think
you don't love me, and you
do love me, don't you?*

*Love,
Hortense*

Well, you can imagine how I felt. I didn't even go to the show that day. My etchings in Economics class were terrible, and I forgot all about brushing my teeth that night.

The next few days before Christmas passed slower than a Freshman on his way to chapel. At that, they were not slow enough. I racked my brain trying to get an excuse for not going. I even offered to take my mother to see Grandma Tuf, but she wouldn't go. The only hope I had was to get sick.

I tried everything. I went to class in my shirtsleeves. I slept without cover. I went so far as to let several boys sneeze in my face. By Christmas morning I was a second Charles Atlas. I couldn't present a good case of hiccups.

You probably wonder what I did. I went to Hortense's for dinner. Everything was just as I expected it to be. There were so many cars in front of her house, it looked like a used car lot. Some old man was out in the yard showing little Ernest, Hortense's brother, how to shoot his new air rifle.

Ernest spied me and yelled. "There's Hortense's sweetheart. I'll shoot you." And he aimed the gun right at me. I made a dash for the front porch, the shot piercing the front door glass.

Out of breath, I knocked on

the door. No one answered. I entered. The room was literally running over with people, and no one seemed to notice me. I tapped one old lady on the shoulder. "Where is Hortense?"

"Horse sense?" she yelled.

"I want to see Hortense," I explained.

"Well, why didn't you say so? I'll call her. Hor-tenseeee."

Hortense came running. "I'm so glad you came," she said. "Do you mind sitting in here. I must help mother with dinner."

I smiled.

Hortense tried to introduce me to all the relatives, but it was useless. I took the only seat I could find, the corner of a piano bench and proceeded to look interested. One of Hortense's more obtuse Uncles took it upon himself to entertain me.

"So you are Hortense's sweetheart!"

"Well, I reckon you might call it that."

"You are in college, ain't you?"

"Yessir."

"Where?"

"Carolina."

"That's the same as State, ain't it?"

"Nosir. State is in Raleigh."

"Why of course. How ignorant of me. Carolina is in Greensboro, ain't it?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, Carolina is in—" About this time, Hortense announced that dinner was ready. I arose. Hortense called me aside. "I hope you won't mind. You see, there isn't room enough for all of us, so you and I are going to eat with the children."

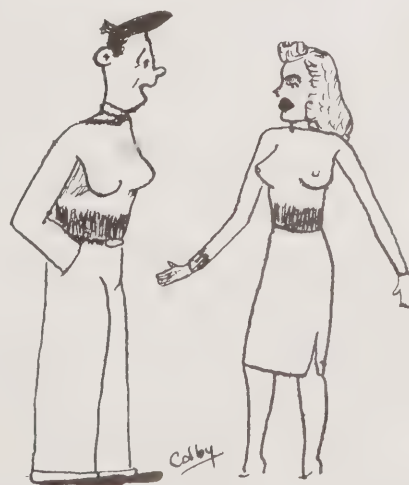
"That's fine!" I assured her, and it was too. Although I

didn't get any turkey, the potatoes and peas were just as good as any I've ever had. Of course, it was a little embarrassing when the children would glance towards me and then go into a snicker, and the milk that one of them accidentally spilt on my coat sleeve wasn't exactly comfortable, but all in all, it was very nice. It was easy to overlook these mishaps when Hortense persuaded her mother to go in and rest and let us wash the dishes. We finished two hours later and went back into the room where all the guests were. Of course, the only seat vacant was the piano bench so we took it.

Hortense's mother remarked. "Isn't it nice to have such good help?" Everyone agreed that it was. Hortense looked at me. I smiled. Hortense smiled.

I think I made a wonderful impression on everybody, especially the kids. During the course of the afternoon, I blew up two footballs and one basketball, set up a miniature train, assembled one aeroplane, and loaded Er-

(twenty-seven)



"I really wish you wouldn't wear my clothes, dear!"

CAROLINA '38 '39

BEAUTY



Reservation—Walter Clark, Lincolnton, junior, Phi Delta Theta.



Smoothness—Molly Albritton, Hopkinsville, Ky., senior, Chi Omega.

PERSONALITY



Syncophancy—Voit Gilmore, Winston-Salem, senior, Chi Psi.



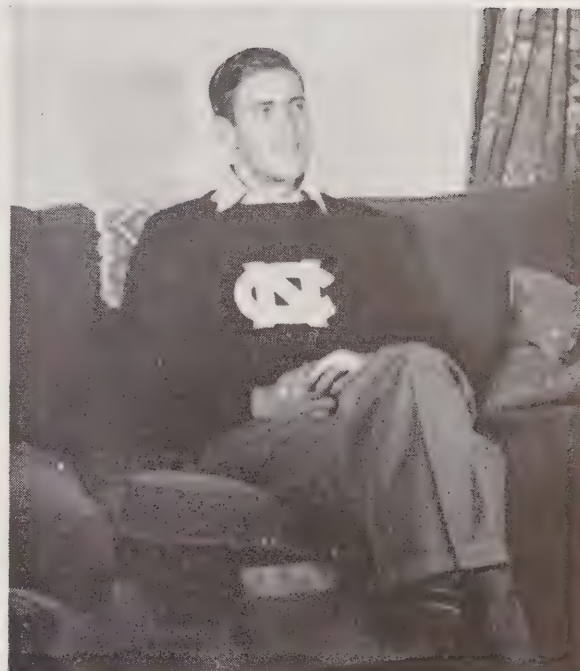
Loquacity—Mary Wood Winslow, Rocky Mount, senior.

SUPERLATIVES

INDIVIDUALISM



Pervasion—Jane Hunter, Cullowhee, senior, Chi Omega.



Stephenfetchitness—Dick Worley, Asheville, junior.

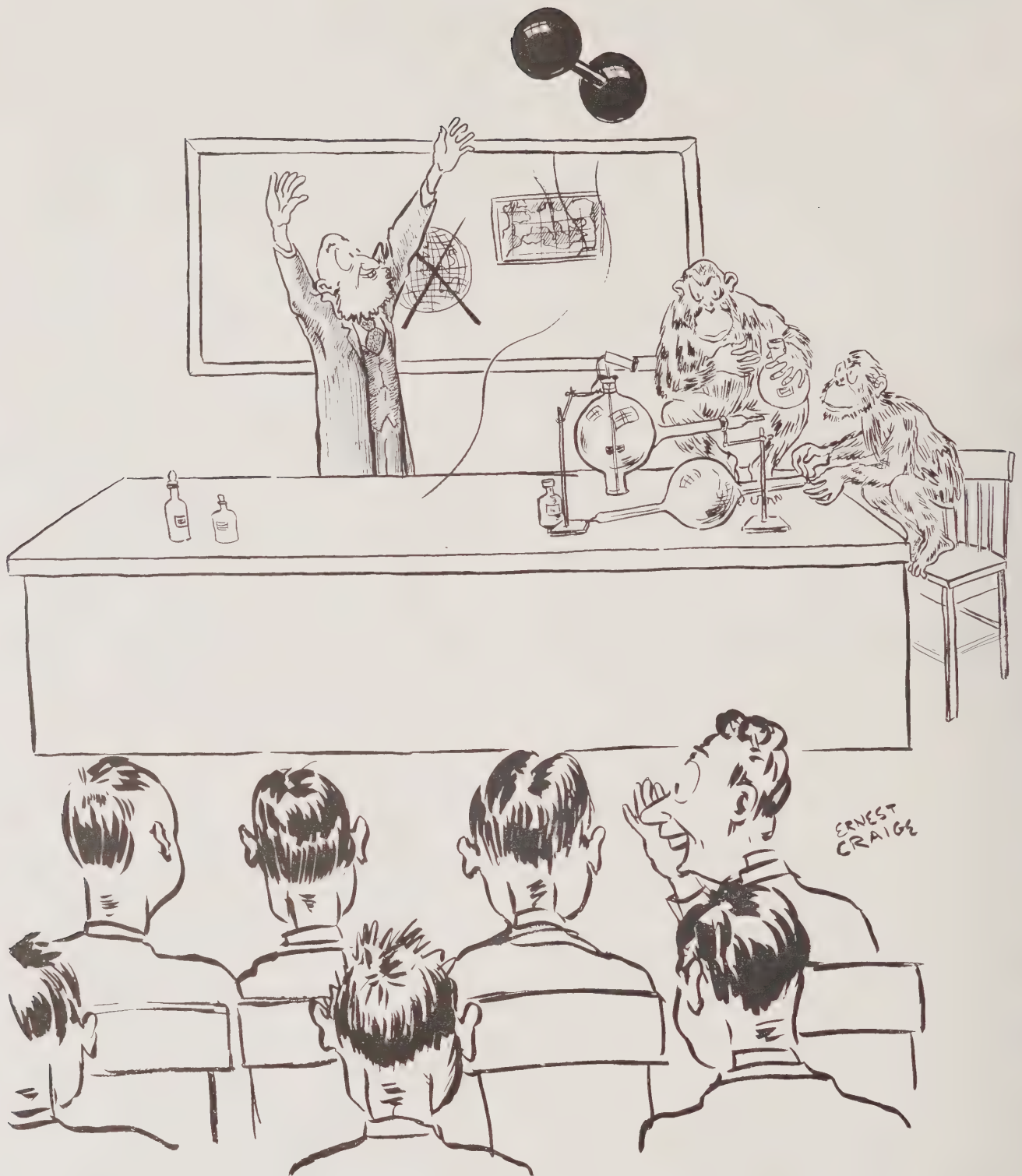
SEX APPEAL



Masculinity—Jim Lalanne, Lafayette, La., sophomore, Kappa Sigma.



Vivacity—Mickey Warren, Monroe, junior, Chi Omega.



"He's already disproved Newton and Darwin. If he can put over his idea that the world is flat, they'll have to give him a raise or fire him!"

verse

There was a young lady named
Reba
Who was amourosly wooed by
an amoeba.
This wee bit of jelly
Would crawl on her belly
And tenderly murmur, "*Ich
lieber.*"

—T.E.

ROMANCE

She started to speak, my cap-
tured heart warmed,
For her voice was like
thrushes that chirp.
So I breathlessly waited as her
pearly lips formed—
A good, healthy, old-fashioned
burp.

—X. X. X.

CONTINGENCY

Perhaps if I chose
to propose
to the light-of-my-love
without clos-
ing my eyes to the froz-
en look she bestows,
I'd retreat less morose
from her "No!"s.

—D. F.

INTROSPECTION

Thy bold inconstancy is such
That even I deplore;
I could not love thee, dear, so
much
If I loved honor more.

—D. F.

Skfale Suvhep

A burl berved at a bilkne b'yad
Beside the goshling vissel;
He chased a furthing fatted n'yad
Among the preckney quissel.

Mathel purt and horthel blug,
Sord the srool run groun;
They plunged the methole in the
clug,
And both befroard the koun.

Muth! Cuth! Nwerd! Nwerd!

The thwerthole mlunt did
screeth;

Glub, glub, a lithle lerd,
He blooth it on the tweeth.

—*Sphixc Pbloffz.*

HECK

The sensation of love that is over
you stealing
You claim is the reason for
your pressing demands.
Relax, my dear boy, you're only
feeling
Overstimulation of ductless
glands.

—X. X. X.

SOUR GRAPES

Petting gets very boring, I
found.
Sex is not all one might expect.
Love, they say, makes the world
go around.
But a bottle of beer has the
same effect.

—X. X. X.

MALE NEOPHYTE

Is this the real land of passion,
you ask,
Or a fairy tale world of the
elf?
Lady, to tell you's an impossible
task.
I'm a stranger here myself.
—X. X. X.

COED INVOCATION

"Dear Lord, if I'm asked to the
German Dance,
Don't let me get stuck on the
floor.
Make the men "cut" when they
have a chance,
Then keep them returning for
more.

"Don't let it rain or be hot, I beg.
Take care that my hair stays
in curl.
And please if someone must
break a leg,
Make sure it's an out-of-town
girl."

—X. X. X.

There was a young man from
Japan
Whose limbericks never would
scan.
When asked just why so,
He said, "I don't know."
But I always try to crowd as
many syllables into the last line
as I possibly can.

—T.E.

(twenty-one)



Text book.

music

Symphonies in Sepia

DUKE ELLINGTON, the Ebony God's greatest gift to jazz has led his band for over a decade and is yet a foremost modern composer. Ellington has written hundreds of polished songs and his capacity for melodic invention seems scarcely tapped. His is probably the only band that can play dance after dance using only compositions of his own and still be perfectly satisfying to the capricious public. Wierdly beautiful in technique, sophistication with a reality, mechanical perfection fused with something-to-say, he can not be shelved with swing or simply "jazz." Ellington is a white man's world, seemingly mute, sieved through a negro soul. It is for this he will be remembered when his bread-and-butter pieces are buried under other whims of the hour which has passed.

JIMMY LUNCEFORD is a college band. Finding complimentary resonance upon white ears as well as black, he performs all the tricks of the trade and inimitable others. Featuring several vocalists, a trio, and instrumental soloists of any member of the band, Lunceford's popularity is largely due to his records and their tremendous sales. In person this is a most entertaining organization and with arrangements in his style, any ticket at the door is nominal. Lunceford has quality and quantity; lots of Lunceford and a crowd behind him to blow it out.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, the greatest of all swing musicians and great in swing before it had pet in an orphan's home. Blessed a name, learned to play a trumpet with unbelievable technique and a rich imagination, "Satchelmouth" has directly or indirectly influenced every trumpet tooter who has ever breathed a sigh of



jazz. There will probably never be an equal personality in music; his fame and showmanship have spread around the world. His playing and singing is so far superior to his contemporaries that he has never had a band that could serve as anything but an accompaniment. The eminent French critic, Hughes Panassie, devoted a large part of his book, *Le Jazz Hot*, to Armstrong and his works. Little trumpet toters in years to come will listen to his notes above the staff and take up something else.

CHICK WEBB is one of the greatest drummers in the business. He was once a Baltimore newsboy, a cripple. When Chick Webb swings it out it stays swung out; it is thus that we have much of the popular music in the momentary modern mode. As to his band, he numbers among his decided assets a singer named Ella Fitzgerald whose popularity is a large factor in his success. When a silly little lilt that you whistled last summer is revived and you remember an equal little silly you were with when you heard it new, a safe guess would give the Webb gentlemen credit for the ghost.

COUNT BASIE ain't been with us so long. Count Basie represents the unusual, the ultra, the super; where angels fear to trod, he elaborates. Basie is not a personality, not a showman, merely the pianist behind a group of geniuses with his name on their stands. The Count's piano is superlative, easily the best in his style, and his band for pure unmitigated, unadulterated swing can not be touched. This applies particularly to the venerable blues. Basie's band is a negro band wheezing negro music and if one caters to the sepia strain, its Basie two to one.

—Jere King



*Merry Christmas
Everybody...*

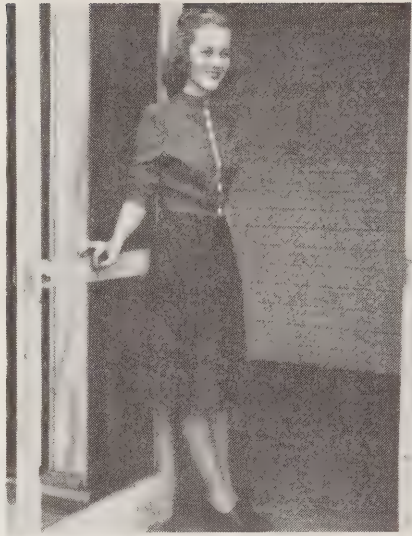
*...and to everybody
more smoking pleasure*

Chesterfield Cigarettes in their attractive Christmas cartons appeal to everyone. Their refreshing *mildness* and *better taste* give smokers everywhere *more pleasure*.

Chesterfield *They Satisfy*



*Estelle Hayes, ex-Greensboro;
Coenen, 407A E. Frank., 8136.*



*Lucy Belle Eckles, younger gen-
eration, Archer cloister.*



*Carol Goodman, cutest littlest
lass lately.*



*Nancy Lyon, definitely up
and attem per recently.*



*Pegg Sabine, Charlotte
Charybdis a la chassis.*



*Mary Ames,
veni, vidi, vici.*



*Eloise Brown, Yackety
Yack Sec. appeal.*



*Yeatman.
Potential.*



*Dalton.
Esoteric.*



*Te-Chen.
Cathay.*



*Hudson.
Ascendant.*



*Durrett.
See photo above.*

Dirty Jokes

Department on Trial. Please Voice Opinion.

Professors tell us that there are only seven basic types of humor; college magazines use but sex.



Any girl looking for a real thrill should kiss a man with hic-coughs.

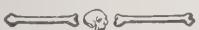
—College Widow.



Two little boys stood on the corner. A little girl passed by.

Said one: "Her neck's dirty."

Said the other: "Her does?"



"—and since you're a big boy now, Willy, I thought you should know that it *isn't* the stork. Have you any questions?"

"Yeah, there's something been bothering me a long time. I'd like to know how they make bricks!"

—Brewer.



She: If wishes came true, what would you wish for?

He: Gosh, I'm afraid to tell you.

She: Go ahead, you sap, what do you think I brought up this wishing business for?

—Aggievator.



"That is a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I wear it only to teas."

"Whom?"

—Medley.

"I never felt like this about a girl before."

"Not bad for a beginner!"



Once a king always a king but once a knight is enough.



"When I squeeze you in my arms like this, honey, something within me seems to snap."

"Yes, pardon me a moment till I fasten it again."

—Batallion.

Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?

Was he surprised? Why, the gun almost fell out of his hands.

—Yellow Jacket.



He: Wonderful night, beautiful girl, what a combination!

She: Heavens, is that showing?



He died and his soul flitted among the clouds and stuff. In its flitting it passed an eagle.

"Ah, Eagle," said the soul.

But the eagle was a noble bird and he only said, "Ah."



Can anyone remember way back when an automobile parked and people got out?



Women are like sparrows. It doesn't pay to look up to any particular one too long.

"Sometimes I think I'll go stork raving mad," said Mr. Dionne.



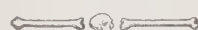
"No, I was never X rayed but I have been ultra-violated."

—Medley.



She: "Do you really love me?"

He: "What do you think I've been doing—shadow boxing?"



This little sheep went to market, This little sheep stayed home, And thus we have virgin wool.

—Voo Doo.



She: What wonderfully developed arms you have.

Allen Powers: Yes, I'm a football player. By the way, were you ever on a track team?



(O.K. When we're kicked out you'll be sorry.)



"... And there we were with the ball on their four yard line!"

sports

Anti-Climaxes to Fall Festivities

In the Winter, Carolina's athletic thoughts turn towards indoor sports, this year to Woolen gymnasium, which will house the Tar Heel athletes for the first official season, beginning January 2 with the Atlantic Christian basketball game.

Without further discussion, here are the winter sports schedules, complete to date:

BASKETBALL

January

- 2—Atlantic Christian College here.
- 3—Princeton here.
- 5—Catawba here.
- 7—Davidson at Charlotte.
- 12—Virginia at Charlottesville.
- 13—Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.
- 14—William and Mary at Lynchburg.
- 17—Wake Forest here; Wake Forest freshmen here.
- 18—Virginia Polytechnic Institute here.
- 20—Maryland at College Park; Oak Ridge vs. freshmen here.
- 21—Navy at Annapolis.
- 24—N. C. State here; State freshmen here.
- 27—Duke freshmen here (tentative).
- 28—Kentucky at Lexington, Ky. (tentative).
- 31—Wake Forest at Wake Forest; Wake Forest freshmen at Wake Forest.

February

- 2—Chattanooga High school vs. freshmen here (tentative).
- 3—Maryland here; DMI vs. freshmen here.
- 4—Virginia Military Institute here.
- 7—Davidson here.
- 9—Duke freshmen at Durham (tentative).
- 10—Duke here.

13—Virginia here.

17—N. C. State at Raleigh; State freshmen at Raleigh.

24—Duke at Durham. March

2-4—Southern Conference tournament at Raleigh.

BOXING

January

- 14—The Citadel at Charleston, S. C.
- 21—N. C. State here; State freshmen here.
- 28—Virginia here; Virginia freshmen here.

February

- 4—Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va.; VPI freshmen at Blacksburg.
- 11—Maryland here.

18—Duke at Durham; Duke freshmen at Durham.

24-25—Southern Conference tournament at Columbia, S. C.

WRESTLING

January

- 14—Virginia Polytechnic Institute here; VPI freshmen here.
- 21—N. C. State at Raleigh; State freshmen at Raleigh.
- 28—Navy at Annapolis.

February

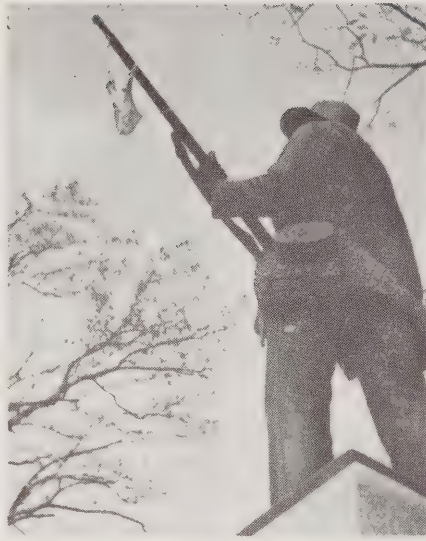
- 6—Washington and Lee at Lexington, Va.; W. & L. freshmen at Lexington.
- 11—Davidson here; Davidson freshmen here.

(twenty-six)





*Fred Sutton, whose environment
belies.*



Brah.



*Bill Robertson, man about
things in general.*



Anonymity undecypherable.



*Ernest King: See page 2. Damn old
materialist.*



Solitaire.



*Ficklen.
Self help student.*



*Hobbs.
Parliamentarian.*



*Kluttz.
Pasturized.*



*Dawson
Esquarian.*



*Moore.
8:28.*

verse

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe
et cetera)

Awoke about five o'clock one
morning from a deep dream of
hairy esquimaux stalking
aardvarks around and around
Central Square on bicycles
(and I think Mrs. Roosevelt
got into the dream, too, but
anyway it was a helluva night-
mare)

And saw climbing around the
pipes in the bathroom,
Making it look like the Chicago
Municipal Zoo,
A giant baby panda
Holding a kayak in its teeth
And writing all sorts of nasty
things all over the wall.
The last one or two had made
Ben exceeding bold,
And to the presence in the room
he said,
"Hey, Joe! Watcha writing?"
The thing raised its left hind foot
And grunted quietly to itself.
"The names of those who are go-
ing to graduate summa cum."
"And is mine one?" said Benny.
"Yes," said the thing as it grace-
fully took off out of the bath-
tub.

So Abou smiled and died.

—Lampoon.

TACIT

When I in loving you discover
No attributes of goddesses,
Your lips commend the Truthful
Lover;
Your eyes remark, "How odd
this is!"

—D. F.

VERSE

Under the spreading mistletoe
A homely co-ed stood,
And stood, and stood, and stood,
and stood,
And stood, and stood, and stood.

—Owl



Mary had a football man
Who had a tricky toe
And everywhere that Mary went
Her man was sure to go.
He followed her to class one day,
Though not against the rule—
It surely made them laugh to see
A football man in school.

—Old Line.

There was a young lady of Trent
Who said she knew what it
meant
When men asked her to dine;
Gave her cocktails and wine;
She knew what it meant—but
she went.

A sultan at odds with his Harem
Thought for a way he could
scare 'em;
He caught a mouse
Which he freed in the house,
Thus starting the first harem
scarem.

Too much study
Makes me muddy;
Too much smoke
Makes me choke;
Too much petting
Makes me sweating;
Too much drink
makes me feel like the adjective
which not only best describes my
condition, but also rhymes, and
"think" is not an adjective.

—Bob Cat

The Sphinx
It stinks



disks

For the Christmas trade, *VICTOR* offers a collection of diversified swing in an album featuring *Benny Goodman*. The tunes included are *Make Believe* and *Blue Room*; *I Never Knew* and *Sweet Sue*; *I Must Have That Man* (trio) and *S'Wonderful* (quartet); *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Opus* (both by the quartet). Aside from the album, there is a *Goodman* record of *Ciribirbin* which features the trumpeting of *Harry James*. This month seems to be somewhat of a clam-bake for the rabid *Goodman* fan.

One of the most popular though little-heard-from negro bands is *Andy Kirk*, and one of the main reasons for said popularity is vocalist *Pha Terrell*. With this fine combination waxing a swell new tune called *I Won't Tell a Soul I Love You*, you have one of *Decca's* better platters.

America's male radio and screen singing idols should look to their laurels now that *Jerry Colonna* has finally consented to record for *Vocalion*. His latest, *Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage* and *Song of the Open Road*, are musical masterpieces. Not recommended for literal-minded listeners.

That fellow from Duke, *Les Brown*, is doing all right these days, thank you. His band is improving steadily and his new *Bluebird* releases, *This Can't Be Love* and *Sing for Your Supper*, from the present Broadway success *The Boys from Syracuse*, exhibit a truly top band and interesting arrangements.

The "Mr. and Mrs. of Swing" turn their attention to sweet with the usual excellent results on *Brunswick's* *Who Blew Out the Flame*. The highlights of the record naturally are—Red's xylophoning, Mildred's singing, and the beautiful arranging.

—Jere King.

vogue

coed

You'll look feminine and fragile whether you like it or not in the new evening gowns, and who doesn't like it? Bare shoulders, a tiny waist, and billowing skirts were the gay deceivers in grandmother's day, and are still effective. Hoops have been resurrected from the museums to dramatize the new silhouette. Strapless décolletés with boned bodices are demure, but scarcely prudish; Marquisesettes, satins, velvets, and taffetas are the most popular fabrics. Black and white are still tops, but color is well represented by cerise, lime, and plum.

Black velvet is the most dramatic material for the strapless models. One gown features the heart-shaped décolleté outlined by tiny white carnations. These same flowers are sprinkled down the front of the dress to the hem. A flowing skirt is fitted into a tiny waist. Another model has a strapless bodice of Florentine blue lamé and skirt of black velvet. A few dirndls in velvet with square neck line and gathered skirts are still being shown. Many dinner dresses of velvet are worn as formals. For instance, a ruby velvet has high victorian shoulders and heart-shaped neckline. The back is cut surprisingly low.

Satin has regained much of its popularity, this season, thanks to the hoop vogue. A graceful white slipper satin features a strapless decolletage outlined by black Chantilly lace. A tightly fitted bodice and pin-cushion quilted skirt are charming details. A hoop may or may not be worn. Baby-pink satin, in this model, is irresistible and will make an angel of the crossiest co-ed. Remember, you can't go



wrong with satin as long as it's cut distinctively.

Dream dresses are made of marquiesette sprinkled with paillettes or stardust. The huge skirts are stiffened by four skirts of net in addition to a slip of heavy satin. Small ruffles outline the off-the-shoulder décolleté and the hem. You could sit for your family portrait in this. An equally glamorous model is one of white lace shot with silver thread. The separate bodice has puffed sleeves and square neck. The skirt is enormous, flowing from a gathered waist line. A simpler black net has a very deep V décolletage both front and back. Tiny rolled straps are its only support. Black velvet flowers are appliqued all over the skirt and cluster at the hem. These fragile dresses are tremendously effective in the moonlight, but they lose nothing when displayed in the ballroom.

Of course, there are clothes for the girl who likes smoothness to the point of liquidation. A plum crepe whose fullness is caught by a lime chiffon girdle

male

With winter here or at least on its way and the Christmas season not far off the perennial question of tux versus tails assumes real importance when one considers the proper thing to wear to holiday parties and dances. This time there is less argument than there has been in the past because the superior good looks of full dress is making it a favorite wherever formal clothes are worn. The trend toward tails began last winter and is even more pronounced this season.

Though full dress is becoming more popular than the tuxedo the latter very definitely cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand. The smaller original cost of the tuxedo generally, the fact that it can be worn on more varied occasions, and the possibilities for comfort while wearing it assure its popularity among those whose use for formal clothes is limited and also among those who may have full dress but also want the comfort of a tux sometimes.

Tuxedos also have the advantage that they require less care and maintenance than tails. Unless the white waistcoat and tie which go with full dress are kept immaculately clean the outfit looks worse than hell. With the tuxedo it is necessary to have only a shirt laundered after wearing and where formal clothes are worn often this item makes a difference.

To forget the argument for a moment and talk about the more minute details in the formal wear situation it may be noted that tail coats extend just a fraction of an inch below the bend of the knee. The lapels are

Style Trends on the Campus



AFTER SIX

It's white tie and tails for discriminating men as typified by the gentleman at the right who is wearing the latest in drape tail coats. Doubtless his full dress is of midnight blue which is becoming ever more popular.

We notice that our friend is wearing both boutonniere and handkerchief and whether you prefer both or either alone you will find evening clothes embodying the newest in styling and fabric at our store.

THAMES CLOTHING SHOP

coed

makes a goddess of anyone—well, almost anyone. The front and back are cut very low, giving a beautiful drape to the shoulders. A classic formal of black crepe features a band of velvet ascending from the waist in back to outline the bosom. These basic dresses depend upon jewelry for accent, such as jeweled girdles or dog collars.

Jewelry is more popular than ever this season. Copies of famous pieces from the jewel chests of Marie Antoinette, Empress Eugenie, and Josephine, have been made in the semi-precious stones. Miniatures are used in bracelets, pendants for neck bands, rings, brooches, and necklaces. Elegance and simplicity of design are the marks of good costume jewelry. Velvet bows fastened with rhinestone clips set off the upswept coiffure. Flowers are still good perched on top. —*Mary Louise Green*

male

wider than formerly, an innovation which was introduced last season and retains its popularity. As to the breast pocket there is still much discussion about whether or not it should



be omitted. Coats are being made both with and without it though probably most of them still retain it.

Tux coats are a little longer this year in conformity to the general drift in this direction. Single breasted models are again coming back after having been almost eclipsed by the double breasted coat. For the lapels of both tuxedos and tails grosgrain or ribbed silk is the thing, another continuance of a trend of last year.

Regarding ties the change is

back to the square ended type and away from the pointed type in both tux ties and those for full dress. The black bat tie, a compromise between the shoe-string job and the regulation model, is being worn with tuxedos as are maroon ties in all three shapes.

Speaking of maroon, studs and cuff links of that color are more than holding the popularity they won last year. With a maroon boutonniere they make a very good looking outfit.

More soft shirts are being used with said maroon ties, longer tux coats, etcetera, the gentlemen who wear formal clothes having finally discovered that the more comfortable one is the more suave and self possessed one can be. Starched shirts are also much used with turnover collars.

And we wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with plenty of eggnog and stuff. —*Ernest King.*

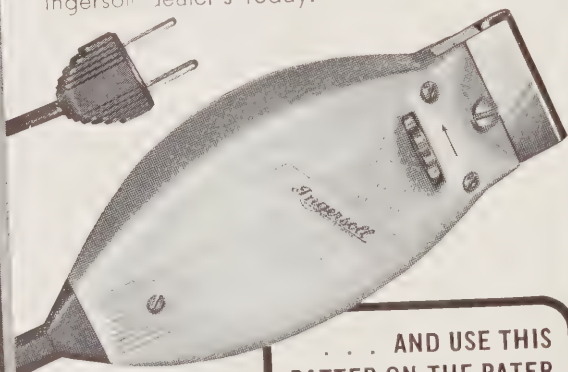


UNBEARD THE LION IN HIS DEN



Dad, Governor, Pops . . . call him what you will, the senior deserves more than a kind thought at Christmas. Give him an Ingersoll Electric Shaver and you'll find it easier to face him when your allowance needs an assist.

Smooth as a campus co-ed, the new Ingersoll Electric Shaver whisks off a beard in record time. Snuggles right into the skin too, and leaves the face as clean as a Saturday night. Made by Ingersoll, you know it is trustworthy, efficient and low priced. Amble over to your Ingersoll dealer's today.



\$7.50

Precision shaving head; self lubricating quality motor. Modern ivory Plaskon case. Complete with brush; attractively boxed. See it now.

... AND USE THIS PATTER ON THE PATER

Keeping up appearances is just as important as your studies. When whiskers scam you'll have more time to cram. And \$7.50 is so little for a dependable Ingersoll electric shaver.

Ingersoll

DEPENDABLE WATCHES . . .

AND NOW, A DEPENDABLE ELECTRIC SHAVER.

**"DON'T GO
A-WOOING WITH
A STEWING PIPE!"**



"NO DAUGHTER OF MINE can go with a young whippersnapper who smokes such rank-smelling tobacco. Clean that pipe! Switch to a mild, tasty blend like my Sir Walter!"



SMART GIRL! She swiped her father's 2-ounce tin, and now they've got the old boy's blessing —plus the world's most bite-less blend of sweet 'n' fragrant burleys!

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA**



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

all americans, etc.

Quarterback—Davey O'Brien (TCU).

As if that wasn't enough for one day's work, Coach Wolf was urged into a deeper mire of mystification when forced to delve into the ranks of the southern conference for an All-Conference team. Of course, Carolina and Duke dominate such an affair, if only by tradition, but still a few positions leave room for a good deal of doubt.

Finding another end to go along with Duke's talented Perdue proved a masterful bit of maneuvering. Yes, Ned Iverson of Davidson, or our own Chuck Kline and a few others were mentioned but it was not until Gamecock Larry Craig displayed his merits that the decision was made—for him.

Few can compare with Tar Heel Maronic at tackle and there are just a few who could attempt to do it. Ed "Ty" Coon of State has had enough build-up at tackle to earn a sure place on the All-Publicity team if there was one. Then there's Johnston of Davidson who has played a quiet but consistently good game all season. Between the two, Wolf had a real job to tackle. At last, it was called a draw and the two tackles tackled were both left at tackle.

But when it came to center, things began to pop. Naturally Wolf gave his whole-hearted support to Duke's Dan Hill, a familiar name around these parts, but the glint in his eye and, finally, a hesitating statement revealed that he had the highest admiration for a certain North Carolinian named Bob Smith, a sophomore by rating, but a darn good center in action. In two years. . .

Wolf's All-Conference team was:

Ends—Bolo Perdue (Duke); Larry Craig (South Carolina).

Tackles—Steve Maronic (No. Carolina); Ed Coon (N. C.

State); and Johnston (Davidson).

Guards—Jim Woodson (No. Carolina); Fred Yorke (Duke).

Center—Dan Hill (Duke).

Halfbacks—Eric Tipton (Duke); Paul Shu (VMI).

Fullback—Bob O'Mara (Duke).

Quarterback — George Stirnweiss (North Carolina).

But what about a few others here and there? On an All-Star form for a weekly magazine, Coach Wolf chose, for outstanding All-Southern honors, Paul Severin of Carolina at end and linesman Louis Trunzo of Wake Forest. That was the day before he picked these teams. In those 24 hours he changed his mind considerably.

The two best players on the Tar Heel eleven, Wolf claims, are George Stirnweiss and Gates Kimball while he rates Dan Hill, Bronco Brunner and Joe Kuzman as the three best opponents faced this season. Assistant Coach Johnny Vaught thinks that Fred Yorke is the best guard the Tar Heels have met all year on the gridiron.

And talking about football and opponents, a survey of some 13 members of the Carolina squad for an All-Opponents' team revealed the following:

Ends—Perdue and Darnell of Duke, without a doubt.

Tackles—Kuzman of Fordham by a large vote; Yorke of Duke nosed out the rest for the other post.

Guards—Kochel of Fordham and Carl Dailey of Tulane, after a close count.

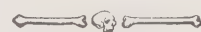
Center—Naturally, Dan Hill.

Backs — Bronco Brunner received a unanimous vote for the only *en masse* decision of the players questioned. Eric Tipton and Bob O'Mara came close to a

perfect vote while the fourth berth was a toss-up between Mike Hearn of Fordham, Ed Boell of NYU, and Buddy Banker of Tulane. Hearn won out by a close margin.

But the Coach wouldn't stop. Now that he had picked the best individual players in the land, he might as well pick the best teams in the country. And that did. Yes, you guessed it, TCU rated number one by Wolf, who thinks this year's Froghorns are the nation's finest. But Pittsburgh comes second, claims Coach Wolf. He still thinks they're plenty good. Notre Dame, Tennessee and Duke were chosen in succeeding order.

That's football's results as Coach Ray Wolf sees it—from the bench and through the eyes of experience.



Adam and Eve in the Garden had had a pretty hard day naming the animals.

"Well, Eve," says Adam, "let's call this one a hippopotamus."

"But, darling, why call it a 'hippopotamus'?"

"Well, hell, it looks like a hippopotamus, don't it?"



A midnight scene . . . rain, sleet . . . a drunk in a doorway, a cop.

Drunk: "I live here."

Cop: "Why don't you go in?"

D: "I lost my key."

C: "Then ring the bell."

D: "I rang it an hour ago."

C: "Ring it again."

D: "To hell with them; let 'em wait."



"Imagine my embezzlement," chirped the cashier as he absconded with \$50,000.

—The Owl.



Photographic Supplies

- CAMERAS
- FILM
- ACCESSORIES

Foister Photo Co.

"What in the world makes your tongue so black?"

"I dropped a bottle of whisky on a freshly tarred road."

—Click.

Little Willie is so distressed, he got a pair of pink pajamas and a military hair brush for Christmas and now he doesn't know whether to go to West Point or Harvard.

Rich man, poor man, fraternity brother, fraternity brother.

—Jester.



THE PEE-WEE RADIO
is the
PERFECT X-MAS GIFT
Four Tubes \$10.00
Willingham Radio Service
Rear of Ledbetter-Pickard's
Phone 4611

sports

17—Duke here; Duke freshmen here.

25—Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.; VMI freshmen at Lexington.

SWIMMING

January

22—Virginia here.

29—Goldsboro high school vs. freshmen here (tentative).

February

4—N. C. State here.

8—Duke here
(Woodstock, Va.) vs. freshmen here.

10—Massanutten Academy

18—Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.

23—Washington and Lee here.

March

1—Duke at Durham.

INDOOR TRACK

Feb. 25—Indoor Track Meet.

MEN'S FENCING

January

21—Charlotte Men's Club here (tentative).

February

4—Maryland here.

11—William and Mary here.

17—Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va.

18—Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.

25—The Citadel here (tentative).

March

4—South Carolina here (tentative).

13—Maryland-William & Mary-North Carolina triangular meet at College Park, Md.

14—Rutgers at New Brunswick, New Jersey.

15—Seton Hall at Newark, New Jersey.

16—Long Island University at Brooklyn, New York.

17—Saint John's college at Brooklyn, New York.

18—Eastern Intercollegiate Conference tournament at Newark, New Jersey.



April

8—Cincinnati here.

14-15—Southern Conference tournament at Williamsburg, Va.

WOMEN'S FENCING

(Schedule tentative)

February

11—William and Mary at Williamsburg, Va.

24—New York University here.

March

14—Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, Pa.

15—Panzer at East Orange, N. J.

16—New York University at N. Y.

17—Hofstra at New York.

... No matter how hard one tries or regardless of the time of year, football still gets its share, and so here is the 1939 football schedule which Ray Wolf and his men will face next year:

Where the
Christmas
Spirit Prevails
The Entire
Year

Sutton Drug Co.

To Make This Christmas
Joyous and Merry
Give

CANDY

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NORRIS, NUNNALLY
and WHITMAN

25c to \$7.50

Candy mailed anywhere
in the United States
FREE

ECKERD'S DRUG STORE

122 W. Main St.
DURHAM, N. C.

sports

September

30—Wake Forest here.

October

7—Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Va.

14—New York University here.

21—Tulane at New Orleans.

28—Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, Pa.

November

4—N. C. State here.

11—Davidson at Davidson

18—DUKE AT DURHAM.

30—Virginia here.



Do Your Holiday
Shopping

at

Efird's

Durham, N. C.

for xmas

nest's rifle no less than fifty times.

I thought it about time to go so I made the suggestion, "Well, I suppose I had better be going?"

"Going? Why, what do you mean?" they all shouted.

"Well, you know. . ."

"I know that you are going to stay here till my little niece wakes up," Hortense pleaded. About that time they brought her in. Hortense suggested I hold her. I took her in my arms. She liked me very much and delighted in putting her finger in my nose. Every time she did this, I would say "coochie-coo," and she would remove it. Together, we became very fast at this. The more we did it, the more she liked it. I knew I couldn't last much longer. As a last resort I decided to pinch her in hopes she would cry, and some one would take her. On the 365th time she placed her finger in my nose, I shouted "coochie-coo" and pinched the hell out'n her. She didn't stir. She only smiled, fiendishly. Of course, it wouldn't have made any difference if I had had on a bathing suit, but one never wears bathing suits to Christmas dinners . . . at Hortense's.

Let Us FLAVOR your CHRISTMAS

You can be sure you are getting fresh, delicious candy made of the purest ingredients when you buy from us. We make our own candy.

Royster's Candy Store

Candymakers Since—
—Fayetteville St.
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ELECTRIC LAMPS
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DINE where delicious food is prepared to your own individual taste. Our service



AND

our hospitality is just as famous as our home - cooked meals.

Dance

to delightful music consisting of all popular numbers.

WE SPECIALIZE IN
FINE

WESTERN STEAK and CHICKEN DINNERS

Located just outside Durham at
Intersection of New Raleigh
Road—Route 70

psing psong

ed his staff for support and gasped for breath. His knees buckled, and his eyes looked at each other. "I - -" he began.

"Shut up," she said, and kissed him again. He swooned.

When he opened his eyes, she was bending tenderly over him, pouring water in his face. "Are you all right?" she said.

"All right?" said David. "Hell, I feel like writing a psalm."

And he did.



1st Drunk: "Say, know what time it is?"

2nd Drunk: "Yeah."

1st Drunk: "Thanks."

—Cherub.

LATEST RECORDS

By

Goodman — Shaw

Webb—Lunceford

Clinton — Dorsey

Basie

Charlie Sinclair

LEDBETTER-PICKARD



Frosh: "I just brought home a skunk."

Roommate: "Where ya gonna keep him?"

Frosh: "I'm gonna tie him under the bed."

Roommate: "What about the smell?"

Frosh: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."

—Augwan.

A Welcome Awaits You at Boone's

We extend our personal invitation to you to make our Drug Store your Drug Store when you are in Durham.

Good Drinks, Good Eats
and Good Fellowship

We'll Be Looking for You

Boone Drug Co.
"In Triangle"

Corner Mangum, Parrish and
Orange Streets

PHONE L-911 or L-912

D.K.E. (to freshman): Yes, sir, our house is absolutely without a flaw.

Freshman (from South Carolina): Gosh, what do you walk on?

Did you ever hear about the man who smoked so many Camels and his nerves got so steady that he couldn't move?

The student gets the magazine,
The school gets the fame,
The printer gets the money,
The editor gets the blame.

You are not ready for
Christmas Vacation
until your car is ready

Drive in and let us
check it for you!

Pure Oil Service Sta.

PURE OIL PRODUCTS

Ben Strowd Mgr.

Phone 6061 - - Franklin St.

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a \$3.50 textbook to sell to his classes.

—Duke 'n' Duchess.

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"But I'm not experienced."

"No, and you're not home yet, either."

—Drexerd.

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Like to Keep in Swing?

Need a calendar that really tells you things? Want a "swell" tip for a gift? Carolina In Portrait, popular campus calendar, is your answer to both these problems . . . making the finest kind of gift or souvenir reminder of the campus.

Carolina In Portrait is not an ordinary calendar! A carefully chosen photographic study of the campus represents each month with a fresh view of old familiar scenes . . . presenting the campus from unusual and striking angles . . . capturing the charm and flavor of Chapel Hill more effectively than a thousand words could hope to do.

As a Christmas gift or a New Year's greeting Carolina In Portrait is sure to be received with appreciation and enthusiasm by all to whom student day memories are dear.

Copies are available at campus stores or call

Bob Doty

Phi Kappa Sigma

Gifts

That Will Give Lasting Pleasure

Christmas Cards

That Will Reflect Your Good Taste

There is no other gift which will be welcomed and treasured through the years more than a wisely chosen book. We have "the" book for that friend who is hard to please.

Your best wishes should be conveyed with the best cards. See our unusually beautiful line of Christmas Cards and Calendars.

Reduced book postage enables you to send an average size book anywhere in the U. S. for three cents.

The Bulls Head Book Shop
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**Keep that Carolina Tradition of
being well-dressed with clothes
from**

Vanstory's



**McGregor Sportswear,
Slacks, Suits and
Topcoats**

at

Vanstory Clothing Co.

**Jefferson Standard Building
Greensboro, N. C.**

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
James Walker — Independent Buyer
— has smoked Luckies for 10 years.

TOBACCOLAND'S FINEST GIFT

Favorite of America's
Independent Tobacco Experts

CIGARETTES! An ever-welcome gift! But certainly you want to give the *best*. To be certain, give Luckies. For sworn records show that, among *independent* tobacco experts ... auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen... Luckies have *twice* as many exclusive smok-

ers as have all other cigarettes put together.

And, *only* Luckies give you the throat protection of the exclusive "Toasting" process. Toasting takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat.

Sworn Records Show That— WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

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The CAROLINA BUCCANEER



FEBRUARY

1939

15¢

"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT" WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY
KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT



HANS THORNER,
DIRECTOR
MOUNT
WASHINGTON
(N.H.) SWISS
SKIING SCHOOL

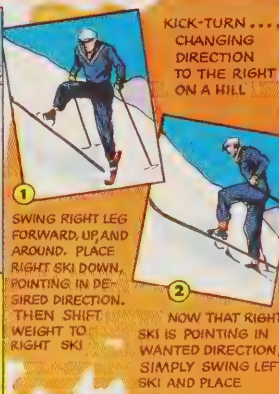


"MORNING,
MR. THORNER

GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY!
I SEE YOU'VE BEEN PRACTISING
WALKING ON THE LEVEL. THAT'S FINE.
WHEN YOU CAN WALK ON SKIS THE
REST COMES EASILY. NOW, LET'S
PRACTISE WALKING UP-HILL



THE HERRING-BONE —
THE NAME COMES FROM
THE PICTURESQUE PATTERN
THE SKIS LEAVE IN THE
SNOW. COMMONLY USED
ONLY ON SHORT, NARROW
STRETCHES OF CLIMBING



KICK-TURN
CHANGING
DIRECTION
TO THE RIGHT
ON A HILL

1
SWING RIGHT LEG
FORWARD, UP, AND
AROUND. PLACE
RIGHT SKI DOWN,
POINTING IN DE-
SIRED DIRECTION.
THEN SHIFT
WEIGHT TO
RIGHT SKI

2
NOW THAT RIGHT
SKI IS POINTING IN
WANTED DIRECTION,
SIMPLY SWING LEFT
SKI AND PLACE
PARALLEL WITH RIGHT



TOO BAD, MISS ALICE. I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE GETTING TENSE AND KEYED-UP.
HOW ABOUT STOPPING
FOR A CAMEL?

WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING
OUR SMOKE, PLEASE GIVE US
AN EXHIBITION,
MR. THORNER



THE CLASS WATCHES THORNER DO SOME EXPERT SKIING.

GOSH, HE'S A
WONDERFUL ATHLETE,
ISN'T HE?

CHRISTIANIA (DOWN-HILL) — CHANGING DIRECTION OF CONTINUOUS
HIGH-SPEED RUN FIRST, SKIER CROUCHES LOW, INSTANTLY
RISES TO FULL HEIGHT WITH BODY TWIST TO NEW DIRECTION, THEN
RESUMES FORWARD CROUCH TO COMPLETE TURN



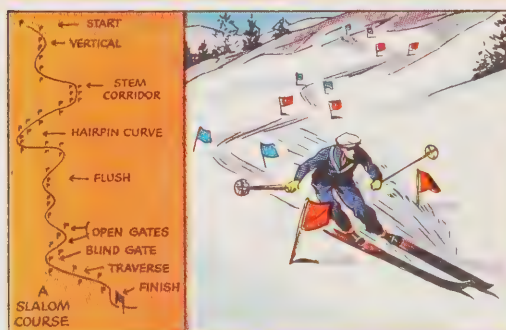
SNOW-PLOW PUTTING ON
THE BRAKES BY PUSHING APART
TAIL-ENDS OF SKIS



STEM-CHRISTIANIA
TURN IS STARTED BY SINGLE
STEM (EXTENDING ONE SKI FOR
BROADER BASE)



JUMP-TURN AVOIDING
A DANGEROUS HAZARD BY
CHANGING DIRECTION
IN THE AIR



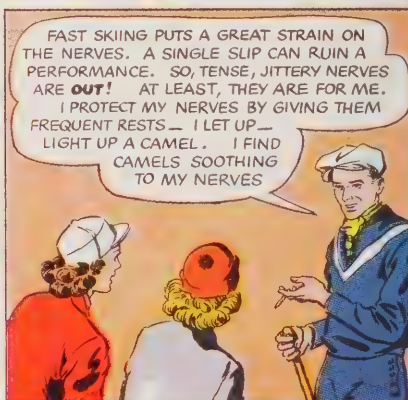
SLALOM (FROM SCANDINAVIAN WORD MEANING
'INTERRUPTED COURSE') AN EXTREME TEST OF FORM AND
AGILITY IN DOWN-HILL SKIING



BRAVO,
MR. THORNER!
HOW ABOUT
AN ENCORE?

SORRY, BUT I'M GOING
TO LET UP AND LIGHT UP
A CAMEL.
HAVE ONE?

YOU CERTAINLY
ARE SOLD ON CAMELS,
MR. THORNER



FAST SKIING PUTS A GREAT STRAIN ON
THE NERVES. A SINGLE SLIP CAN RUIN A
PERFORMANCE. SO, TENSE, JITTERY NERVES
ARE OUT! AT LEAST, THEY ARE FOR ME.
I PROTECT MY NERVES BY GIVING THEM
FREQUENT RESTS — I LET UP —
LIGHT UP A CAMEL. I FIND
CAMELS SOOTHING
TO MY NERVES



(left) THE BOSTON TERRIER, shown re-
laxing, is often called the "American Gentleman"
of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a
bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system
is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our
own, but with an important contrast. Right in
the midst of strenuous action the dog stops,
calms down—*instinctively!* We humans are not
so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind
on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it
pays to give your nerves *regular* rests. Do it the
pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!
In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—
Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.



COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE
FROM FINER, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
... TURKISH AND
DOMESTIC

Copyright
1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem,
N. C.

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!
SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

A Southerner Uncovers The South

by
DEXTER FREEMAN

"Prodigal Sunny South," they
call us—

Cite statistics that appall us—
Shove out pamphlets by the ton
To prove we're PROBLEM No. 1.
And all the sociologists
Become the South's apol-
ogists.

By such and such it's proved that
we

Live much too much too savage-
ly—

That Southerners spend half
their time

Planning some new social crime;
We lynch a nigger every day
Just to see his face turn gray.

The mode of living in the South
Is known as "tenant-hand-to-
mouth."

And dietitians tear their hair
When they peruse our bill of
fare—

One menu for our Southern
masses:

Cornbread, fatback, peas,
and 'lasses.

We all exploit the Urge Parental
(With marriage *quite* coinciden-
tal).

Our girls lend warm reality
To "Southern hospitality."

In view of Dixie temperament
A virgin is an accident.

We grab our kids the day they're
born

And tell them how to hoe the
corn;

We show them how it's cultivated
And what it's like when liquid-
ated.

And thus our brats grow up
to be
Past masters in distillery.

You see, it's hopeless, dear kind
friends,
Who've *tried* to help us make
amends;

So chalk up our provincialism
To "rugged individualism."

There isn't much that you
can do,

Unless you take *our* point of
view.

We boast no chaste Utopia,
No private cornucopia;
But when we hear the platitudes
Designed to change our "atti-
tudes,"

We can't help feeling it's
more fun

To remain

Yours truly,

PROBLEM ONE.



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The Carolina Buccaneer

CARL PUGH, Editor in Chief

ERNEST KING, Business Manager

VOLUME XV

ISSUE 6

NUMBER 5

FEBRUARY, 1939

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Cover by Ernest Craige	



It is cold and the lights are yellow-red and bare in the waiting-room for the dawn is still undecided and black. The great dome of the room is lonely and frightening and there is a small terror at even the sleepy man behind the lunch counter. There is a little formless fear at the fat and dirty woman on the bench across the room and the baby's head on her lap will grow fat and dirty with dark greasy hair and speak in quick, aggressive tones. There is fear and hate. There is one white American and he is strange and foreign. The old negro man with the broom is a friend.

The noise wakes Staten Island, the gates slide open, there are many fat and alive people, the clock high on the wall exclusively justifies the ferry whistle and the awakening.

Water is chilled soft sound in the mist beside the ferry. The fading night is behind the grey grains of fog. The fat people are inside and the fog is merely uncomfortable. The Statue of Liberty stands on the left, a

huge vague thing just standing there in the distance. The ferry, trembling, pushes heavily through the water which is now black and real with occasional small and floating mysteries. On the right it is lighter and deep in the bleaching mist ahead are dark and large immobile forms, the City.

The forms loom to a cluster of grey and slender mountains. And the fog is gone and behind the buildings is a weird, painted globe, dingy red and dull with no reflection in the black water and not warm.

The Battery is quiet and yankees are lying still under newspapers on the benches. No bird sings and pigeons strut about and play at being birds. There are trees in cages and the grass is sick in the morning; the dew is specked with smoke from Jersey City. Children from an early, fortunate breakfast run to the sidewalk but it is cement and the same.

The 3rd Avenue L blusters in and certifies the day at South Ferry.

— The Editor

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AD WRITERS

Murray Drucker, Paggie Sabine, Bernard Richter, Jerry Cohen, Allen Headlee, George Jaffee, Chuck Israel.

FUNCTIONAL JANITOR

Partyboy Lewis

EDITOR IN FOO

William Randolph Arey

It is with pardonable pride that we take this opportunity to express our grateful thanks to the Rev. Donald Stuart who, shrieking single-handed against mass dormancy, gave to us a healthy recognition, a virtue of chronic individualism, a subtle, psychological dignity that heretofore had merely whispered, rattled softly in the dim closet of the student mind. For this matinee metamorphosis from crudity to spangled infamy may we offer our most sincere and deepest appreciation.

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'Snowonder she likes Old Golds!



Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
opens from the *BOTTOM*.

Copyright, 1939, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Ask
Her reasons?
Don't be
Silly!
A woman gives
Answers
Not reasons.
She likes Old Golds
Not because they're
Made of finer
Smoother tobaccos
But because their
Delightful
Double-Mellow
Flavor happens to
Please her taste
And because every
Old Gold reaches
Her lips as FRESH
As the day it
Was born.
In some countries
"Ski" is pronounced
"SHE".
But in U.S.A.,
She pronounces "O.G.,"
When she wants a
Truly fresh and
Extra-fine
Cigarette.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

VISITS THE
NEW YORK MUSEUM
OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY
IN RADIO CITY

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME HERE WITH US UNCLE GEORGE

YOU'LL SEE OVER 2000 WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD EXPLAINED IN HERE, CHUBBINS

A PICK-A-BACK PLANE IS TOO HEAVILY LOADED (FOR LONG FLIGHT) TO TAKE OFF FROM THE WATER, THUS MUST BE LAUNCHED IN MID-AIR

ISN'T THAT AMAZING? ONE PLANE CARRYING ANOTHER ON ITS BACK!

I CAN REMEMBER WHEN A PLANE COULD HARDLY GET ITSELF UP IN THE AIR

ROB THAT SEA-DEPTH RECORDER HAS TAKEN A LOT OF RISK OUT OF OCEAN NAVIGATION

THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE CAN HAVE SUCH FAST, LUXURIOUS OCEAN LINERS, HUH, DAD?

HOW THE FATHOMETER INSTANTLY RECORDS HOW FAR A SHIP IS FROM SEA-BOTTOM.....

- 1 OPERATOR ON BRIDGE STARTS ELECTRIC DEVICE
- 2 SOUND IS SENT OUT FROM HULL
- 3 SOUND HITS SEA-BOTTOM, ECHOES BACK TO SHIP
- 4 SOUND RECEIVED IN HULL
- 5 INDICATOR ON BRIDGE MEASURES TIME OF ROUND TRIP IN TERMS OF FATHOMS OF WATER (1 FATHOM=6 FEET)

YES, SCIENCE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO GET A LOT MORE OUT OF LIFE, EH, ROB?

YES, WE'RE REMINDED OF THAT WITH EVERY PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WE SMOKE----

TRUE-THAT PA. NO-BITE PROCESS LETS A MAN ENJOY REAL SMOKING PLEASURE

NOWADAYS, A MAN CAN ENJOY ALL THE FULL, REAL RICH TASTE OF CHOICE TOBACCO WITHOUT A BIT OF HARSHNESS, THANKS TO PRINCE ALBERT

IF YOU'RE AFTER RICH, MELLOW TASTE AND A COOL-SMOKING, SWEET-CAKING PIPE, THEN FILL UP WITH PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SO MILD!
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Announcement

This issue of *The Buccaneer* is our only number in which there has been emphasized a single theme. We do not approve of theme issues. There have been too feeble many of them. *The Buccaneer* this year has had a single aim: to keep the campus awake. We have consciously tried to veer from other years. We have patterned after no national magazine. We would like each issue different from the last. Thus the theme this time. Never a dull moment; disregarding the boredom of inconsistency.

So, next month we can't wait to present—

The Carolina Buccaneer
for March
starring
VARIOUS THINGS AND STUFFS
and
A PREFERENCE FOR SNORTS TO SNORES

South Is South

by

MACK HOBSON

The fresh, green fields stretched away from her window as far as her eye could reach, and while she watched them she was happy. To her they were the outpouring of a rich, good earth, and she loved them. But one morning while she gazed, a great, dark cloud, like some ominous foreboding of disaster, moved upward from the horizon until it covered the whole sky. The whole atmosphere seemed to tremble for a moment silently, and then, as though Lucifer had risen from the depths and thrown his tumultuous wrath across the heavens, the storm crashed out in its mighty fury. And with it came the Yankees and the handsome young officer in striped underwear.

Maggie wept silently as the wind swept against her house and beat down upon her beloved green fields. And she wept still, when the storm had gone, for the great tide of merciless men in blue swept forward more relentlessly than the storm had done and trampled her beautiful fields into mud. Cold, bestial hate crept up within her, mounting with each breath she took, until, when she could bear it no longer, she knelt at the foot of her bed and raised her tear-stained face to heaven. "Oh, God," she breathed, "Ah hates them Yankees. I do—I mean, Ah do. Please forgive me, for Ah ain't never hated nobody before." She reached up and stroked affectionately the halo around her head.

Suddenly she stiffened, as a chill of fear ran down her spine. Her hand gripped the bedpost tightly, and cold sweat stood out on her bra, for to her nostrils had come without warning the unmistakable odor of Bologna. This could mean only one thing.

She arose and turned with one movement.

In the doorway stood a blue-coated young man with a bucket in one hand and with his other hand in the bucket.

Maggie drew herself up to her full height. "Who are you?" she said, putting up a bold front. Then she slipped hurriedly into some clothes.

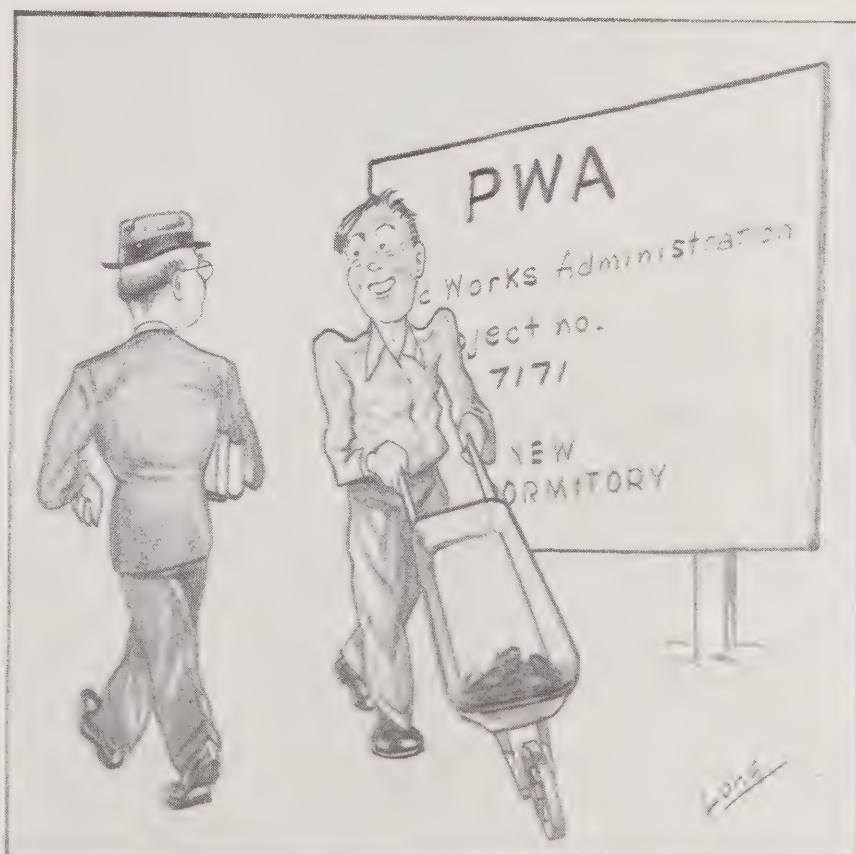
The young man set down his bucket and snickered evilly up his sleeve. "I yam a Yankee," he said, stroking his mustache as if he had one, "and I have come to burn up your house down." Catching his little joke almost instantly, he squirmed on the floor, choking. "I sure do kill me," he said. "Don't I kill you too? If I don't, I will in a minute." This was too much for him, and he lost consciousness.

"Now," thought Maggie, "I will pour gasoline in his face and stick a match to him." She picked up the bucket and let a few drops fall over the edge upon his forehead. They revived him instantly.

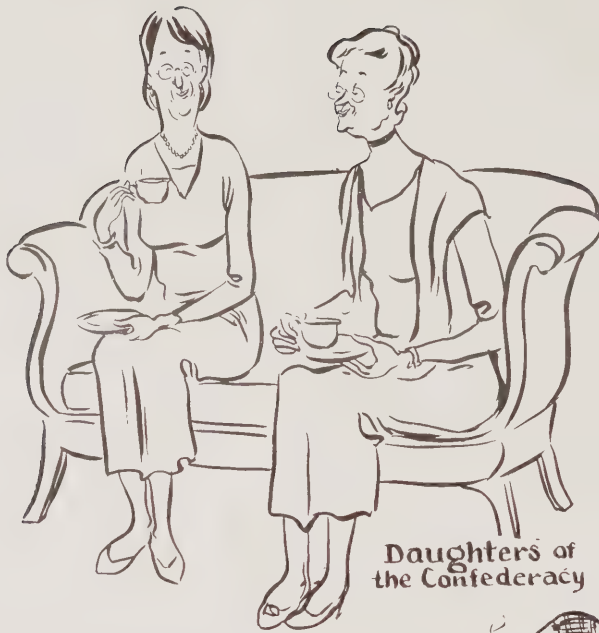
"That was very nice of you," he said. "Thanks a lot. Now I'll wait until I burn the house to kill you. I've had quite a hard day today, fighting and everything. You sure do have a tough bunch of boys across the creek. That is, you *did* have a tough bunch of boys." The change of tense seemed to amuse him, for he split.

"Oh!" said Maggie, suddenly noticing a bloody spot where his arm used to be. "You're wounded."

"Only a scratch," said the Yankee
(twenty-four)



"Howdy, Prof! Remember Dillingworth, Class of '36?"



Daughters of
the Confederacy



Durham Flash



• THE SOUTH •



Prom trotter



10,000,000 of these

ERNEST
CRAIG

The Decline and Fall of the House of Creepers

by
SANFORD STEIN

[Scene is the exterior of a charming little one-roomed country home located in the rural section of Georgia and built in old colonial style of decayed wood. There are large gaps in the side wall for ventilation, the windows are smashed in diverse artistic patterns, and one end of the shack is sunk in the ground to give that quaint air of informality.]

[Empty cans, slime, and refuse, accumulated for years and passed on from one generation to another, brighten up the lawn which is landscaped with scattered clumps of brown. To the right of the house is a structure used for relaxation, reading and art work. It nestles under the shade of a fig tree. To the left is a well in which happy little cockroaches swim around. The environmental atmosphere is one of peaceful simplicity with poisonous mushrooms blossoming everywhere and little mosquitoes carrying yellow fever buzzing to and fro.]

[As the curtain opens, JEETER CREEPERS is seen resting against a pole, smoking a pipe and eating something that resembles Swain Hall chicken. GRANDMA, 93 (though she doesn't look a day over 87), enters from the road carrying three cords of wood. JEETER, being a perfect gentleman, moves his bare feet (Madame Perkins, please note) around so that she may pass.]

JEETER. [Pleasantly.] Just bring the wood around the back of the house, Granny. And then before you go get another cord, rest a few minutes. Today is Sunday, and I don't want you to work too hard. Guess I'll get lit-

tle Fanny to chop that wood. She's nigh on five year old now.

GRANNY. [She never speaks. She glares at JEETER, spitting on the ground and clenching her fist. GRANDMA is so cute.]

JEETER. [Yelling.] Hey, daughter! Come out of the house. Ah wants to talk to ya. And make it snappy. Ah got a powaful lot of sleep to do today.

[MILLIE, a delightful little slut of 18, emerges from the house followed by her ten children.]

MILLIE. What ya want, Pa? Ma and me is busy a-polishin' the eggs. They'se gettin' too black. [A bee stings her Southern exposure.] God damn it, I gotta start wearing clothes.

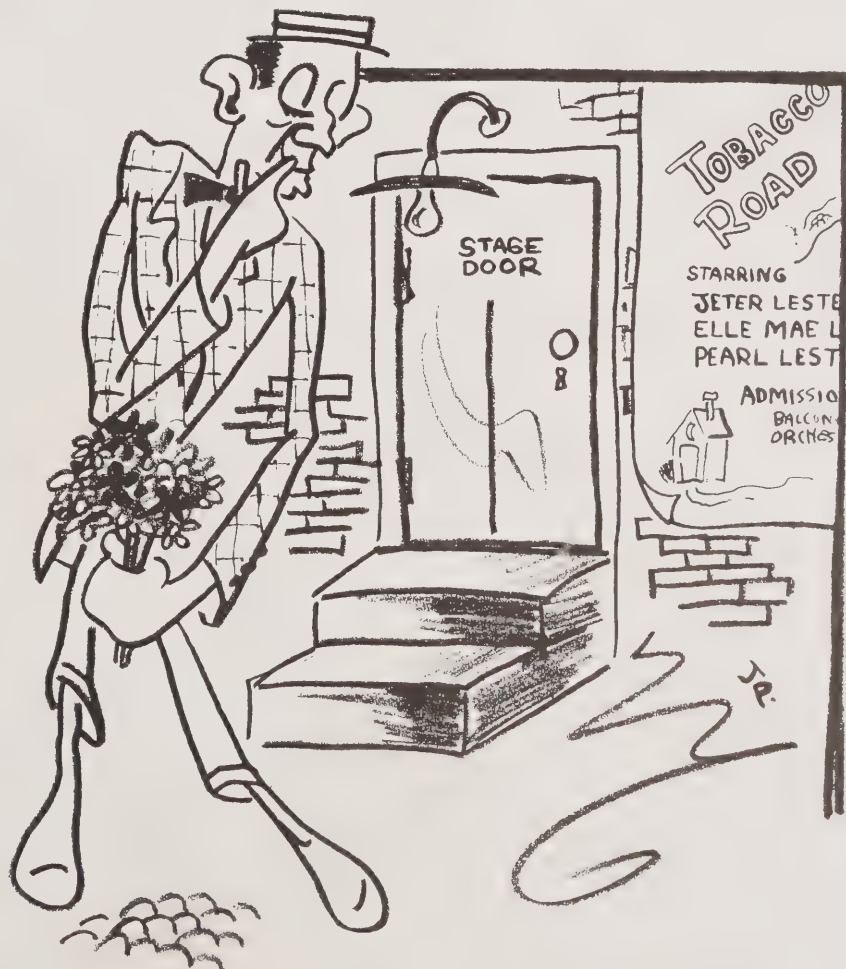
JEETER. Millie, what's this Ah

hear about you wantin' to get married?

MILLIE. Well, Pa, cousin Lem who goes to Harvard says that up no'th they always gets married after the first child is born. And Ah got me ten already.

JEETER. Never you mind! Your ma and me didn't get married until after our 15th young'un was born. And that was only 'cause the preacher was here one night a-transactin' some business with ma. Ah don't want to hear you takin' up any of those new-fangled, damn-Yankee notions. A true Southerner has his *enfants naturels* how and when he wants them!

[Here the band bursts into (twenty-four)]



Dirty Jokes

Joe hadn't never been north before so one day he thought he would and he caught a train outa Atlanta. He got along pretty good by himself but one night a friend of his found him standing at a taxi dance, looking on with interest.

"Hell, Joe," laughed the friend, "I bet you don't even know what they're doing."

"Shore," said Joe, "but how come they stand up?"

A gentleman was much surprised when the good looking young lady greeted him by saying, "Good morning." He could not remember meeting her before. She evidently realized her mistake and apologizing explained, "Oh, I'm sorry. When I first saw you I thought you

were the father of two of my children."

She walked on while the man stared at her. She did not realize that he was unaware that she was a school teacher.

A gentleman, on being informed that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed that he rushed to the hospital immediately, where his wife and newly acquired family were, and dashed pell-mell into the room.

The nurse being out at the time was irritated upon her return and remonstrated with the father:

"Don't you know better than to come in here with germ-filled clothes? Why, you're not sterile."

He looked at her a moment and then said, "Lady, are you telling me?"

A census taker stopped at a home and asked to see the lady of the house. Informed that he was speaking to her, he asked his first question:

"Are you married?"

"No!"

"Then in that event, you wouldn't have any children?"

"No!"

Just then a boy of five came into the room and in a piping voice asked, "Ma, kin I have a nickel for some candy?"

"Here, *Hitler*, is a nickel, go buy yourself some candy," she answered.

A few minutes later a second boy came in with a similar request, to which the mother replied, "Here, *Mussolini*, go buy yourself some candy."

Not many more minutes had passed before a third boy came in and asked for some money for ice cream. The mother, not a bit perturbed, said, "Here *Stalin*, go buy yourself some ice cream."

To say that the census taker was shocked would be putting it mildly. However, summoning up courage he asked, "Madam, a few minutes ago I asked you if you were married or had children, and you replied in the negative, now I see three boys come in with various requests, calling you Mama, and which you granted, calling them . . . *Hitler*, *Mussolini*, and *Stalin* . . . Why???"

"Well," said the woman, a bit amused.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir."

"What, in that dress?"

"No, in this pail."

(twenty-eight)



BLIND DATE by Mary Rose

GRANDMA by George Laycock

Of course I should have known better. I thought I had learned my lesson about blind dates years ago. But it would be doing Kat a favor, and maybe it wouldn't last long. Kat didn't know anything about him. Bill had just asked her to get a date for a boy for the evening.

I had a feeling before I went down that it was all a mistake, and when I saw him, hari-kari seemed The Way Out. I might as well have worn the brown one with the button off. My new teale blue seemed sacrilege.

He was tall and thin. His suit was blue with huge black checks. Pants too short to win even the flattering title of flood britches. White sox, and yellow shoes. His hair was just hair colored, and it sort of floated. When he smiled he leered. Pleasantly, of course. He was slow and Southern. He looked like the living counterpart of What's Wrong With the South.

He didn't want to go out anywhere. "Lawsee, I'd just as soon sit here. It's a pretty room." So we sat.

I wasn't sure what to talk about. Sounding him out, I asked what class he was in. Of course, I knew already this boy was in a class of his own. It turned out that he was a freshman. He was studying ceramics. I wasn't sure about ceramics. I had a vague idea that it had something to do with making pottery. I could imagine little Laughing Water here happily shaping pink vases with cupids on them to sell at wayside stands.

"What class you in?"

"I'm a—er—graduate."

Lovely one chortled. There never was another sound like that laugh on land or sea. "I



guess you'll be looking 'round for a husband. Gettin' sort of old, aren't you?"

Not half as old, my little dawn age child, as I will be before this evening is over. Not half as old. Half past eight.

I tried again. "Do you have any family?" I was really interested. I couldn't imagine this person really having more of them about him.

"I got a married sister and a mother and a nother sister. They loops."

I guess it's really me he's talking to. There's nobody else around. Now, if I just take it easy, and don't rush him, maybe, maybe he'll tell me what looping is. I don't want to be too optimistic, though. And it doesn't really matter, I guess. The major functional elements of life's processes will go on if I never find out. I mean, people do—people must know what it means to go through life without ever ever knowing what . . . oh dear!

"I beg your pardon. Did you say loops?"

"Yeah. It's something you do to stockings. Like in a factory."

"Oh." Dead silences were as thick as hops.

"Tell me, Mr. Loop . . . er . . . Mr. . . . Do you like to read?"

"You call me Daniel. Yeah. Some things. I never did hold much truck with Shakespeare and Longfellow and those guys. You read them?"

He pounced on the question and held it dangling before my
(twenty-six)

Shall I put some more coal on the fire, Grandma?" I asked the old lady who sat in the low rocker.

She squinted at me through the light.

"No, son, I'm so old now that it doesn't make much difference about the fire," her voice trembled. "After you've lived as many years as I have, through hot summers and cold winters, you sorta get used to things."

I was getting chilly, so I put three big lumps of coal on the grate, and watched the blue flames gradually envelop them. Grandma rocked slowly, her felt slippers tapping the floor. A strand of white hair hung over her cheek.

"Did you get a lot of birthday presents?" I asked.

"Law yes, boy, all my sons and all my grandsons brought me presents. They're all mighty good to me. When you get as old as I am, you don't have use for many things."

"What did they bring you, Grandma?" I was curious as to what people actually bought for old women whose lives were nearly burned out.

"Well," she grinned, "every blasted one of them brought me the same thing." I was almost sure I saw a twinkle in her rheumy eyes.

Now I really was curious. "What was it?" I asked.

"Son, you know I'm a good church worker, and I'm a believer in the Lord. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Grandma," I replied.

"I've always been against drinking and smoking in my family. Even my men didn't smoke, and all but one of them
(twenty-seven)



"Here yo' is, Mam. An' it sho' is fine being a sharecropper!"

The Hue and the Cry

by

GIBSON JACKSON

In the very excellent book by Harold Greer entitled, "The South: Its Folk Play and Society," he says: "The southern folk play has almost disappeared since the removal of the privy; one might say, in a manner of speaking, that its well of inspiration had dried up."

This is an indication of how deeply rooted this was in the very soul of the South. The North took away the slaves by one edict, but it has taken many years for them to tear away the "out-houses" of this culture. And it will probably be many more years before the last little crescented door closes for aye.

Must we understand that it was the South's conservatism alone that made it sneer at mechanical contrivances? I think not. For the southerner, this door, bestrewn with honeysuckles and settled among retiring oaks, was the entrance to the chamber of another world—a world where there was release from the strains of the day. Can we doubt that "Tobacco Road" was conceived here? In truth, I feel that the same poetic force that drove Shelley to sit in the woodlands, drove the southerner to sequester his "little house" where Nature bare was exposed.

Indeed, if there be any who doubt the spiritual essence that I attach to this, let him but consider the crescent escutcheoned on its door. Let him further note that there is a reputable southern fraternity, and a religion, which shares this common emblem—an emblem so common, one might add, that the southerner moves from one to the other without any need of orientation. Robert E. Lee, as well, moved under this sign; is there

any wonder that the South groans to think of its extinction?

I was present at the demolition of one of these; I don't think that I will ever forget the pathos of the scene. When the Sanitation Inspector arrived the southerner went inside and put on his shoes. When he returned, he was followed by several of his children, all with grieving faces. The father of these turned to me and said: "Ah shore do hate to see it go. Ah built it with my own hands and ah feel like it's kinda part o' me." One of the little girls tearfully said: "Where now, will hiding-go-seek's base be?" A little boy of six, lisped: "Where, now, ma spankin' place? Will ma evil now go un-restrained and all unheeded?" I could not stay for more; I returned to the car and wept.

However touching this and similar scenes may be, we must now turn our gaze from generalities and become more basic in our analysis.

Where, we might ask, was mural painting during all these years? Need we ask? Perhaps deep in some southern region a Michael Angelo fell, undiscovered, in one of the holes of Time. Should we say, then, that he worked in vain? Decidedly not. His work remained ever a light to those who passed there. This was indeed an era when art was closely—one might even say intimately—associated with the people. Moreover, there is corroboration to my statement when we consider that it was not until democratic art had been suppressed and inhibited that Thomas Benton and his followers in mural painting came out in the open. I say suppressed and inhibited and I hasten to ask:

What could more completely gag the breath of Art's muse than the bleak-blue sea-scapes with their anemic fishes that fawn from the wall upon the agitated mediator? It is no wonder, moreover, that the southerner still breasts a resentment against Art museums; he feels that they have stolen his birthright.

Now, however, must we turn to the colleges. For some time certain radicals in the various legislatures had defamed the Crescent and cried long for the installation of mechanical fixtures in its place. Finally there came one legislature—it was known as the Renaissance legislature—which, over a storm of controversy, dealt the death blow. Immediately there was reaction among the more traditionally minded on the Campus. The whole college was split into two

(twenty-seven)



"Brethern and sistern, yo' gotta sharecrop wif de lawd! After the service I'll roll yo' double or nothing."

..... You Have



Daisy Mae Igo.



Feminity.



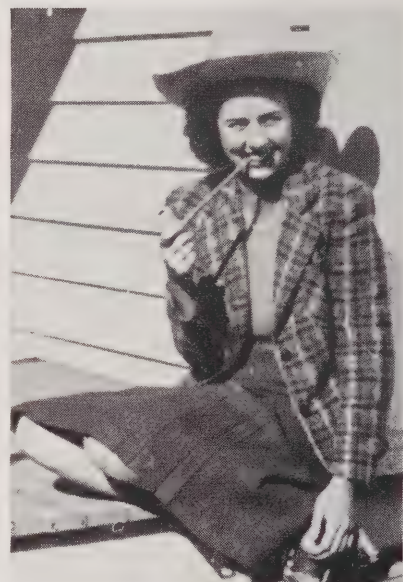
Hamfat Gooch Stein.



Mrs. Burnett.



Latent in paradox.



Missus Worthunton's chile.



"Yo' all aputting on sech airs! Jim allus apoliticing, an' Anne adancin' an' ahorsin' aroun', an' Miss Nesbit ah acting up like city folks; Adlaid honey, git away frum dem and dat Stella woman. Cummon home now; sooooey!"

Seen Their Faces



"My economic theory an' social philosophy, Suh?"



"Ain' no cotton to pick."



Small world.



"Th' Yankees air acomin'."



Stoicism.



Carpetbagger from Manhattan.



"The Magazine is damn good!"



"Sharecropper" is such a generality.



Massa Harmon.



Close to its people.



The Good Earth.

verse

Lament

Would that I were
A Southern sharecropper
Rather than an Economics stu-
dent
At the University
So that
I might be
An Economic Problem
Instead of
Trying to solve one.

—Bill Stauber.

Reciprocation

"Just what," they ask, "has led
to this degenerate condition?
This frightful racial prejudice
and ghastly superstition?"
So Southward they a-slumming
go
To see the mess we've made,
And we, in turn, put on a show
To get the tourist trade.

—D. F.

Fashion Note

I gladly would share
In a modest affair
With a girl with a pair
Of bowed knees;
I don't mind the spaces
In teeth without braces
My passion erases
All these.

There was a young nigger
named Sam
Who was pledged by the local
Phi Kam.
Said he every night
As he cut off the light,
"What a dark social problem I
am!"

—D. F.

My reasoning may be unsound,
But by Almighty God above,
I'd hate to meet the full grown
hound,
If this is only puppy love!

Sunny Side of the South

Down in eastern Carolina,
That is where I met sweet Lina.
She was lovely, friendly, charm-
ing,
With naiveté disarming.
Each time she would start her
drawling
I could feel my heart start fall-
ing.
But one night with stars above
me,
I inquired, "Do you love me?"
Laughed she, "You don't mean
that, do you?"
I feel like a sister to you."
So now our meetings have more
zest—
Incest.

—X. X. X.

Echoes from Above the Mason-Dixon Line

New York's bombarded every
year
With novels by authors who
revere
The life of the South that used
to be—
Plantations, slaves, and General
Lee.
They think that the world for-
got to thrive
After eighteen sixty-five.
And so one reads till the print's
a blur
Of "ah loves ya all" and "colo-
nel, suh."
Yankees, we're told, have no
earthly use
Except as targets and for abuse.
We pay two-fifty to buy a book
That says we're unable to love
or cook.
Our biggest worry was about
what starlet
Would get the coveted role of
Scarlett,
A lady whose life and habits
vocal
Were not quite those of a Brook-
lyn yokel.
Nothing up here causes such a
bore—
Who said the North won the
Civil War?

—X. X. X.

He left her at the garden wall,
And said in accents sadder,
"I hope to see some more of
you"—
And then she climbed the
ladder.

Reminder

On every third-class Northern
stage
You'll find the motif rural.
Our drawl, withal, may be the
rage,
But "YOU-ALL," Suh, is
plural!

—D. F.

(twenty)



"Quick, Uncle Tom! Water! The Colonel has fainted!"
"Water, hell. Bring me a mint julep. I'm thirsty, not dirty!"



Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
FINEST TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS
Chesterfield

*Nothing else
will do—*

Chesterfields give me
more pleasure than any
cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



Recreation

by

BILL LANKFORD

Much of the lynching taking place today is done haphazardly without planning or organization. For one of the most popular sports, this situation is deplorable. It would not be difficult to imagine the turmoil that would be created in another of the major sports—say, for example, basketball—if there were no trained players, no rules, and no organization to arrange for events. Yet, we allow an analogous situation to prevail in that great old Southern sport, lynching. In order that lynching may not become a thing of the past, action must be taken and that immediately.

First, we must have uniform rules applicable to all the events in this sport throughout the South. While it is not our purpose to dictate to the Rules Committee which will be set up, there is an obligation to embody in the rules something in the interests of conservation and good sportsmanship. We propose that each man desiring to engage actively be required to obtain a Lynching License. A purely nominal fee to defray in part the expenses of the organization should be collected. Licenses should not be distributed indiscriminately to every applicant. Instead, he should furnish proof of his ability and training before being licensed. This licensing will tend to improve the playing quality of the average lyncher. In addition, we propose that lynching be limited to certain seasons. It may seem to many devotees of the sport that this business of the Open Season for Lynching is scarcely necessary since the supply of negroes seems practically unlimited. These critics may be effectively silenced by a simple reference to the fact that an

enormous revival of interest in lynching is sure to result from this program. We must provide for the pleasure of future generations by acknowledging that the negroes are *not* inexhaustible.

Second, just as we would not consider putting an utterly untrained basketball team on the floor, we must not allow untrained men to debase the sport of lynching. Prospective lynchers must become acquainted with the fundamentals. There are various schools of thought on techniques. Some favor simple

hanging, while others favor burning in kerosene with minor variations of riding on rails, tarring, and feathering. The most satisfactory technique, known as the Suspension and Ignition System, includes elements of all. The negro is caught, coated with a fairly good grade of tar to a depth of $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch, rolled in small feathers until each square inch of surface is covered with approximately three feathers, and hanged in such a manner that, when he drops, he is suspended in blaze-
(twenty-eight)



"Probably resulting from an *Œdipus* complex."

How to Lynch in Ten Easy Lessons



"Ah, there's one now."



"Tallyho the negro!"



"Lickety-split. Wheee!"



"Grr, meow, pftt, pftt, woof!"



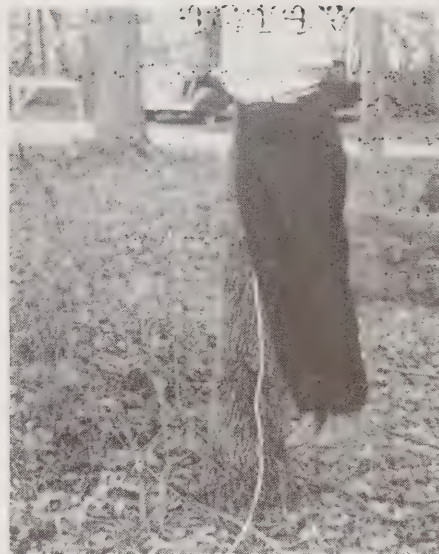
"Make mine on rye toast!"



"Vive la ze revelooshion!"



"Allez oop, upsy daisy! Compfy?"



"Gad, what a hangover!"



"Hey, call yer shots! An' replace them divots!"



"Ah, but you should have seen the one that got away!"



"So, catharsis! Anything fer a laugh."



"Catharsis, hell! There goes another one!"

verse

'Liza, when you is gone, I'se sad
and blue,
Lonesome, shif'less, lazy too;
But some'thin's funny 'bout it
dear,
I'se jest de same when you is
here.

—Peg.

The Lady Objects

You say I'm the sweetest South-
ern belle
Your eyes have ever seen.
You place me upon a pedestal.
You treat me like a queen.
You want to be sure I'm pro-
tected
From life and care and pain.
But one fact, dear, you've neg-
lected—
I also have a brain.

—X. X. X.



The sharecropper walks behind
the plow,
And with each step he mops his
brow,
The sun it bakes the lowly man
Until the earth is not more tan;
His home is but a barren stall,
Some days he has no food at all.
He rises each day with the dawn,
To plant the beans and hoe the
corn;
And while the dust thickens in
his throat,
He keeps up payments on his
wife's mink coat!

—Peg.

Anthropology Prof. (lectur-
ing)—And the women of the
tribe wear nothing.

Student (waking up)—Where
is that place, professor?

And upon the reply he took
the first lecture note in four
years.

O: "What was the explosion
on Si's farm"?

K: "He fed his chickens some
'lay-or-bust' feed and one of
them was a rooster."

"Where yo' all goin', Nig-
gah"?

"She's bein' rushed by Tri
Kappa."

"What yo' all mean, Tri Kap-
pa"?

"K. K. K., Niggah!"

And then there was the
Scotchman who took his wife to
the country to have her baby be-
cause he heard about rural free
delivery.

During a sale in a department
store last month one of the
sales girls told a buxom lady in
front of her counter that there
was an extra special reduction
in the price of sachet.

"Sachet?" said the lady. "Just
what is sachet?"

"Well," explained the girl,
"it's sort of a little bag of per-
fume. You put it in your chest
and drawers to make them smell
sweet."

"I understand what you
mean," said the lady, "but isn't
it awfully uncomfortable?"

—Ski-U-Mah.



CLASS RINGS

Buy Now—Five Weeks Neces-
sary for Delivery.

See or Call

Bill Robertson

112 Mangum

Phone 5026

"Cheer up, old man! Why don't you drown your sorrow?"

"She's stronger than I am and, besides, it would be murder."

1 Sharecropper: Heh, there's mice running around out here in the kitchen.

2 Sharecropper: Well, shet the door and let 'em starve to death.

"How did you puncture this tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"Didn't you see it in time?"

"Naw suh, the nigger had it under his coat."

"Do you know what ah herd?"

"What?"

"Sheep."

"Ah didn't hear 'em."

"Say, you must think you're a pretty hard guy, don't you?"

"I am—I wasn't born, I was quarried."

—Taussig.



He struck hur and she uttered no word. Again he struck hur, but no sound eskaped hur lips. Once more he hitter on the hed, but, brave thing that she wuz, she did not whimpyre.

Then in a rage byone all reeson of her unkencern, the brute gave vent to a low maledikshun and begun reigning bos on hur pretty leetle hed. Efen scratching hur in his madness.

At last she uttered a scream. You would too if you had Ben-Hur.

Old lady (in bookstore) — What's that large book over there?

Clerk — That, madam, is "Songs the Fraternities Sing."

Old lady—And what's that little book right beside it?

Clerk—That's the expurgated edition.

Recruiting Sergt. — "Well, mister, are you brave in battle?"

Joe—"Naw suh, I runs away from the enemy."

R. S.—"Why man, that's a coward's trick."

Joe — "Ah know suh, but there's got to be somebody to pick up the brave men after the battle."

She—Just think, we have been married twenty-four hours.

He—Yes, it seems as though it were just yesterday.

*Announcing the
Opening of Durham's
Newest Fashion Shop:*

THE CO-ED SHOP!

Ellis Stone's Second Floor

featuring:

DRESSES — SUITS — COATS

Sizes 9 to 17 - - - And 12 to 20

— at Prices \$6.95 to \$12.95

*Every Garment
Hand-picked for Style
and Quality . . .*

ELLIS STONE & CO.

Durham, N. C.



Louise was lonesome and bored to death.

Till a kind friend whispered: "It's your breath!"

The boys rushed in when she took the hint,

And sweetened her breath with Pep-O-Mint!



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let refreshing Life Savers sweeten your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

vogue

coed

Lord help a fashion-conscious girl these days! The most exotic and sophisticated colors on record are being used in the spring suits and dresses, but what they can do to an unsuspecting innocent is something else. Chartreuse, lime, and citron are various shades of the yellow-green faction, and cyclamen, shocking pink, lilac, mauve, and plum are offsprings of the purple-pink-blue clan. They are lovely to look at, but try them on before you buy. The shirt-waist dress with crepe or sheer wool skirt; and lace, organdy, or chiffon blouse seems destined to be the nation's Easter uniform. Black and navy blue are favorites for these costumes. Blouses are being promoted for suits, but don't throw away your sweaters. There are quite a few prints as always, varying from the splashy, overlapping prints to the small, neat monotone patterns. The latter seem to be high style just now. However sheer wools and wool crepes predominate in sports and afternoon fashions, and are really the loveliest and best-tailored things in the news. Tweeds are being held over from the winter season to form some of the most stunning suits and topcoats. The authentic clan plaids are also featured in suits and jacket dresses. Some class.

Soft graceful flares and pleats are characteristic of the spring silhouette. Many dresses are pleated from neck to hem, including even the sleeves. Umbrella pleats and circular cuts are used more in skirts than the all-round pleat. A black triple-sheer features the all-over pleating with a high collar of linen daisies. The little-boy collars are very demure and very flattering. One of the sheer wools in dusty



pink concentrates the skirt fullness into four gores ending at the hipline. A cyclamen belt and a heart-shaped neck help to make this one of the most stunning models. An aquamarine wool has horizontal pin-tucks in four rows across the chest and a fuschia belt to make it outstanding. Of course, the two-piece shirtwaist with cowhide belt is gaining in popularity because of its excellent fit and ability to look right anywhere at any time. All the pastels are available in this style.

For the glamour girl, there is a slithering silk chenille with rose skirt and chartreuse blouse. A wide three-buckle belt of plum and pink drapes the fullness into a smooth monastic silhouette. Altogether it's a cure for what ails you. Another eye smiting number is in pink, sheer wool with lilac belt and unique tufted buttons. The belt is knitted, incidentally, and the skirt has 16 stitched gores; I counted 'em.

The suits this year show a great improvement in tailoring and imagination. The cereal plaids are — well, luscious in soft, fuzzy wool. Gabardine, and pine-striped flannel are other fabrics in suits. Many of the jackets are cut cardigan style, often with a curved built-up



male

By some odd chance we read the last issue of the Buccaneer and found that the next blast of our much cussed and discussed publication was going to be devoted to the South. Being in a cooperative frame of mind we took a trip down east in Carolina and also back west in an attempt to find out what is the latest in clothes for share-croppers this season. Some of the information we picked up would probably be more interesting to the sociology department than to style conscious collegians but anyway, here goes.

Both in the east and west we found great controversies raging over whether or not Blue Bell overalls are better than Carhart overalls, whether Hercules are better than Champions and whether Sears Roebuck has better values than Montgomery Ward. (P. U. board note free advertising). Personally inclined to favor Blue Bell because of old acquaintance and Sears Roebuck because of traditional use we will dodge the issue by saying that overalls are the thing in farm styles for spring 1939, summer 1939, fall 1939, and winter 1939.

Since it is still technically winter we might say that certain winter accessories are being worn with overalls this season and that one of the leaders is that perennial favorite, long drawers, guaranteed part wool. For spring, predictions are difficult but in certain quarters we heard the opinion voiced that with W. P. A. cuts in the offing the trend in footwear might definitely be toward bare feet.

Matching the overall-long drawers ensemble we generally found wide brim disreputable



Style Trends on the Campus



"Skip" Bowles



"Irby" Wright



"Rusty" Smith



"Elmer" Nance



"Chunk" Jenkins

Skip, Irby, Rusty, Elmer, and Chuck welcome you all and will be glad to assist you in selecting clothes and haberdashery which combine the latest in styling with reasonableness in price.

THAMES CLOTHING SHOP

coed

neckline, which is worth a beauty treatment any day. Even in the man-tailored models, the skirts are flared or amply pleated. The Victorians didn't know they were doing the modern woman a favor. Blouses for suits are ultra-feminine — all tucks, ruffles, and lace. The harlequin plaids and shadow prints in triple-sheer are very new, but the beruffled jabot is always good.

Most southerners still wear gingham; to hell with Paris!

—Mary Louise Green.

male

black hats worn with ventilating slits and holes in the crown. Someone ventured the forecast that for spring the hat would be a wide brim straw in the popular rye straw shade with irregular edges.

In one tenant family we

found the son home from Carolina and he was wearing one of those new knit ties that the campus has put its stamp of approval on. His was the newest innovation in the knit tie idea in that it had wide spaced diagonal stripes which are not parallel.

Our collegian was wearing a sport jacket of imported gray blue Shetland with a pair of natural color covert slacks which didn't look very practical for plowing. The jacket was a three button affair with a tab on the right lapel, a feature which we found in jackets tailored by several smart shops in this area.

The chap had on a pair of the new brown and white saddle ox-

fords with the lighter brown saddle and somehow we couldn't quite imagine him slopping the pigs in those. Someone mis-cued; he should have on a pair of those \$3.69 double sole high tops featured in Sears Roebuck's latest magazine.

We noticed that the boy had a copy of Esquire under his arm and while his dad was berating him for reading it we glanced through it and found that according to it our friend was all wrong and instead of having fine leather buttons on his jacket he should have shiny nickel ones.

—Ernest King.



A man from the North boarded a street car in the South.

A Southerner got up to give his seat to a lady.

The Yankee beat the lady to it.

The body will be shipped North for burial.

"Shoes to wear for those who care"

If you are one who cares
you will want to see Flor-
sheim shoes for Spring

at

Roscoe-Griffin Co.

114 W. Main St.
DURHAM, N. C.

Country Girl: "Paw's the best
shot in the country."

City Slicker: "What does
that make me?"

Country Girl: "My husband."

First Negro—"You ain't got
no tobacco, is you?"

Second Negro—"I ain't said
I ain't is I?"

First Negro—"I ain't ast you
if you ain't; I ast you if you is
... you ain't is you?"

—Bob-o-Link.

Tough Soph—"Rat, you are
about the greenest thing I have
ever seen. Why, look at the hay-
seeds on your coat."

Meek Frosh — "Them ain't
hayseeds, guy, them's wild
oats."

—Aggievator.

BE SMART AND WEAR
SMART TAILORED SUITS

Tailored By

Jack Lipman

New Spring Samples
Now on Display.

Arrow & Eagle Tab Shirts

south is south

kee. "It got cut off in the charge.
My hand is over there in the gas-
oline. I saved it because I thought
it might come in handy some-
time." He almost smothered on
this one.

Then, through a torn portion
of his coat, Maggie glimpsed a
beautiful green stripe and fell in
love with him instantly. The
Yankee must have sensed some-
thing of the sort, for he seized
her in his arm and murmured
passionately into her ear. "Come,
Southern girl," he said, "let me
take you away from all this—
far, far away, to my beautiful
home in Joisey City, New
Joisey."

"No," said Maggie. "I belong
to the South, and you are a Yan-
kee. You must go away and
never come back."

"Yes," he said, stumbling to-
ward the door. "I must go away."

"But, wait," said Maggie.
"You mustn't go without kissing
me farewell."

"Is there a Presbyterian in the
house?" he said.

"No," said Maggie.

So he kissed her.

"Are you sure?" he said, eyes
flaming.

"Positive," said Maggie. . . .

Two hours later, Maggie pulled
a bowie knife from her stocking
and plunged it deep into her lov-
er's heart. "This hurts me worse
than it does you," she said, "but
it is my duty to the South. I
could have gone with you and
been free, but the South I love
more than freedom."

"Maggie!" a voice yelled from
the white folks' house. "Come
here and get to work, you lazy
slave."

"Yas'm," said Maggie. "Com-
in'."

A girl with cotton stockings
never sees a mouse.

creepers

Dixie. *Enter JEETER's two sons,
FAUNTLEROY and CLARK DAVID.
Both are fine upstanding young
men, graduates of State college,
and refreshingly naïve.]*

FAUNT. Hey, Pa. How's your
T.B.?

JEETER. Comin' along fine.
Ma's lungs are 'bout gone
though.

CLARK. Hell, what are we
gonna do today? Church don't
begin for three hours.

FAUNT. I know what Ah'm
gonna do. Ah'm gonna traipse
down the road a bit and —*
Aunt Sue.*

CLARK. [*Stamping his foot
and whining.*] That ain't fair.
You —* her last week. It's
my turn now.

FAUNT. 'Tisn't.

CLARK. 'Tis.

FAUNT. [*Sticking out his
tongue.*] 'Tisn't

JEETER. Chillun, stop it. Ah'll
—* her myself if you're not

* The deleted word, deleted by spe-
cial request of our copyright bemoan-
ers, is a monosyllabic, originally from
the Latin in which language it meant
"to seize" or "capture with the hands."
When done to a lady, she is often mild-
ly inconvenienced. We wish neither
controversy nor inconvenience to a
lady.

Meet at the . . .

TAVERN

Hotel Washington Duke
Durham, N. C.

We Cater to
Fraternity Banquets

Meet After the Show or
Dance

**SPECIAL SUPPER
MENUS**

quiet. Grandma, what ya think of all this?

[*Everyone turns to GRANDMA. Will she break her silence? Suspense fills the air. She takes a deep breath, opens her mouth—and belches.*]

[CURTAIN]

ACT II

[*Next day. Same scene. JEETER is still leaning against the post. Enter his neighbor, JAKE LAWRENCE.*]

JEETER. Hya Jake. Whatcha been doin'?

JAKE. Not much. Ain't lynched a nigger in three days. So dull!

JEETER. You ain't wrong. Sometimes Ah think Ah'm gettin' lazy. Mighty nice of you, Jake, to let my wife stay over at your house nights. Floor's all taken up at our place.

JAKE. No trouble at all. Glad to have her. She's always very welcome. Mine's ornery. Had to beat her today. Ah felt good, though. Only broke her left leg.

JEETER. Ah always says, "some women should be struck regularly, like gongs." Damn it, that's Noel Coward. How did he get in here?

[*Enter JEETER's wife, BRENDA DIANA DUFF from the house. She is a hag of 40 and was once tested for the part of Scarlett O'Hara.*]

BRENDA. Jeeter, Ah got sumpin' to tell ya. There's gonna be a new mouth to feed soon. Ah'm gonna have a baby any day now.

JEETER. Well, don't have it before supper. Ah likes my meals on time. Hey, wait a minute. Ah just thought of sumin' mighty peculiar! Ah ain't budged from this spot in seven years!

JAKE. [*Exciting.*] Ya oughta get around more, Jeeter.

[CURTAIN]

ACT III

[*Next day. Everything the same. FAUNTLEROY rushes in.*]

FAUNT. [*Excitedly.*] Pa, Ah was just ridin' the car and

Grandma got under the wheels. She's daid and the front fender's broken.

JEETER. [*Wrathfully, as becomes a man of sensibility.*] Damn you, Fauntleroy. You oughta be ashamed of yourself! Do you think I can buy new fenders every day? Git it fixed right away. And git me a drink o' water. [*FAUNT goes to well, brings back a demi-tasse of water.*] My, ain't these cockroaches purty! [*Drinks water. Band plays, I Got You Under My Skin.*]

[*Enter city slicker from road! Tempo quickens! Action! Tragically! Kartharsis! Ex-Lax!*]

C.S. Jeeter Creepers live here?

JEETER. [*An English major.*] That is I.

C.S. I'm from the North and I just came to tell you that the bank is gonna build a college here. You'll have to move out in two hours, and you can't take anything with you. Maybe you can sharecrop. [*Exits picking his hooked nose and laughing diabolically.*]

[*It begins to pour. No good reason. Just to add the proper touch. Band plays Get Out of Town.*]

JEETER. [*Ever the realist.*] Reckon things ain't goin' so well. Guess there's nothin' left but the river or Brooklyn. Brenda! [*She appears in three hours flat.*] How much stuff we got?

BRENDA. [*Who has a mathematical mind.*] Two potatoes, one black pot, and three dollars—Confederate money.

JEETER. [*Sighing with relief.*] Fine, we can starve gradually.

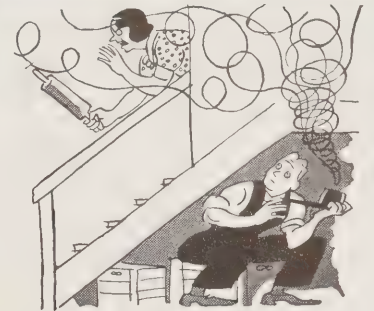
[*Enter postman.*]

POSTMAN. Letter for Jeeter Creepers. [*He hands it to JEETER, who reads it, puts it down with look of determination. He spits in the well.*]

JEETER. Brenda, get the rat poison, I'm gonna leave this world! The Playmakers want to put me in one of their folk plays. I have reached the depths.

[CURTAIN]

HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!



HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy tobacco he always buys.



NO MORE FIGHTS. Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue—and a wife-winner for aroma!

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

blind date

eyes like a dead fish. The kind of thing you can't ignore.

"Sometimes. I guess they aren't very exciting, though."

"Naw. Lawsee, I should hope not."

Quarter to nine.

"I got a girl."

I jumped. "Dear me. How nice! What's she like?" I couldn't help wondering somehow. Maybe she was a feral child yet untouched by civilization. Maybe she hadn't heard about western culture. Maybe . . .

"I got it here. We took it at the fair." He took a marble, a piece of string, four firecrackers and a nail from his pocket and then produced the picture. One of those small grey affairs. Tinted.

"She's awfully sweet looking."

"Yeah. She's all right. None of them fancy women for me."

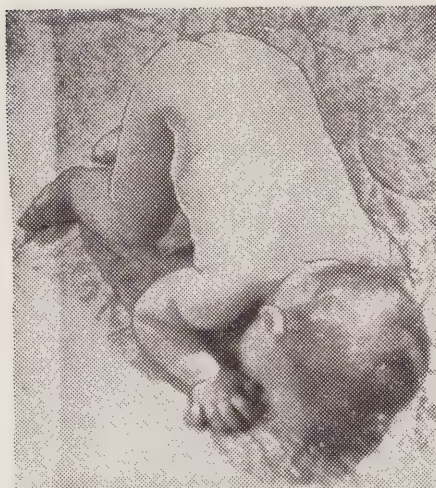
Mary Lou and Tommy walked in then. I saw them eyeing me speculatively. Maybe that bowl will fall off the mantel and knock him unconscious. Maybe if I threw a fit on the floor he would leave. Maybe this night is a trick the fates are playing on me and it won't ever end. Not ever ever ever ever ever.

I couldn't stand it anymore. "Mr. . . . I mean Daniel, do you agree with Rousseau when he states that *L'homme est ne libre, et il est . . .*" My words just trailed off.

Loops was staring at a worn

This Ad May Seem Dizzy—
But It Is Mild Compared to
the Dizzy Radios We Are
Able to Fix.

B. J. Willingham
Radio Sales and Service
Rear of Ledbetter-Pickard



You Must Wear
Clothes So Why
Not Have Them
Smart?

THE TAILORED MAN

Your Clothes Artistically Tailored

Upstairs Opposite Boone Drug Co.
DURHAM, N. C.

C. C. ROSS

Dial N-2361 Appointments

bit of upholstery, meditatively pulling out the tacks that were holding the chair together. He reached into a pocket and drew forth an apple. I started to say that I really wasn't hungry when he took a large bite.

It was nine o'clock.

The hired girl had been sent down to the brook to fetch a pail of water, but stood gazing at the flowing stream apparently lost in thought.

"What's she waiting for?" asked her mistress, who was watching.

"Dunno," wearily replied her husband. "Perhaps she hasn't seen a pailful she likes yet."

—*Sour Owl.*

She: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

He: "I'll bite, what good is it?"

Girl: "Will you stop throwing refuse out of the window until after I pass."

Man: "Certainly, Miss, I never refuse a lady."

—*Pointer.*

She: "Do you think you're Santa Claus?"

He: "No; why?"

She: "Then leave my stockings alone."

—*Jester.*

Soph: Did you ever take chloroform?

Frosh: No, who teaches it?

HOUSE MANAGERS

Buy at the

**University
Hardware Co.**

PHONE 6981

hue and cry

opposing parties; those holding the "new thought" accusing the others of "straddling tradition," and of "reeking with the past," while the other group contended that their opponents had "sold themselves to the north" and had "broken with the southern way of life." Long and bitter were the feuds, and fierce the factions; fraternities split, brother fought brother. Nor must it be thought that the parents lifted their noses merely to whiff the controversy; for newspaper after newspaper raised the cry that "here is taken the first step in an insidious campaign to introduce the heathen ideals of Marx."

Happily now these bitter days of strife are memories of a quickly receding past. I often wonder, however, if the essence of this struggle does not inspire the Agrarian movement, if it does not lead the southerner, often unconsciously, to seek relief in the dark woods, to find solace in the green sward. True it is that the visitor to the South today finds a vastly different South from that of yesteryear. No longer do those little crescented minarets rear their cheerful towers to kiss the sun; no longer when the sun has glazed the last lagoon do they hide in honeysuckles and night-shades. The South has lost them as a heritage; yet will they ever live in her heart—a flame.



He: "That's a nice pearl necklace you're wearing."

Chinless Gal: "That's no pearl necklace. I've got my mouth open."

—Duke 'n' Duchess.



"What is home without a mother?" asked the good-looking young man.

"Well," replied the sweet thing, "I am, tonight."

grandma

never teched a drop of likker. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Grandma," I said.

"Well son, you're one of my favorite youngsters, so I'm going to tell you. You mustn't tell on an old woman," she leaned a bit forward so she could whisper the news I mustn't tell.

"I won't say a word, Grandma," I assured her.

She chuckled, a dry old chuckle that cracked like the burning coal, then leaned close to my ear.

"Son, every danged one of my children gave me a pint of likker." I looked properly shocked.

"But, Grandma, you wouldn't drink the stuff, would you?"

"No son, I wouldn't. You see, I've got an awful hoarseness, a phlegm that comes in my throat and just chokes me. There's nothing else I can find that will cut it like a drap of whiskey." I knew from her voice that the hoarseness of which she spoke was beginning to bother her.

I was watching the blazing coals. When I looked up, she was slowly getting to her feet. She reached for a package on the mantel. It was an ordinary looking birthday package, tied with red and white paper.

"Let me get it for you, Grandma," I said as I jumped up.

"No son, I'll get it," she said, clearing her throat.

She picked up the package, pushed back a fold of the paper, and tilted it to her lips. Her lined old face was covered with a fan of red and white tissue. It made

her look like a fantastic flower. Grandma put the package carefully back on the mantel.

When she sat down again she was licking her lips.

"Son," she said, "I tell you when you're old you just don't need many things."

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DURHAM, N. C.

recreation

ing kerosene. This technique is guaranteed to be effective.

In order that these trained men may operate efficiently, adequate supplies must be readily available. Each Southern county must have a Central Supply Depot located at the county seat. The Disbursing Officer will be ready at any time to issue the necessary supplies to any licensed lyncher. A fairly complete stock of supplies will include: (1) three grades of rope and fence rails, the grade to be used varying directly as the weight of the negro, (2) high viscosity tar for hot weather use, and low viscosity tar for cold weather, (3) standard feathers, and (4) kerosene. Benzene may be stocked if the demand is sufficient.

A central authority will be set up to control and coordinate the lynching game. It will have complete power to make and enforce its rules, supervise the supply depots, train and license lynchers, arrange inter-state lynching, and set the dates for the lynching season. In this way, lynching will take its rightful place in the top ranks of American sports.

TEXACO

In the Heart of Town

Firestone Tires
Exide Batteries
Washing
Polishing
Waxing
Marfak Lubrication

University
Service Station

H. S. PENDERGRAFT, Prop.

dirt

Two fraternity men were out riding when unexpectedly they had a flat tire. They parked the car at the side of the road. As they started to get out the one said, "Look out for that ditch over there."

"Why?" said the other. "I already have my house party date."
—Froth.



Wood—What is the stiffest course in the University?

Lawn—Well?

Wood—Dissecting. . . .

Have Arrived!

The New Spring Apparel

at

Betty Lou Shoppe

Durham's Smartest Women's
Shop

Roy Simpson, unbleached Harlemiter, was putting in his first day with a railroad section gang under a foreman who was known for getting the maximum amount of labor out of the men. Came quitting time. Before he went, he approached the boss and said:

"Mister, sure you got me down on the payroll?"

Kodaks — Drugs
Cosmetics

"Save on Every Sale"

ECKERDS

Drug Store

122 W. Main St.
DURHAM, N. C.

The foreman looked over the list of names. "Yes," he said, "there you are—Simpson—Roy Simpson. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yaas, suh, boss," said the Negro, "das right. I thought maybe you had me down as Samson."

A group of Negroes were lying on the floor in front of the fireplace when one of them spoke up:

"Is it a-rainin' out?"

"Ah don't know," replied another.

"Well, git up an' look," insisted the first voice.

"Ah, rats," said the persecuted one, lazily, "call de dawg in an' see if he's wet."



FOR THIS ISSUE

CARTOONS—5, Ben Long; 6, Ernest Craige; 7, Physledyck; 8, Ben Long; 10, Tom Humphries; 11, Charles Colby; 14, Charles Colby; 16, Bill Seeman; 17, Nell Booker; 20, Eugene Witten; Floogies for this issue by Craige.

PHOTOS—Pou Bailey: pp. 12; 2, 5, 12; pp. 13; 1, 3, 5, 1, 8, 10. Harry Tucker: pp. 12; 1, 3, 4, 6; pp. 13; 2, 4, 6, 11. Jimmy Dumbell: pp. 12; 7, 8, 9, 10, 11; pp. 13; 9. All lynching pictures by Fred Sutton, pp. 18-19.

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Ideal for riding, street and sport
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KAYCROFT SHIRTS & BLOUSES

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croft shirts are the **\$1.98**
seal of quality

(Sport Shop—2nd Floor)

BELK-LEGGETT Co.

Durham's Shopping Center

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FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the
campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wise-
crack yourself into a free prize box of Life
Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by
one of the students, there will be a free award
of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assort-
ment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this
publication. The right to publish any or all
jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will
be final. The winning wisecrack will be pub-
lished the following month along with the lucky
winner's name.

WINNER:

"Hello, woom-mate," said the first twin
to the second.

—MARSHALL KARESH
114 Graham

Stromberg-Carlson

and

Philco Radios

Try Philco's new MYSTERY CONTROL
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Varsity Radio— a favorite with students.

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● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

"JIMMY" HICKS has auctioned tobacco for 21 years. "Luckies," he says, "have always bought fine tobacco of good color and texture. So I've smoked Luckies for 14 years." Most other independent tobacco experts also smoke Luckies!

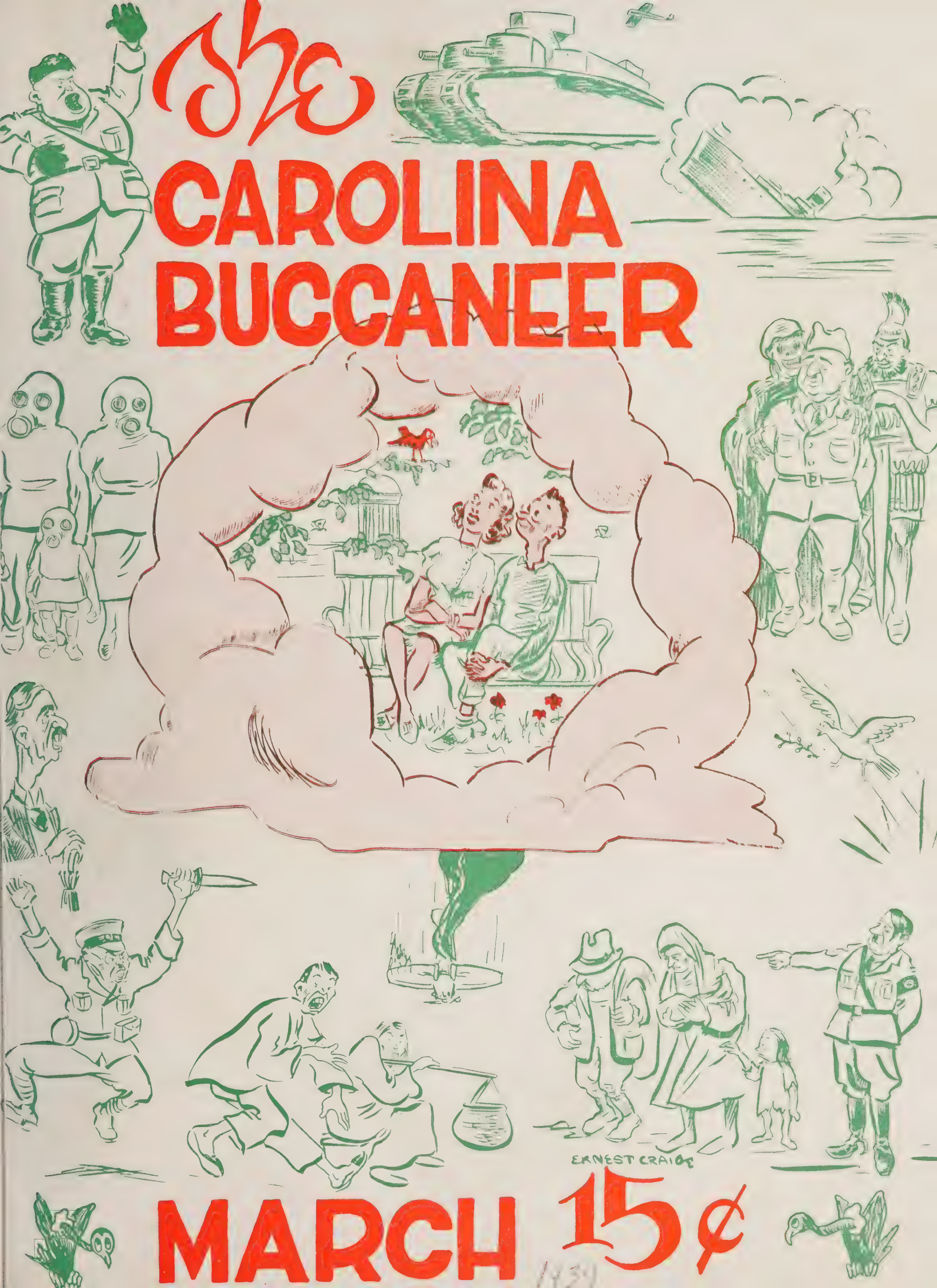
Have you tried a Lucky lately?..

Tobacco crops in recent years have been outstanding. New methods sponsored by the United States Government and the States, have helped the farmer grow finer cigarette tobacco. Now, as independent tobacco experts like "Jimmy" Hicks point out, Luckies have been buying the cream of these finer crops. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week and you'll know why...WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST — IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"



32

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

MARCH 15¢

ERNEST CRAIG

1434

STEPPING INTO THIN AIR 4 MILES UP!

HOW A FORMER INFORMATION CLERK JUMPED
20,800 FEET TO A NEW RECORD

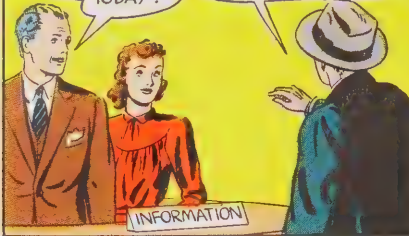


MARIE McMILLIN,
RECORD-HOLDING
WOMAN PARACHUTE
JUMPER

MARIE McMILLIN WAS ON HER JOB AT THE INFORMATION COUNTER OF A COLUMBUS, OHIO HOTEL WHEN—

MARIE, HERE'S THAT INQUIRING REPORTER AGAIN. WHAT'S THE QUESTION FOR TODAY?

WELL, I'LL ASK THE YOUNG LADY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THAT'S DIFFERENT?



OH-H-H—I'D LIKE TO FALL OUT OF AN AEROPLANE. HA! HA! HA!

OKA-A-Y—I'LL FIX THAT RIGHT AWAY. WE'RE RUNNING A STUNT PROMOTION AT THE AIRPORT TOMORROW. YOU GO UP FOR A PARACHUTE JUMP



NEXT MORNING—MARIE FELT PRETTY SCARED BUT—

OH-H—I JUST CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS

—AND SHE LOOKS SO NICE, TOO!

TOO LATE NOW—UP WE GO



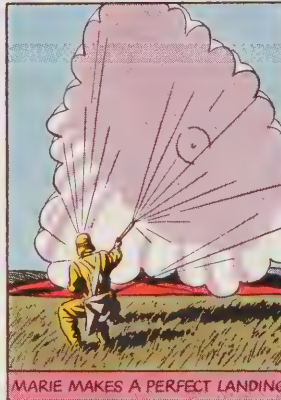
3000 FT. UP—MARIE IS TERRIFIED—

GET GOING—WE CAN'T DISAPPOINT TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE

OH—OH, I TELL YOU I CAN'T DO IT!



DON'T FORGET THE RIP-CORD!

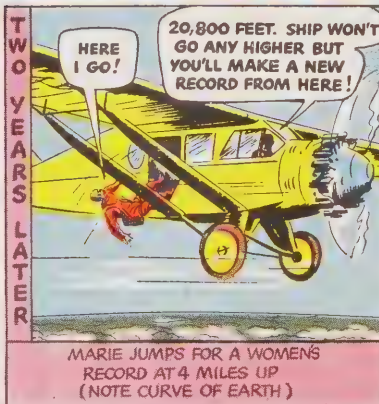
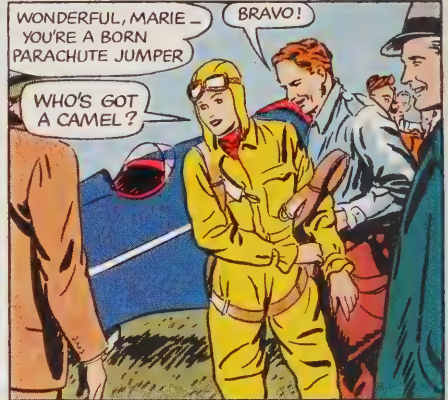


MARIE MAKES A PERFECT LANDING

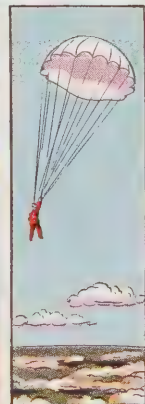
WONDERFUL, MARIE—YOU'RE A BORN PARACHUTE JUMPER

BRAVO!

WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?



MARIE JUMPS FOR A WOMEN'S RECORD AT 4 MILES UP (NOTE CURVE OF EARTH)



(left) WHEN BUSY, STRENUOUS days put your nerves on the spot, take a tip from the wire fox terrier pictured here. Despite his almost humanly complex nerve system, he quickly halts in the midst of any activity, to relax—to ease his nerves. So often, we humans ignore this *instinctive urge* to break nerve tension. We may even take pride in our will to drive on relentlessly, forgetting that tiring nerves may soon be *jittery nerves*! Yet the welfare of your nerves is vital to your success, your happiness. Make it your pleasant rule to pause regularly—to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL. Start today—add an extra comfort to your smoking with Camel's costlier tobaccos.



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1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem,
N. C.



**COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**

CAMELS ARE MADE
FROM FINER, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND
DOMESTIC

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

Mrs. Gene Markey



The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken
away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

—Job i. 21.

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The Carolina Buccaneer

CARL PUGH, Editor in Chief

ERNEST KING, Business Manager

VOLUME XV

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Cover by Ernest Craige



MARCH, 1939

As it was the last day we got up and went to our 8:30. It was very new and sleepy outside and only the people of the morning were about. The dawn world is very strange and we blinked at it, a little frightened. There were breakfast folk in the halls; they have puffy eyes and talk among themselves very little.

With difficulty, we found the room and that there was no class on that day. It was too awake and far to go home and we did not know any of this people so we went to our booth on the corner. Time tries to tarry there, alone with neither eve nor morning; we stayed to wait for our world to catch up with us.

As we waited, a young woman came in. We had seen young women come in before and we paid no more than the attention expected of us. She came and stopped before us however. "May I sit down," she asked and we stood up and thought she amazingly resembled somebody we had always wanted to know. "Hello, Joe," she said and although we weren't Joe we said, "Hello, Dot," whether she were Dot or not.

The boy with the black face came over with them. It is never

too early or late after four years.

Dot almost wore an evening dress which she had with her. "You did not come to me this time," she said, "so I come to you." We thought it quite nice, whatever she were talking about, and we said we assuredly would be there next time. "You will," said Dot, "and often and for ever soon, for such you are, a part of all these things." "What things?" said we, rather interested in any things she had to offer. "A little timeless moment," said Dot, "and forms with meaning all your own and no horizon unless you put one there. These things that are you and yours." "Oh," said we.

"Come often," she said. She stood up and looked at us. "You know the way." We watched her go; "But must you go," we said; she turned at the door and laughed, a drifting, falling, quick and sweet delight, the excitement of darkness, there of itself; "I have not gone," she said.

The boy with the black face came over. "Who the hell was that," we said.

"Who?" said he.

— The Editor

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A Whirl of Charm!



Take a whirl
At Old Golds!
And your taste will
Tell you what a world
Of charm they hold!
The charm of
Utter freshness . . .
Guarded by their
Double Cellophane
Package! The charm
Of prize crop
Tobaccos aged extra
Long to give that
Famous Double-Mellow
Flavor! Give O.Gs a
Whirl! And they'll glide
Right into your favor.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
opens from the *BOTTOM*.



TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



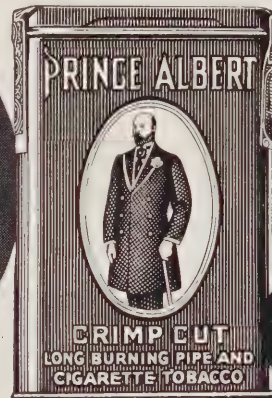
'REAL PIPE-JOY
TO GAIN,
NOTHING TO LOSE'
— IS HOW I SIZED
UP P.A.'S NO-RISK
OFFER.
PIPE-JOY
CAME OUT
ON TOP!

P.A. PLEASES—OR IT'S ON US!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN

50

pipefuls of fragrant
tobacco in every 2-oz.
tin of Prince Albert

**SO MILD
SO TASTY**

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R. J. Reynolds
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Announcement

The Next Issue
Will Be Our Last

Moon Over My Amy

by

MAC HOBSON

I can still see her as if it were only yesterday. She stood close to me in all of her fresh, young beauty, her face lifted to mine, eyes shining with a thousand lights, and her young breath softly caressing my cheek with its abominable odor of beer and cigarettes. She stood poised as if to speak, then dropped her eyes as the words hung on her lips. I could see that she was making a supreme effort to say something, and I took her hand to encourage her. "What is it, Amy?" I said. "You needn't be afraid to tell me."

She raised her face again, and a determined look came into her jaw. Then she clenched her small fists recklessly and blurted out the whole thing.

"What time is it!" she said.

The innocent frankness and simplicity of her words went at once to my heart, and I couldn't repress the teardrop that ran down my neck. She took my hand in both of hers and looked sorrowfully up into my face. "I'm sorry if I hurt you," she said. "Please forgive me."

A sense of unfathomable beauty rushed over my whole being, and I yielded to the sudden impulse to kiss her forehead. "Forgive you, dear child!" I said choking. "It is you who should forgive me. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course," she said, her face as gloriously radiant as an angel's.

I broke down then. "Amy," I said, covering my hands with my face. "This is hard for me to say, but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to marry me."

She waited until the meaning of my words had penetrated her brain and then burst into tears. "It hurts me so much to break

your heart," she said, "but I can't marry you, for I do not love you."

"You don't love me?" I said, stunned. Then, seeing that I would go mad if I didn't collect my shattered nerves, I hastily recovered. "That leaves only one alternative," I gasped, and seized her in my arms.

"No, no, no," she said, kissing me passionately. "You mustn't do this. Do it some more." When she had got this off her chest, she surrendered.

After a few boring moments of ecstasy, I released her and drew her down beside me on the bench. There in the moonlight, with the soft breeze lifting up to us the fragrant loveliness of early spring and the horrid stench of fish from the river, we pledged our eternal love and made our plans for the future.

"We will build us a little house with your own hands," she told me, "and there we will live alone, just we two, with my mother."

"Yes," I said, "and I will come home from work at night, and you will meet me at the door with outflung arms and a low-cut dress."

"Yes, yes," she said, "and after supper you will sit in your favorite chair with your pipe and book, and I will curl up contentedly at your stinking feet, with my head against your knee, and gaze dreamily into the flickering firelight."

"Ah, darling," I said. "That will be heaven. And later on, perhaps, might there not be—" I hesitated, unable to go on.

"Yes? Yes?" she looked up at me eagerly, encouraging me to continue.

I hung my head and dug my toe in the dirt through the hole

in my shoe. "Well," I said, "that is—"

"What?" she urged, nudging me with her elbow.

I trembled uncontrollably. "A — perhaps — a — little one?" I flung myself on the ground from embarrassment and peeped up at her.

"A little . . . what?" she said, and buried her scarlet face in the park bench.

"You know," I giggled, closing my eyes and kicking my feet excitedly against the gooey earth.

"Yes — of course," she said
(*twenty-six*)



"—and every time I take that exam he gives me an E."



"I can't understand it—Dr. Snodgras hasn't given us a grat this quarter."

Tradition*

by
BARON HARKINS

I didn't see him when I first came in. I bought a deck of Camels and stood jawing with Harry while I tore that damn cellophane and lit one. As I turned to go someone called my name, rather familiarly I thought, and then I saw him there in the fourth booth from the front. He told me to come on over, and I went, reluctantly, as I had work to do and also knew like everybody else that he was the worst drunk who ever lost a string of jobs after graduation. He looked drunk then. He was drunk - but in that strange way that is possible only to those guys who are regular rumpots. His eyes were red, but intelligent. His face was flushed, but then it always was. He had probably drunk enough already to kill a guy like me, but he didn't show it like these kids in college do now, yelling and breaking glasses. I shook hands with him, but didn't sit down. I leaned against the post you hang hats on and looked at him while he mumbled something about being glad to see someone from home and all that. I didn't like him and I guess he could see that I was a little disgusted with his condition, though God knows I had seen him that way enough before.

"Sit down," he said. I told him I had to go and at that he reached up and pulled at my arm so that I fell over the table. I slid into the seat to keep from looking silly, which I already did I guess. I didn't like this a bit and told him so. "Aw don't get peeved kid, you can sit here a minute," he said as

**Ed. Note — These are five incidents. If you have lived with and loved Carolina long, they will call a host of memories; a friendly boothful of drunken ghosts.*

he poured a glass half full of seventy-five cent whiskey from a pint bottle.

"Have a drink kid?"

"I don't drink, not liquor anyhow. If you had any damn sense you wouldn't either. Its the curse of civilization and always has been." I don't know why I said that, because I am not a goody-goody. The phrase just popped into my head because I was a little mad I guess, and had heard Rev. Sturgis say the same thing the Sunday before.

"What are you going to turn into up here," he growled, "A reformer?"

This made me really mad because I knew I must have sounded pretty sappy, so I pitched into him and told him a lot of stuff I had heard other people say and some I hadn't. Then I asked him if he could give me one good reason for drinking. He said he had some I wouldn't understand, but one thing was that it made such funny things happen sometimes. I asked him what he meant. He gave me an example.

"I knew a guy once who was supposed to be going to the University of Virginia, a fellow named Phill Buller. He used to come all the way down here to see a girl in Sanford. One time he came down here to see her but stopped off in Chapel Hill to see a guy at the Beta house. They got drunk on some corn the Beta had and stayed that way for three or four days. We changed quarters about that time, or had a few days before, and everybody was going down to the Tin Can to register. So did this fellow from Virginia. He deferred payment and went to one class the next day. He so-

bered up about that time and realized he had to go back to Virginia. He and the Beta left for Charlottesville without any money or liquor. They both had the jitters terribly and decided they needed a drink. The Beta tried to write a check in the car and couldn't do it. He had trouble even hitting the book with the pen. They stopped the care in Durham and the Beta got out and lay down in somebody's lawn and wrote seventeen checks before he got one that looked like anything.

"They went to the hotel to cash it, and while the clerk was calling Chapel Hill to check up on the thing, they went upstairs and found a room open and went to bed. They didn't get out of there for three days, and when they did, they came back here. I don't know whether the fellow ever went back to Virginia or not."

I had ordered a beer while he was telling this one, and the glass
(twenty-four)



"You boys really should not expect sex in every cartoon."

Tarzan and the Hairy Goddess

by

BILL STAUBER

The safari pushed swiftly through the jungle, thanks to the excellent drainage system installed by WPA Project 19623 Bryan 709 (ask for Annie). Mabel, riding in a 1919 model sedan chair built by Fisher, was hot as Hell. She ran her index finger across her sweaty brow and then snapped it in black snake whip fashion. "Damn, I'm hot," she said.

Harold, a botanist and who had been leading the safari in a search for the missing geranium, type 13j, dropped back to speak to her. "And how is my little geranium hunter feeling?" he asked affectionately.

Mabel looked at him with onions in her eyes. "Darling, how much farther do we have to go? Sometimes, I think . . ." Just then the earth trembled under a blood curdling "Oh-lee-o-ladeeee-o". The safari stopped dead. The blacks shuddered and fell to the ground, muttering in an unknown tongue, "Bali ka-woo."¹

"What is the trouble, Eight

¹ Good Gosh, Miss Agnes!

ball?" Harold inquired of his native guide and interpreter.

"They fear white god," Eight ball muttered.

"Poppycock", said Harold, "tell them there is no such thing."

"Oga wawa weko numa blah blah."

"Umph noitz omm pah paf."

"What did they say?"

"They say they go no farther. They say they turn back."

"Tell them if they turn back now, they won't get to see the missing geranium", Harold said proudly.

"Igwoo boo karo syrup."

"Gurzo iggy foo-foo bosh."

"They say they no want to see missing gelanium. Say they no like flowers. No how, German Club no allow flowers."

"Tell them they will hunt geraniums and like it. If they don't they won't get their Christmas bonus."

"Bonussess bow wow hey ninety-ninety."

"Okey-blub dokey-blub."

"They say they stop. Go tomorrow."

"Very well then," said Harold laying down his air rifle and bag filled with flower pots, "we will pitch camp here."

Night fell. Mabel sat by the campfire knitting while Harold absorbed himself in a copy of *The Rover Boys in Iceland*. The blacks were sitting around in the outlying shadows of the campfire rehearsing a Fourth of July skit. Several lions, attracted by the noise, came up to the camp and lay down by the fire to warm.

High above the camp a silhouetted figure moved stealthily through the trees. (I'll give you three guesses who it is.) He paused for a moment and felt of his muscle. "Ah ha", he said, "today I am a man. What's Weismueller got I ain't got?" But Tarzan caught himself. "Well, not counting Lupe Velez", he compromised.

Truly though, his strength was as the strength of ten for his breath alone would have knocked one down. He leaped down closer to the camp. His eyes surveyed it carefully, coming to rest on a bag of A & P cookies. He smacked his lips. "Just like grandma used to make", he said excitedly. Unconsciously, he began humming, "I must see granny tonight".

But as Tarzan was about to swing on down,² he paused momentarily and looked again. His gaze was fixed on Mabel. He asked himself, "Could it be true? Was he dreaming? It must be . . . it was. Yes, it was Mabel". Mabel was Tarzan's childhood sweetheart. The sight of her set his heart aflame. It had been

² Sometimes referred to as "truckin'".
(twenty-seven)



"The tests show my hay fever is caused by goldenrod."

Tulip Time

by
SANFORD STEIN

Her name was Tulip. Whenever Harry thought of her later, he knew that should have been sufficient warning. "Any woman with a moniker like that," he would often say, "must be either a nymphomaniac, a confirmed crackers-in-bed eater or a fugitive from Dix Hill." But this profound wisdom was not enjoyed by Harry until after Tulip had entered his life.

It all started when Mother came to him one day and said, "Darling, I was just introduced to a lovely girl and I want you to meet her. I'm sure you'll like her. She's an English major like you—and she's very intellectual."

"Uh huh," replied Harry with an ardent burst of indifference, "But I happen to be on my vacation now. What's she look like?"

"Oh, she's very pretty," Mother assured him.

Harry was skeptical. Mother was a dear, sweet person and he loved her very much. She was quite broadminded, she never showed strangers snapshots of him immersed in his diapers, and when he was 14, she told him where babies come from. But in the matter of feminine beauty, the two disagreed violently. Mother's ideal was the healthy, athletic type of female that reeks of virtue, has a face usually described as being "intelligent and full of character," and thinks an automobile is something you go riding in. Harry was a Madeline Carroll-Hedy Lamar fan, from way back. However, he resisted the impulse to flee as soon as his beloved parent started the discussion and heard her out to the bitter end.

"I want you to spend an evening with her," continued Mother. "There's a stock company play-

ing in town and I've bought you both tickets. You can meet her at the theatre. Now, don't look so glum. I'm only trying to give you a good time while you're home. Besides, her father is a good customer of Dad's."

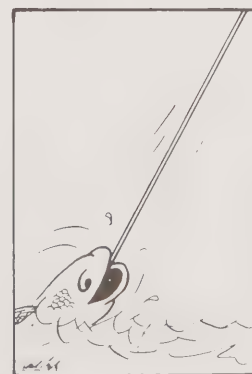
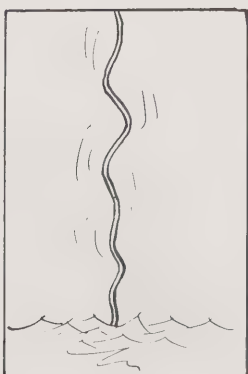
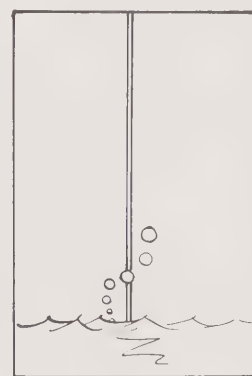
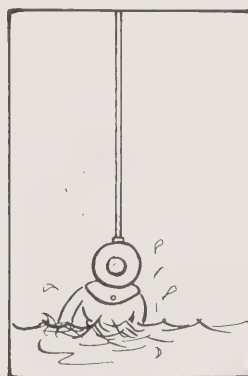
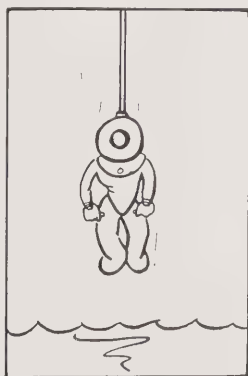
And so Harry sacrificed himself on the altar of Big Business. (Oh, Capitalism, what crimes are committed in thy name!) It merely involved breaking a date with a tall, luscious blonde with bedroom eyes and a cooperative walk.

Came the big night. Harry was at the theatre ten minutes before curtain time. Tulip ambled in shortly after. She was everything Harry imagined she'd be and for months after supplied him with excellent material for some of his best nightmares. She was tall, gawky, with stringy black hair and sported one of the best cared-for mustaches Harry had ever seen. Her teeth were very individual—each one wandered in a

different direction and there was ample breathing space between—and she wore a grin that made one realize what a blissful life morons must lead. Her eyes were beautifully crossed—Harry could see them through her horn-rimmed glasses.

After the preliminaries were dispensed with, Tulip informed Harry that she was an ardent admirer of the drama and then began a verbal non-stop flight that made Floyd Gibbons sound like an elongated drawl. "Oh-I-just-love-the-theatre-don't - you - love the-theatre-you-know-this-is - my favorite-play-I've-seen - it-eight times-what's-your-favorite-play-I'm-taking-drama-courses - at - school - are - you-taking—" The curtain went up and some actors began chattering on the stage. But that didn't bother Tulip who figured she was there first and so continued oozing fascinating bits

(twenty-three)

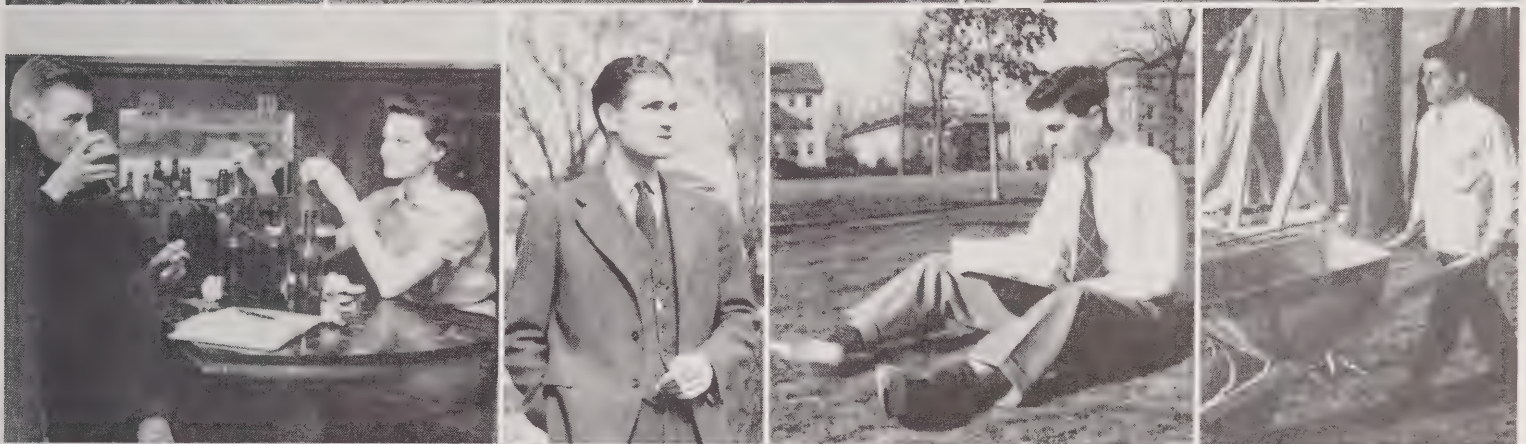


MIXED COMPANY



Twenty-nine random shots, intimate and candid; Carolina in portrait. References to any living or dead people are quite intentional.





music

Larry Clinton plays the annual May Frolics on the weekend of April 21-22. THE dances.

Early in the winter of 1909 Brooklyn, N.Y. heard the first note ever to emanate from Larry Clinton. That note was the gurgle of a new-born babe. To say that Clinton was born under a lucky star is to put it mildly. Little more than a year ago he appeared for the first time on a bandstand in front of his own band. In twelve hectic months he has climbed to a top rung that took every other band leader in the business years to reach. How did he do it? Four things: (1) He is one of the best swing arrangers in the industry, (2) He can write hit songs, (3) A record company was behind him, (4) A radio station plugged him coast to coast.

Larry didn't particularly like school and when homework could be shoved aside he and his trumpet got together with five other musically inclined neighborhood lads. The result was a six-piece outfit called the *Manchurians* which made more noise than it did money.

Out of school, Larry tried salesmanship for awhile, but after six months decided that the music business was the

racket for him. In 1932 a famed arranger, Ferde Grofe, left Paul Whiteman to organize his own band. Clinton and his trumpet went to work for the portly Grofe. In short order Ferde discovered Larry was a far better arranger than a trumpeter and set him to work scoring tunes. It was the world's most important discovery—at least as far as Larry Clinton was concerned. When Grofe abandoned his orchestra, Larry was asked to join the staff of two young brothers who had just started to



Mr. Clinton

Doodle and the name of Clinton began to circulate.

In the fall of 1937 an RCA-Victor executive came to the old "Dipsy Doodler" with a proposition worth its weight in gold. He had heard Larry's arrangements, had just listened to a recording of the latest Clinton tune, *Dipsy Doodle* made by Tommy Dorsey and he had an idea. He told Clinton to organize his own band and that RCA-Victor would back him to the limit.

What happened was phenomenal—a miracle of music. Larry found a dozen musicians and Bea Wain. Overnight, the record-buying dance public found a new idol. Larry Clinton recordings became best-sellers as fast as they were released—and the band didn't even have a bandstand to call its own.

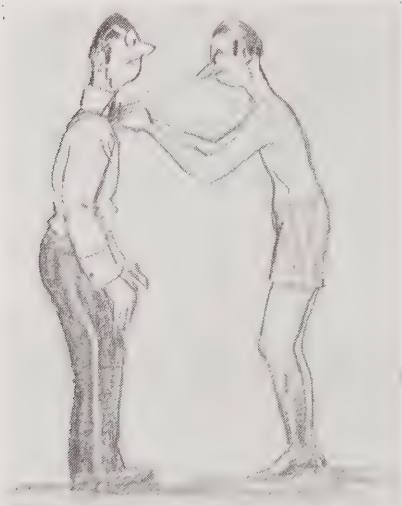
The moment the Victor build-up began rolling, the National Broadcasting Company hopped on the Clinton flyer, gave the new orchestra all the air-time it wanted, and a chance to build up a real national reputation.

Before long Larry Clinton's
(twenty-one)



organize a band. They were Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey.

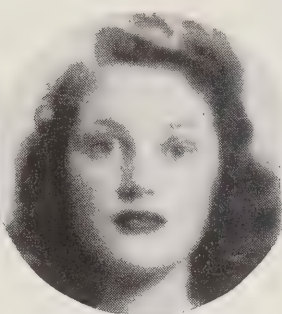
Larry's work for the Dorsey Brothers led to added employment. Glen Gray hired him to arrange for the Casa Loma Crew. Young Mr. Clinton was a busy man. In addition to standard arrangements he began turning out instrumental novelties for his band-leader employers. Things like *Satan Takes a Holiday*, *Big Dipper*, *Study in Brown*, *Let 'er Go*, and *Dipsy*



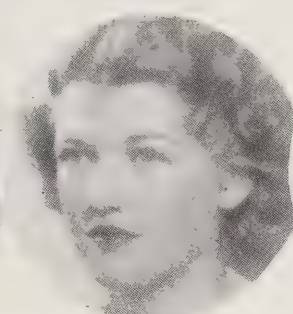
DUCHESSES



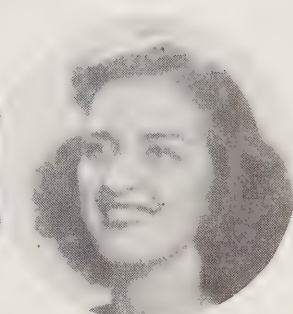
*Martha Kline
Aycock*



*Jeanne Taylor
Aycock*



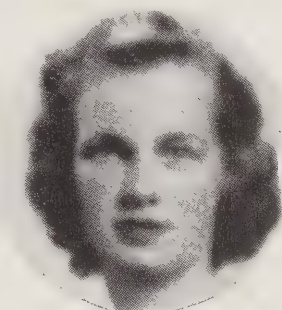
*Jeanne Murphy
Alspaugh*



*Muriel Wriston
Alspaugh*



*Francis Borland
106 Watt Street*



*Dorothy Stivers
Aycock*



*Gwen Adams
Aycock*



*Charlotte Newlin
Pegram*



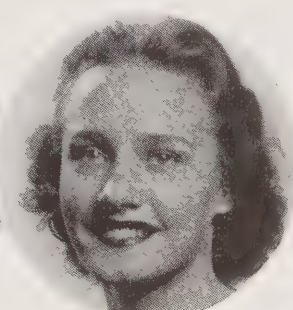
*Jane Smith
Aycock*



*Noel Johnson
Brown*



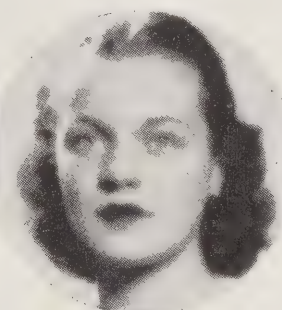
*Marjorie Davis
2218 Club Blvd.*



*Jane Chesson
Aycock*



*Bobbie Jenkins
1004 Monmouth Ave.*



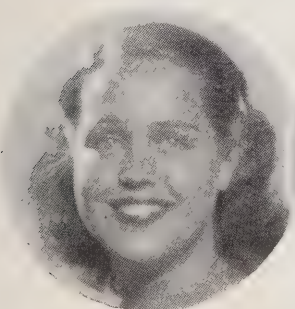
*Louise Van Hagen
Jarvis*



*Dorothy Creery
Alspaugh*



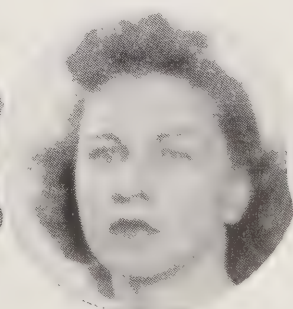
*Hazelle Gillin
Pegram*



*Suzanne Sommers
Pegram*



*Jesse Simmons
Brown*



*Nonie Livingston
Brown*



*Elizabeth Clark
Brown*

Not that the home soil is at all less fertile but if you are interested in new fields for cultivation don't let these twenty acres lie fallow to the venerable Carolina brand of wild oats.

(Duke 'n Duchess)

verse

Good Clean Fun

You look so sincere when you
swear to be true,
When you say that you'd die on
my behalf.

And so I promise that I'll be
faithful, too.—

Anything for a laugh.

—X. X. X. (*Sanford Stein*).

There was an old man in a tree,
Who claimed to be Mother
Machree.

When at eighty no mother,
He exclaimed, "Oh, bother!"
And became the father of three.

—*Record*.

I was dipping my pen in the ink
When I suddenly happened to
think

How strange it would be
If two equaled three
And Japanese turtles were pink.

While skirting the edge of a
crag

Dear brother continued to brag,
He stood on his head,
"It's easy," he said,
(We carried him home in a bag).

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter—
Hang up your clothes and hick-
ory limb;

It might warp in the water."

I put my trust and faith in you,
I thought I could rely,
But now I'm disillusioned—
I wish that I might die.

I made you my ideal, you see,
And so I copied you,
I should have copied someone
else,

'Cause now I'm flunking, too.

Advice

Ideal incomes are only fakes,
No matter what amounts.
It isn't *what* a woman makes,
It's *whom* she makes that
counts.

—X. X. X.

Eight-thirty classes I love best;
I love to rise before the rest.
I like to miss my breakfast, too;
I do, I do—like hell I do.

Bong, Bong, Bong, Bong,
Bong, Bong, Bong, Bong,
Bong, Bong, Bong, Bong,
Midnight, by golly.

An amoeba named Joe and his
brother

Went out drinking toasts to
each other.

In the midst of their quaffing
They split their sides laughing
And found that each one was a
mother!

—*Octopus*.



"Whadda you mean 'You're from
the Carolina Magazine'?"
(This is really quite funny. Wait
for the next issue.)

Exhortation

If someone should tell you how
lovely you are,
That they searched every nation
both near and far,
And still could not find one to
replace

The beauty possessed by your
charming face;

If someone should praise your
complexion and skin,
And say you were neither too fat
or too thin,

That the clothes that you wear
are the latest in style,

That your doll-hat is perfect,
and so is your smile,

That your voice would shame
nightingales each time you
talk;

If someone should say you're a
dream when you walk,

Darling, don't thank 'em, don't
kiss 'em, don't hug 'em,

Slug 'em.

—X. X. X.

Taint Worth It

"Come and sit beside me in this
lovely glade,

For I find thee loveliest of all that
God has made."

Gladly would I always sit in this
glade beside thee,

But, my own, my darling, you
sit on poison ivy.

Jo Jones.

Oh, you who love on river banks
Had best be on the ball
For she will soon decline with
thanks

The Charles's mating call.

The lollery is on the wane
For Cupid draws his bow
Half-heartedly, and oft in vain
In several feet of snow.

Your voice is loud above the
storm,

Exhorting moon and stars,

But Goddess Love will not per-
form,

Except in heated cars.

—*Lampoon*.

THE

RIGHT COMBINATION

FOR MORE

SMOKING

PLEASURE



Chesterfield

THE BLEND THAT CAN'T BE COPIED

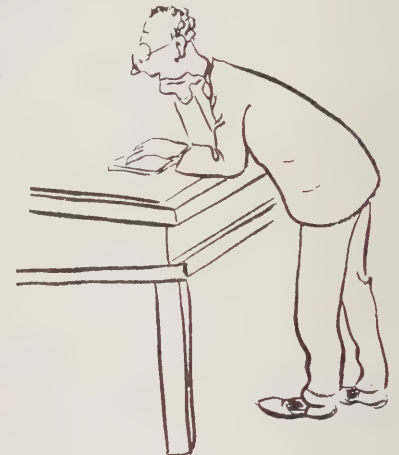
THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS



"I'll have it traced for you."



Unwelcome Distraction



Illuminated Manuscripts



Unusual Phenomenon



SCENES
FROM THE
LIBRARY



Sunday Afternoon



ERNEST CRAIGE

Rhapsody in Red

by

DEXTER FREEMAN

They gathered in a tiny shack
And talked of revolution,
And the shades of Marx and Engels paced the floor,
And all the rafters echoed back,
"Now *that's* the best solution,"
And a gale of ghoulish laughter shook the door.

A score there were—exchanging blows,
Haranguing loud and fuming,
And the ghostly light lent pallor to each brow.
One paused for breath and glared at those
Who kept him from resuming,
And the shades of Marx and Engels took a bow.

Socialistic jumping-jacks
And fiery Communisti—
Each Quixote dreamt of windmills in retreat—
The Laborites devised attacks
On verminous Fascisti,
And the shades of Marx and Engels stamped their feet.

Reformers all—discussing what?
They say, "The SOCIAL ORDER."
And a hollow chuckle filled the little room.
"Stark mad!" they cried, "and if it's not,
It's wavering on the border!"
And the shades of Marx and Engels whispered,
"Doom!"

Rose Mr. X to take a pose—
Unsteadily, eyes bleary—
And a wave of rabid passion scorched the air.
Contemptuously he sneered at those
Who emanated theory.
And the shades of Marx and Engels tore their hair.

"Democracy!" he spat in scorn,
"How many men have freedom?"
And the shades of Mark and Engels looked askance.
"Protect," said X, "your child unborn!"

So he proposed to lead 'em.
And the spirits took a demagogic stance.
"Shall we," raved X, "shall we permit
This oligarchic beast?"
And a ghostly shudder rocked the meeting place—
His X-tasy might well befit
A hydrophobic priest.
And the shades of Marx and Engels kept in pace.

Next Mr. Y., a Communist,
Got up to show *his* tricks,
And the spirits beat a tattoo on the floor,
And Y brought down his fist and hissed:
"Mix bombs with politics!"
And the shades of Marx and Engels shouted,
"More!"

Thus each in turn (and out of) pled—
An—ist and then an —ite.
And the shades of Marx and Engels danced with glee.
'T was marvellous to hear, 't is said,
How—isms filled the night.
And the spirits popped their knuckles fiendishly.

So, waxing hotter by degree,
They carried on their squabble,
And the shades performed a mimic sacrament,
For each blood-thirsty eye could see
The SOCIAL ORDER wobble.
And Marx and Engels screamed their wild assent.

Strange bits of gossip centered 'round
The shack the morning after,
And the shades of Marx and Engels fumed and swore,
For Hearst reporters swore they found
Fresh charcoal on each rafter!—
Yet the SOCIAL ORDER goes on as before.



Dirty Jokes

An old Southern darkey, father of 16 children, was being lectured by the doctor for asking his wife to have so many children.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Rastus," the doctor said.

"Indeed I is," said Rastus. "The next time it happens I's gwine to hang myself."

Well, before very long, the doctor was called to Rastus' house and sure enough another visitor was expected.

"Rastus," said the doctor, "what are you doing here? I thought you said you would hang yourself if this ever happened again."

"Indeed, I did, doctor, an' I took a big old rope, put it around my neck and threw it over a limb. Den, would you believe it, just as I was about to jump offa that stump, I said to myself, 'Rastus, you better be careful here. You mought be hanging an innocent man'."

Mom: "Daughter, you must stop chasing those men!"

Daughter: "Why, mom?"

Mom: "Why you're actually getting beau-legged."

They're telling this of Lord Beaverbrook and a visiting Yankee actress. In a game of hypothetical questions, Beaverbrook asked the lady: "Would you live with a stranger if he paid you 1,000,000 pounds?" She answered, "Yes." "And if he paid you 5 pounds?" The irate lady fumed: "5 pounds? What do you think I am?" Beaverbrook replied: "We have already established that. Now we're trying to determine the degree."

Post.

"This one is on me," said Fido, the lazy hound. —*Foo*

She laughed when I sat down to play. How was I to know that she was ticklish?

Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: Johnny is a passionate devil. The teacher reprimanded him for writing this and said he must stay after school for one hour.

When Johnny got out of school that night all his little friends were waiting to hear what punishment he had received.

"What did she do to you?" asked one little boy.

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," said Johnny, "except that it pays to advertise."

The little boy was telling his mother of his recent trip to the zoo.

"There were tigers and tigresses, monkeys and monkesses, elephants and elephanesses, and bears."

She—Charley—

He—Yes.

She—Why do they call the seats in Kenan Stadium "stands?"

"You show me the parts in *Ulysses* and I'll show you those in *Anthony Adverse*."

—*Pit Panther.*

Papa Stork: "I sure had a busy day today. I delivered 168 babies."

Mama Stork: "Yeh. I had a big day, too. I delivered 142 babies."

Kid Stork: "Well, I didn't do so much today, but I sure scared hell out of a couple of high school kids."

"So you're working your way through school? How to you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm peddling liquor, but I'm really editing the humor magazine."



"Hell! She got away."

sports

There was little humor to be found in the winter sports program which recently died out. It was darn sad to say the least. However, *meeting with such amazing success this year*, the Buc sports department again ventures forth with exclusive angles on the spring sports front, etc.

Rated in the order of their strength, the sports are listed herein. Just pick out your favorite one and start howling:

THIS SPRING: Who knows? It can't be worse that the winter and it shouldn't be. Briefly, three conference crowns should be worn atop certain heads by late May, and if you're inclined that way, it's something to get excited about.

TRACK: Without a doubt first on the list. "We'll have the best track team in history," Tar Heel's track ace Leonard Lobred predicts. Claims versatile Mr. Lobred, who is the up-and-coming rag's sports editor for 1940-41, "Every event is star-studded. Just look . . ." And here's what he has to show.

Mile—Jimmy Davis, Dave Morrison.

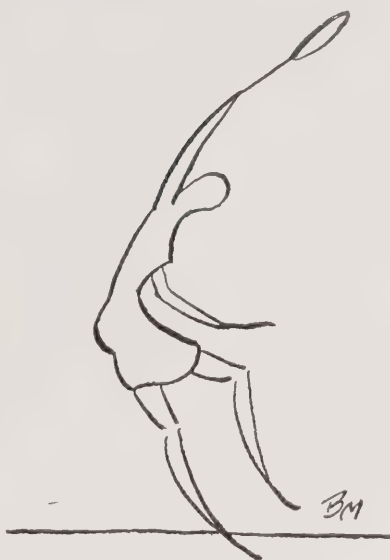
880—Carleton White, Co-Cap Bill Hendrix.

Hurdles—Co-Cap Bill Corpening, Harry March, Tom Holmes.

Everything—Harry March.

Those are just a few of the top-notchers. Practically the same outfit that ran off with the Indoor meet awhile back, which is just fine. *Future*—All and any crowns within reach!

TENNIS: Even though the netmen will take the State and Conference championships and pile up a better record (maybe) than the tracksters will, they still hardly rate number one—unless the student council gets wise to itself and declares Ed Fuller eligible. If and when that happens,



perk up friends, for Tar Heel tennis will once again soar towards mythical national titles. At present, though, just hope and pray that Co-Caps Carl and Bill Rood are "hot" and Coach Kenfield can pull a few fast ones out of the bag. *Prospects*—Self-explanatory, or a bad season with two losses, perhaps a few scattered ties and a couple of crowns.

BASEBALL: Infield, perfect; outfield, OK; catcher, the best; pitchers, now we're stumped. We

could say Bud Hudson about ten times, but he's going to need some help, and that's where the hitch comes in. At a glance, there's George Ralston, Tomlinson and, lately, Puddin' Wales, but hardly a dependable starter among them. Well, relying on Matty Topkins at short, Stirney at second, Bisset (Co-Cap) at first, and probably Jimmie Howard at third to stop the tide of sluggers, and George Nethercutt (Co-Cap) behind the plate to do his best with what the mound can offer, we're hoping and that's all. *Prospects*—Fair, about the same as last year. If I had a hunch, I'd say good. Maybe!

FENCING: Rated next, and don't argue, because *DUKE* now has a team and a meet will soon be held. Things look bright for not only the State, but possibly the Conference titles. Watch Captain Bloom and his mates in foil and sabre. All are first-rate. Dick Freudenheim and Johnny Finch are tops in epee. *Prospects*—A toss-up between a mediocre or a very good season, depending on Conference meet.

(twenty-eight)



"You seem to forget, Madam, that these bicycles are costing me 30c an hour!"

Complete line of
FURNITURE
ELECTRIC LAMPS
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LUGGAGE

Brown Furniture Co.

106 West Rosemary Street
Telephone 6586

"Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine," declared the fair co-ed. And after she graduated she taught school for years and years and years.



"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"

"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."

—Urchin



He: I had to come clear across the room to see you, so I wanna kiss.

She: Gee, I'm glad you didn't come from the next block.



While giving a performance a magician spread a blanket over a newspaper and read the paper through the heavy cloth. All the coeds got up and left.

—Gargoyle.



"You're the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said the senior, as he shifted the gears with his foot.

—Jester.

LATEST RECORDS

Goodman	Shaw
Webb	Clinton
Dorsey	Basie

CHARLIE SINCLAIR
Ledbetter-Pickard

disk



Artie Shaw's Album of Popular Music—Shaw's newest recordings of tunes by America's most famous and popular composers. The album contains such tunes as *Carioca*, *Bill*, *The Donkey Serenade*, *My Heart Stood Still*, *Lover Come Back to Me*, *Rosalie*, *Ziguener*, *Supper Time*, *The Man I Love*, and *Vilia*. In *Lover* the most brilliant sax section ever to record is featured in a beautiful sax chorus broken only by a great trumpet solo by Johnny Best. The one and only Billie Holiday is featured in the vocal of *Bill*, and Helen Forrest and Tony Pastor show their stuff as vocalists in *Supper Time* and *Rosalie* respectively. The tenor sax of Georgie Auld is featured throughout all of the records. The entire set may be had separately or in the album. Vocalion B-10124 to B-10128.

Casa Loma's crew hits a new high in sweet tunes with their recent twelve-inch recording of *Sleepy Time Gal* and *Drifting Apart*. The famous trombone quartet can be heard on either side, but Billy Rauch's chorus on *Sleepy Time Gal* is about the best ever. Both sides are instrumental—no vocals at all. Decca No. 15042.

Bob Crosby and His Dixieland Dispensers win the prize for the best real jazz ever recorded with their twelve-incher on *Dogtown Blues* and *South Rampart Street Parade*. *Dogtown* was written and arranged by Bob Haggart and typifies everything that real blues mean. On *Rampart Street* Eddie Miller's clarinet and Yank Lausen's trumpet are features, and for pure unadulterated Dixieland swing this side can't be beat. Decca No. 15038.

—Bill Weil.

Dunbar and Daniel Studios

FINE PORTRAITS

134 Fayetteville St.
RALEIGH

110 Corcoran St.
DURHAM

Drunk in telephone booth:
"Number hell—I want my peanuts."



"What goes 99 clop?"

"A centipede with a wooden leg."



First Student: "I see Jake got an 'A' in his German final."

Second Student: "Huh! He should have! He spent the whole hour copying notes into his Blue Book."

Third Student: "Notes hell! Those were the reasons why he didn't study for the final along with their addresses and telephone numbers."

—Chases



Algy met a bear.

The bear was bulgy.

The bulge was Algy.



"What kind of oil do you use in your car?"

"Oh, I usually begin by telling them I'm lonely."



"Surrealism, hell, that's a mirror."

NEW SPRING MILLINERY

at

Smith-Albright

105 E. Main Street
Durham, N. C.

music

became a magic name, but it wasn't until the President's Birthday Ball in January 1938 that he and his orchestra got a chance to play for an in-the-flesh audience. Glen Gray, then at the New Yorker Hotel, journeyed to Washington to play at the President's Ball. Larry was drafted as a relief band for the night. He survived the ordeal, went over with a bang, and immediately set out on a college prom tour. Returning to New York last May he settled down and proceeded to break all records at the Glen Island Casino.

Today Clinton has definitely arrived. He plays a radio commercial, gets thousands a night for private engagements, and is a top selling record name. The sponsors of his radio program are trying to make an actor of him—for an orchestra leader the surest sign of success.

Clinton's rapid rise, although unusual, serves to demonstrate that it isn't always the musicians who make a band. The present Clinton outfit bears little resemblance to the one he formed for Victor. Bea and one or two of the boys are still with him, but the rest have gone. Larry is constantly searching for improvement. If he finds a better saxophonist than the one now playing for him, it's out with the old, in with the new. His novel, sparkling arrangements have always been the key to his band — then or now. Every number he plays he arranges personally. He may be



working himself too hard, getting little sleep and being constantly under tension. To objectors, however, — chief among whom is his wife — he has only one answer: "I can't find anyone who can arrange for me as well as I can for myself!"

Larry Clinton, his orchestra and Miss Wain, will play the annual May Frolics here on April 21-22. The set, Friday and Saturday, will be composed of two tea dances, a luncheon affair and two evening formals. A concert by Clinton will be held for the general public on Saturday afternoon in Memorial Hall. The luncheon dance, preceding the concert, will be given at the Washington Duke hotel in Durham.

The May Frolics set is given by seven campus fraternities. Three hundred and twenty-three tickets will be available. Members of the group not attending

the dances will return their bids which will be sold to the campus at large at \$10 for the set.

Chairman Watt Miles, Beta, heads the May Frolics committee which is composed of Victor Harlee, Sigma Chi; Ernest Craige, Sigma Nu; Kenneth Tanner, S.A.E.; Kenneth Royal, D.K.E.; Gilbert McCutcheon, Kappa Sig, and Thomas Parrott, Zeta Psi.

Damn big doings. Clinton is tops.
—Bill Weil.

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our hospitality is just as famous as our home - cooked meals.



Dance

to delightful music consisting of all popular numbers.

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EXCLUSIVELY BY

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Company**

L. R. Gattis L. E. Graham

vogue

Since we didn't get to wish you a pleasant vacation beforehand we'll repair the omission now by hoping that you did have a satisfactory respite from eight-thirties and other equally annoying things which interfere with education.

During the vacation we couldn't help noticing clothes around here and there and the shoes we saw made the biggest impression. Of course every one will be surprised to know that there were more than a few brown and white saddle oxfords about, since this must be at least the fourth season and things don't go on forever. But no matter what you think of continuity of use there are many saddle shoes being worn and they are still good looking.

A new shoe which we saw, or rather a new version of an old idea, is a wing tip pigskin shoe in a deeper, richer brown rather than the tan which one usually thinks of when pigskin is mentioned. The result of the color



change is a decided improvement in the looks of the pigskin which in addition to being smarter should be easier to keep clean than the light tan.

Shoe manufacturers must be particularly industrious these

days because they shoot out new models with the frequency of military airplane makers and one of the newest models is a somewhat different treatment of an idea which we mentioned to you several issues ago, the antique finish. At first the antique finish was merely a brown shoe with the additional colorative polish but now it has become a particular brown leather known as Mocco calf which gives an even softer appearance than in the original antique models. The new shoe is built on crepe soles too, in deference to popular demand.

Something else we noticed in shoes was a saddle oxford (hisses from the gallery) with the customary brown saddle and the remainder of the shoe, instead of the usual white, in a neutral leather which made a smooth number. Constructed with a crepe sole, the uppers are drawn down to meet the sole on the side so that the stitching can not be seen around the edge. The effect is a cleaner looking shoe.

Perhaps it is spring madness or something but there were a lot of Scotch tartans about in the form of neckwear. One of the well-known national manufacturers is pushing Scotch ties again after a lapse of about two years and they are now competing with the popular knit ties which are still tops. Incidentally, some of the new Gaelic designs really are new, a decided improvement. In moderation they add snap to the wearing of clothes.

Before we run out we would like to tell you that the two smartest cloths for spring we have bumped into this vacation are covert and iridescent gabardine. Covert in an olive shade and iridescent gabardines in green, tan, and a peculiar greenish blue are the latest. —Ernest King



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WITH OLD GOLD
BANDLEADER ARTIE SHAW**

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Correctly Styled Clothes

won't make you well-dressed without

Distinctive Accessories

to complete the ensemble

TIES BY BOTANY

SHIRTS BY MANHATTAN AND ARROW

SOCKS BY INTERWOVEN

JEWELRY BY SWANK

Assure you the smartest in accessories

THAMES CLOTHING SHOP

tulip time

of autobiography. Finally, the man in back of us leaned over and gently hinted that he'd appreciate it if she would shut her goddam trap. She did.

The show was a mystery and, at various scary intervals, Tulip would screech and cling tightly to Harry. (He sent her a cake of Lifebuoy the next day.) After the play was over, Harry took Tulip to a local drug-store for a soda and, of course, bumped into one of his favorite girl friends who, upon glancing at Tulip, gave him one of those "when did you start robbing graves" looks.

It was midnight, Harry was tired and had to get up early the next day, and since Tulip lived five miles away, he suggested that they take a bus to her home. "Oh no," blithely chirped Tulip, "I'd much rather walk. I just *adore* walking. But of course, if you don't want to—" They walked.

Tulips way of walking was not exactly snailish, but she managed to cover each block in two hours flat. Somewhere, it seemed, she had convinced herself that she had a talent for imitating band leaders. So every few minutes, she would stand still in the middle of the street and wave her arms about a la Lombardo, Kemp et al. Two motorists stopped their cars and sympathetically inquired if she was suffering an epileptic fit.

Suddenly, Tulip got the heaven-inspired notion that she'd like to sit on the porch of one of the houses they passed. Harry casually remarked that people often had peculiar objections to strangers utilizing their premises at 1 A. M. - especially since Tulip had an unholy gleam in her eye, which may or may not have been caused by undernourishment. Up till now, Harry had been divinely patient, but when Tulip got a yen to go into the police station, he practically drag-

ged her the rest of the way home.

When they got to Tulip's house, she kept pushing her face close to Harry's—she was evidently very near-sighted. Harry forced himself to say that he had enjoyed the evening, mumbled a good-night and ran to catch the bus. The last one had just gone by ten minutes before. Harry walked the eight miles home, his head full of beautiful thoughts of Tulip.

About a week later, Mother said at the dinner table, "You know, I ran into Tulip today. Funny I should have thought her pretty. She's really quite homely."

Harry was silent. After all, she *was* his Mother.



Shoes to Wear for Those Who Care

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FLORSHEIM SHOE
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The Leland
... a distinctive style in Russia calf—
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DURHAM

Professor (stopping youth just outside Swain): What's the idea of taking toast out of the cafeteria?

Student: I wanted to make some charcoal sketches, sir.

Irate Guest (on the phone): "Say, night clerk?"

Clerk: "Well, what's on your mind now?"

I. G.: "Mind, hell; they're all over the bed."

Use Molpalive Shaving Cream—no brush, no lather, no Rubin, no box, no nothin'—just blood.

Pro: What is a skeleton?

Stude: A stack of bones with all the people scraped off.

"Watcha studying?"

"Sociology."

"Hard?"

"N'very."

"How many cuts ya allowed?"

"Nevah calls that roll."

"Outside reading and writing?"

"Nope."

"Called on often?"

"Once a month."

"Thought there was a catch to it."

—Missouri Showme.

tradition

was empty. He asked me if I didn't think that was funny and I said I guessed it was if you liked that sort of thing. He said he knew some more better, so I ordered another beer to keep my hands busy while I listened.

"There used to be a screwball here from up north somewhere that was a scream. He was always in trouble with the school and the cops. Some of us thought he was a genius, but others thought he was just nuts. He lived in a little world all his own—a world of make believe. His name was Daniel Fings and he was a reporter on the Tar Heel. He acted like it was a job as foreign correspondent for the New York Times. It was, to him. He went around here digging up stories out of the police court that had all the interest a murder case could get in any other paper. He loved it, and could get the life history of a scrubwoman in five minutes and borrow a dollar from her on top of it.

"He got drunk one night and attacked a cop with a pistol, or that's the story. Anyway, he was pretty sure to be shipped, and then he did go crazy. He came in here to Harry's for something, and started abusing Harry. Harry was the best friend he had in town and he knew it, but he cursed Harry anyhow. He cursed him for about five minutes, standing right up there at that little break in the counter, with Harry on the other side. Finally Harry got sort of red and told him he wouldn't stand for another word. He went right on. Harry hit him with his left hand and it sounded like a bullet hitting a bunch of soft mud. He knocked him clear up by the front booth and landed on top of him with his hands at Dan's throat. Harry's face was working, and you could tell that he was trying to reason with himself to keep from killing the guy. About that time Dan looked up at Harry and

said in the coolest voice I ever heard "Give up Harry. You can't win.' That crack may have saved his life because Harry sort of laughed and got up off of him.

I laughed pretty hard at this, and his face lit up a bit and he said "See what I mean? If I hadn't been getting drunk in here I wouldn't have seen that."

I had forgotten that I had anything else to do, and I had had another beer while he was talking. I thought this was too good to stop so when he asked me if I wanted a drink I had it in my hand before I knew it. I didn't want to look silly, so I drank the stuff. When I stopped coughing he was already talking again about some fellow named Elk Gee.

"... and Elk was passed out right in the middle of this tiny front room of the cottage. He was in everybody's way, so Lootsie Boois and another fellow decided to take him out and hide him, like that game kids play. They hid him alright, way back in some bushes there, and then went back to the party. They missed him the next day and began to wonder where he was. Then someone told Lootsie that he had hidden him, but then Lootsie couldn't remember where he had done it. They



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DURHAM

didn't find him until late that afternoon, and when they did he just about had pneumonia. They took him over to the infirmary and he had to stay there about two weeks. Scared them to death, but it was funny when it happened. Even Elk thought so."

I thought so too, and proved it by asking for another beer when I quit laughing. He saw I was going to stay, and he was enjoying himself, so he started another one about a Zete from Cornell.

"Nobody could find the poor devil and they were worried about him because he had been drunk for a week or so. Late that night a drum started beating up on the top floor of the Beta house. It kept up for a long time and some of the Betas got pretty mad about it. When they found the right room and opened the door, there was this Zete sitting in a chair in the middle of the room with about three lights on, staring at the closet door. He didn't even look up and all of a sudden started beating the drum again. They dived on him and he fought like a wild man. When they got him quieted and gave him a drink he told them that the little green men were after him. He said he would wait 'till they were pretty

close on him and then beat the drum and line them all up in company formation, open the closet door and march them all in with the drum, then come out and wait in the chair until they had all come out the key hole, then he would do it again."

I thought this was the funniest of all and laughed a good bit. He asked me if I couldn't see what I was missing by being so damn sober, and I said I would have a drink, if that was the way he felt about it. I did. He did. We did. I asked him if they drank at Davidson, where he had gone before Carolina, and he started another story.

"... and this buy had been drunk all night in Charlotte and had just gotten back in time for class. It turned out that there was a true-false test that day. He didn't know what it was all about, so he tried to flip a coin. His nerves were so shot that he dropped it every time, so he stopped. He saw a fellow in front of him flipping a quarter, so he would lean up each time to see what it came. The professor saw him doing it and they shipped him for cheating. Nice place, Davidson."

I was feeling very detached about this time and mentioned it, or I thought I did, but it sounded to me like somebody on the other side of the room had spoken. He smiled and asked me if I couldn't understand what I was missing. I said I could see it now. That's about all I could see.

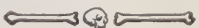


First Roommate: "What did you do with my shirt?"

Second Ditto: "I sent it to the laundry."

First Roomie: "Ye gods! The entire history of England was on the cuffs."

—Wild Hare.



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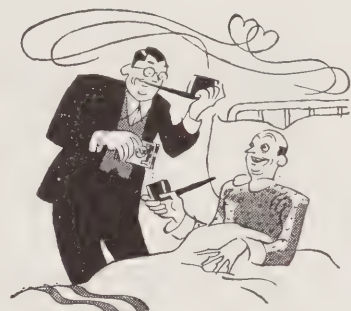
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 mind you own biz.
 I said you is catty, but it 'curs
 to me now,
 Dat all a cat can say is *Meow*.

—Peg.

BIGGER - BETTER



moon over my amy
 terribly. "Maybe even two." Her
 nerves gave way under the
 strain, and she quivered hysteri-
 cally for two and a half minutes.

"And now," I said, lifting her
 up gently, "it is getting late. You
 must get some sleep, and I too.
 We will part, and on this night
 we will dream of our future.
 And then, on the morrow. . ."

"Yes," she murmured, "to-
 morrow." Her parted lips were
 raised again quickly, and for a
 fleeting moment they clung to
 mine. Then she was gone, down
 into the darkness along the river
 bank. She emerged for a brief
 instant into the moonlight, and
 I could see her long hair and the
 folds of her beautiful red dress
 floating behind her in the breeze.
 I stepped forward involuntarily
 and opened my mouth to call out
 to her, to implore her to come
 back and give me one more
 precious moment of her near-
 ness, but the shadows hid her
 again, and I went up to await the
 morrow.

I never saw Amy again, and I
 suppose she's beginning to won-
 der what in the hell I think this
 is.

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tarzan and the hairy goddess

ten years, ten long years since
 he had run away from London
 because Mabel was in love with
 a botanist. Ten long years and
 then Mabel was sitting in his
 own front yard. He looked at
 the man beside her. Yes, that
 was the guy. Tarzan snarled.
 In desperation, he forgot his
 A & P cookies.

"Revenge is sweet", said Tar-
 zan. "This should satisfy my
 sweet tooth." He grabbed a
 passing vine and with his blood
 curdling yell ringing out to the
 high heavens swung down and
 swept Mabel off her feet."⁴

Before anyone knew what was
 happening, he had vanished.
 The whole camp was thrown into
 hysteria. Even Harold made
 the remark, "Uncanny, what?"

In the meantime, Tarzan, with
 Mabel dead to the world and
 slung over his shoulder, reached
 his apartment. He revived her
 by licking her cheek. Mabel
 awoke with a start. "Where am
 I?" she screamed.

Then for the first time she
 saw Tarzan. "Clarence,"⁵ she
 yelled excitedly. Is it really
 you?"

"Ugh!" he grunted.

"Why, you poor darling",
 said Mabel, "you can't talk."

"The Hell I can't", said Tar-
 zan, "but don't call me Clar-
 ence."

⁴ Literally, gave her a rush.

⁵ In England, Tarzan's name was Clar-
 ence Nightingale.

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"Forgive me," she said, "I know how you used to hate it."

"Aw skip it," said Tarzan, "we must get some sleep."

"But Tarzan, what will Harold think. He doesn't know where I am."

"Let him wait. After all, I've waited for ten years, haven't I?" Tarzan reached up and snapped off the light, and it was dark.

The next two weeks passed quickly for Mabel. She could never remember when she had had quite so much fun. They went swimming every morning, swinging on the vine express every afternoon, and every night, took a moonlight elephant ride. Tarzan even taught her his blood curdling yell. "Just like opera, isn't it?" she said.

Mabel enjoyed the careless days and reckless nights. Secretly, she hoped they would last forever. Although she had hoped Tarzan would ask her to remain with him, he hadn't mentioned it. One night she decided to force the issue. They were sitting on the front limb of Tarzan's apartment.

Mabel looked up into Tarzan's circled eyes. "Darling, I was just thinking . . .", but she was stopped by a commotion from below. Tarzan leaped to his feet. A she-ape was climbing the tree. On reaching the landing, she took one look at Tarzan and snarled in the best ape dialect, "Why you dirty double crossing hunk of elephant bait. No sooner do you think I am gone, and you have another woman up here."

"Who is that?" said Mabel, trembling.

"Oh, I meant to tell you, Mabel. This is my wife, Wampi. She has been on a personal appearance tour with Ringling Bros. Circus in America."

Mabel dropped her head.

"What will I do now?" No sooner had she said this than she

heard Harold calling. Her heart took on renewed energy. "Migawd", she yelled, "I'm saved". Harold came to her, and after much hesitation, she explained everything.

A boy rode up on a bicycle. "Telegram for Harold Hawkins collect."

"I'll take it", said Harold, "but where did you come from."

"I've followed you all the way from Cape Town."

Harold tore the telegram open and read. "COME HOME STOP MISSING GERANIUM FOUND BEHIND GRANDPA'S BARN STOP KEEP YOUR FEET DRY STOP"

"Yippee", cried Harold, "we can go home."

After a hasty good-bye, the safari began its long trek back to civilization. Tarzan climbed to the tallest tree to watch them out of sight. As he sat there, he felt a long soft claw touch

his shoulder. He looked around. It was his wife, his own little Wampi.

"Darling", she said, "I brought you something from Macy's."

"What?" said Tarzan half heartedly.

"A brand new Boy Scout knife!"

Tarzan's faced beamed. "With a can opener and everything?" he said gleefully.

"Yes, darling, and a cork screw too."

This was to much for Tarzan. He leaped to his feet, took his hairy little Wampi in his arms, and crushed her to his breast. "Honey," he said, "I've made a terrible monkey of myself."⁶

Wampi gazed up into his eyes and said to herself. "You ain't lying, big boy."

⁶ Don't let this passionate embrace fool you. Tarzan lacked only two merit badges of being an Eagle Scout.



On campus, Henry walked alone,
His breath made all the "lovelies" groan.
But then he took to Cryst-O-Mints,
And now he's treated like a prince.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

sports

GOLF: Few know what's what on the links this year. Neil Herring, it is rumored, is the man to watch, but there is plenty of doubt as to who will swing (the clubs) along with him. *Prospects*—The crystal ball refuses to talk.

LACROSSE: Last because there's little hope of having a much better team than last year, which was walloped around left and right, even by Duke. And worse yet, the Indians (that's us) are looking for bigger and better foes. Still, watch Cap Walt Budden fight 'em. *Prospects*—Fourth in the Dixie league and All-Dixie for Walt Budden.

AND for those who haven't quite caught up with Old Man Time and crew, here are the composite results of the Winter sports:

Track—First in Conference Indoor Games, 52 points. (Maryland second).

Basketball—500 season in circuit play, 8 wins, 8 losses. Eliminated again in first round of conference play, but this time by the champ, Clemson. Fourth in Big Five.

Boxing—Congrats to Billy

Winstead, only conference individual champ out of four in finals. Second place for team (to Maryland by one point) in tournament. Season — Won-2, lost-3, tied-1. Freshmen split four meets.

Wrestling—A swell season, celebrating Coach Chuck Quinlan's 14th anniversary as mentor, winning Big Five titles in varsity and freshman competition. Varsity lost 3; Freshmen undefeated, topping W & L's Baby Generals for first time in 11 years.

Swimming—A poor ending to the initial season with only a seventh in Conference meet. Two

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wins in five dual starts. Few firsts in AAU meets. Frosh won 2, lost 1.

—Jerry Stoff.

"I'm losing my punch," she said, as she left the party in a hurry.

—Caveman

"You you went to Duke, eh?"

"Yeah."

"You played football, eh?"

"Naw."

"Oh, you played in the band, eh?"

"Naw."

"The hell you went to Duke!"

"Tip a Dobbs to Chatham Togs"

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"Made the Word 'Ford' sound like 'Cord' over the telephone."

—Sun Dial

Is that Rudy Vallee or do we need a new needle?

As Mark Anthony said to Cleopatra when he found that she had no bathroom in her palace—"Why Cleo, this is uncanny."

God bless mother and father. Bless my little brother and sisters, and friends. And good-bye, God, I'm going to Carolina.

"Will you please give me a dime, sir? I'm deaf and dumb." "Deaf and dumb?"

"Oh, fudge! I mean I'm blind. It's me twin brudder who is deaf and dumb, and we look so much alike that I get us all mixed up."

—Punch Bowl.

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Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

WINNER:

"Imagine Joe's embarrassment when he pronounced Czechoslovakia backwards and all the girls got up and left the room."

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Because "IT'S TOASTED"

... WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

APR. 1939



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Know Tobacco Best-
It's Luckies 2 to 1**

*Easy on Your Throat-
Because "IT'S TOASTED"*

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Eternal Spring, Rodin.

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— The Editor

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HAS BEEN AREY



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Announcement

toodle-do



All That Glisters

by

MAC HOBSON*

"I got married yesterday. I feel like a new man," he said, clutching the table for support. "I'm going home to my wife now. Don't you wish you were me?" He burst into an eerie cackle of laughter and stumbled off again to the slaughter, sagging at the knees.

It was a year before I saw George again. He seemed pleased to see me.

"Hello, my fran," he said, slapping me on the back and knocking me to my knees. "It seems like twelve months since I saw you last. I can tell by looking at you that you're not married yet. Boy, you don't know what you're missing. I sure do feel sorry for you."

"I do too," I said, picking my false teeth up out of the dirt.

"It's a good thing I ran into you," he continued mercilessly. "We're having company for dinner tonight—someone I want you to meet. I'll have you married in no time. Besides, I want you to meet my wife and see how lucky I am. Boy, has she got everything—wow!"

"I'm sorry, George, old boy," I said, "but I can't, not tonight. I—"

"No excuses, now," he said. "You've got to come. I've got everything arranged for you, and it's time you were getting married. There's no life like it." He sighed ecstatically, and the fresh air staggered him.

"I hate to refuse," I said, "but my grandmother died yesterday, and—"

"Mine did too," he said, "damn it. Will you be there at seven?" He pushed me up against a

brick wall and pressed a finger against my nose.

I realized the hopelessness of my case. "O. K." I said. "Seven it is."

Seven it was. As I entered the yard, a dog ran toward me wagging his tail and smiling mysteriously. He bit a piece of me off my leg to see if I were someone he knew, and ran under the house well amused with himself.

"Cute little fellow," I said, cursing his maternal parentage.

Just then George stuck his head out the door. "Oh, it's you," he said. "It's about time you were getting here. We've already eaten supper."

I smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry," I said, "but I thought you said seven, and—"

"I said six-thirty," said George.

"Oh," I said. "Well, anyway, it doesn't matter. I had breakfast late."

"Come on in," said George, pouting. "The girls are getting tired of waiting for you."

I crawled up the steps, feeling like a heel, and entered the room. There was a rug on the floor, and a lot of furniture and bottles scattered around, and slipping sinuously along toward me was a seductive-looking creature

(Twenty-six)



*Ed note: Mr. Hobson is nuts.

"It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it."



Transportation Difficulty



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DANCE WEEKEND



Arrival of Late Date #2



Monday morning
Gastronomical remorse



Interminable Sunday

EARNST
CRANGE



King Zog's last statement to Il Duce: "Vyisdur zomenimor orzizazzis zanzaris orziz."

—*EL*

Joe and his room mate were taking Joe's girl out rowing on the lake. When they got to the boat the room mate noticed there was only one paddle.

"Isn't it going to be rather awkward with only one oar between us," said the room mate who later wondered why Joe pushed him in the lake and the girl never spoke to him again.

—*Flan*

Said the soph as he received his quiz paper. "I don't know math from a hole in the ground."

—*ERP*

"Snow White had a baby."

"How come?"

"Do you think that all the dwarfs were dopey?"

For hours they rode along the country road in the antiquated buggy. Not a word had been said, and, but for the sound of the horse's hoofs, there was complete silence. Finally:

He—Huh?

She—Uhh, huh?

He—Whoa, horse!

—*Doc. end.*

She told me she was fat but I know she was only kidding.

"What was good enough for grandpa is good enough for me."

Dirty Jokes*

It is told that Abraham Lincoln, journeying in Virginia, chanced to rest his horses at the colonial mansion of one Colonel Bates who insisted upon his stopping in to meet the family.

Ascending the porch, they were met by the matron and her small son.

"This is my wife, Mrs. Bates," said the Colonel.

"How do you do," said Mr. Lincoln.

"And my son, Master Bates," said the Colonel.

"So?" said Mr. Lincoln, and, never ceased to wonder at the frankness of the South.

An elderly lady drove up to a rural filling station and asked the attendant if they had a rest room. The operator, misunderstanding, thought she wanted a whisk broom. "I'm sorry, Madam," he said. "We do not have one. However, if you will back up to the air pump over there I'll do what I can."

—*Rev.*

"Wal, Hiram, did you have a nice time at the city?"

"Reckon so, Elmer. Shucks, its a great place. Y'know, the first night I spent there was with a naked woman."

"I swan, Hiram. What did y'do then?"

"Nothing much, Elmer, but reckon if I'd a played me cards right, I could a kissed her."

Gigilo No. 1—What did you do in college?

Gigilo No. 8—Oh, I studded most all the time.

To revive a suggestion which hasn't been raised in recent years, we allow that the Tar Heel would be more widely read if it were printed in rolls.

A sailor was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years, he awoke one morning and saw a lovely young woman floating toward the beech on a barrel. The barrel washed ashore and the woman approached.

"High ho," said she. "And how long have you been here?"

"Nigh on ten years," said the sailor.

"Gracious," said the woman, "Then I shall give you something you certainly haven't had in a long time."

"Bust my leg!" said the sailor. "Don't tell me you got beer in that barrel!"

We must mention the gigilo in the leper colony who was doing quite well till his business started falling off.

The dear old lady had been traveling abroad for several years. When she arrived back at the old home town she leaped from the train and waived her arms. "It certainly is great to be home again or vice versa," she said.



"Did you see page 11 in the April 25th LOOK?"

*Accent on Youth.**Free Advertising.**Beige.**Brobdingnagian.**Innards.**Eddie R. P.**Agog.**Twerp.**Cat's guts and horse's hair.**Passing.**Tar Heel Technique.**Incognito.**Howyew.**Was fun.**Mangumite.*



V E R S E

I once had a classmate named
Guesser
Whose knowledge got lesser and
lesser.

It at last grew so small
He knew nothing at all—
And now he's a college professor.



He came to the door
And rapped on the wood
Which echoed big noises
He don't understood.
The door of this house
Must be haunted, he thought,
But the house had no door.
The guy was a nut.

—*The Gargoyle.*



A big, black bug of a foreign car,
A Persian rug and a built-in bar,
An eight-room flat and a French
maid, sir,
She does it all on thirty per . . .
And five years ago some teaching
hick
Flunked that gal in arithmetic!



I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by
far;
For a Might have Been has never
been,
But a Has was once an Are.



Little Johnnie with a grin
Drank up all of father's gin
Mama laughed to see him plas-
tered,
Said: "Come to bed, you little
darling."

—*Log.*

Absinthe makes the heart grow
fonder.
Fifty-two cards in a deck.
Peroxide makes the hair grow
blonder.
Your head's above your neck.
If one and one could equal three
And the moon were made of
cheese.
Not only God could make a tree
And giraffes would have no
knees.
Elephants' hides are very thick,
People's skins are thin.
Air mail delivery's very quick.
Remember bathtub gin?
Nothing's sure but death and
taxes.
Stupid are some laws.
Wood is often cut with axes,
And now and then with saws.

There once lived a passionate
fencer,
Who dated a lady from Spencer.
He stabbed the poor goil,
But not with a foil,
And - - sorry, but here comes the
censor.
—*Foo*



"What have you done?" St. Peter
asked,
"That I should admit you
here?"
"I ran a comic," the editor said,
"Of my college for one long
year."
St. Peter pityingly shook his
head
And gravely touched the bell.
"Come in, poor thing, select your
harp,
You've had your share of hell."



"This is the last blind date I'll ever have!"

music

Vincent Lopez was born in the latter nineteenth century on Staten Island. At the tender age of twenty-three his parents left him an orphan. Not knowing exactly what to do with it, he purchased two saxophones and a double B flat bassoon and organized his own band. Few of the original organization remain with him today, his second trumpet alone remaining of the group arising from such humble beginnings.

In 1923 Lopez was playing one nighters at the Flatbush Amusement Park. Early in the spring



BETTY and VINCENT

Vincent Lopez, his orchestra and Miss Betty Hutton, will appear for the Junior-Senior dances on the weekend of May 12-13th. Not bad at all.

of 1932 he left the Park for a tour along the eastern seaboard and it was at the Steel Pier that he discovered the RKO-Victor scout which plummeted him to the fame crowning the name Lopez today. Backed by Victor, he made record after record. Some were good; some were bad. It was his rendition of "Yes We Have No Bananas", however, that gave him the coveted opening at the Metropolitan. There he played Brahms and the crowds

went mad. The critics called it a draw.

Recently Lopez left a long stand with the eastern seaboard and signed with the venerable Bluepigeon Cafe in lower downtown Chicago. Here he has met with his usual success and will probably remain at this delightful summer spot for the duration of the season.

The band is composed of the fabled Betty Hutton, that scintillating, salivating sister of the

swing and sway, and more stars than you can shake a 100 inch telescope at. On the brass are Josef Sulvosich for the high register and the inimitable Lanny Fraplevuch, who needs no introduction. The trombones are adequately held out by Jack Pealarden and his brother Joe. On the bass is Sammy Mpfhgisky who also doubles on the electric zither, producing those out-of-the-world effects for which he is famous.

Vincent Lopez, on our respective scout honors, has really a top knotch band. There is but a single flaw in his powerful organization and that the ingenious absence of a publicity man who might forward some information about him. With a propinquent deadline, we just couldn't wait no more and did this here now stuff as a plug of our own. We might well all turn out as your papas have already paid for it in the class fees. You've heard him on the radio. He's ok.

Lopez and Miss Hutton will entertain the Juniors and the Seniors for a set of four dances; two afternoon tea dances and respective evening formals. Its our night so lets all howl.

—J. P.



"What's the matter, Henry? Cat got your tongue?"



HARRY STERN



Then We'll Pass and Be Forgotten
with the Rest

(Chorus)

We're poor little lambs
Who have lost our way;
Baa, baa, baa.
We're little black sheep
Who have gone astray;
Baa, baa, baa.

—*Song of the Whiffenpoof*









Post Impressions of a Journalism Major



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THE SECRET of Chesterfield's milder better taste...*the reason why they give you more smoking pleasure . . .* is the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos rolled in pure cigarette paper . . . the blend that can't be copied.



Chesterfield
THEY SATISFY



HELL WEEK

LAST CALL FOR CLASS RINGS

See or Call

Bill Robertson

112 Mangum Phone 5026

THE LITTLE DEAR

"Angel face, say hello to your aunt."

"I hate choo! I hate choo! I hate choo!"

"Babydumpling, that's not nice. Say hello to auntie."

"I hate choo! I hate choo! I hate choo!"

"Please, snookums, for mamma's sake say hello."

"I hate choo! I hate choo! I hate choo!"

"Listen, plug ugly, say hello to your aunt before mamma knocks whatever teeth you've got down your little throat!"

"Why hello, auntie dear, when did you arrive?"

—Red Cat



A couple were sitting on the lawn admiring the scenic beauties.

"Some moon out tonight," said he.

"Some stars," said she.

"Some dew on the grass," said he.

"Not me," said she—and left.

LATEST RECORDS

Goodman	Shaw
Webb	Clinton
Dorsey	Basie

CHARLIE SINCLAIR
Ledbetter-Pickard

"Lo Al, playing solitaire?"
"Uh huh."
"Winning?"
"Naw."
"... Six on seven, Al."
"Oh."
"... Three up, Al."
"Ummm..."
"... You can't put a red queen on a black seven, Al."
"Must you always take the chinaman's side?"
"But you can't do that."
"That's the way I play and if—"
"I won't say anything... ah... er."
"Stop nudging me!"
"Ackjay on eenquay."
"Look! I don't wanta put the ackjay on the eenquay, *see*?"
"You have to."
"Oh do I?"
"Al! What ar—... Put down that andiron, Al! Al!..."
—Pelican.



"Hello there, my young fellow."

"Hiss."

"Beg pardon?"

"Hiss."

"Well, such an impertinent little man."

"Hiss."

"Deserves a good lickin'."

"Hiss."

"Got a notion to give you one. I'm coming in."

(Newspaper story: "Inebriated man crushed by boa constrictor at zoo.")



It takes all kinds of people to make a blonde.

Dunbar and Daniel Studios

FINE PORTRAITS

134 Fayetteville St.
RALEIGH

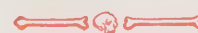
110 Corcoran St.
DURHAM

Going fishin'?

Yeh.

Got worms?

Yeh, but I'm going anyway.



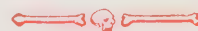
They call her opportunity because she necks but once.

—The Gargoyle.



Father: Well, son, what are you doing up in that tree?"

Son: Just got a letter from the Sophomore in Correspondence School telling me to haze myself.



Upon seeing a little girl lead a cow along a country road, the parish minister stopped her and asked: "Little girl, where are you taking the cow?" ... "To the bull," replied the young lassie. ... "Can't your father do it?" questioned the clergyman, somewhat taken back. ... "Nope," answered the girl, "only the bull."

—Tiger

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Conn and Selmer Instruments
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**Fuller Music
Company**

106 N. Mangum

Just Off Main on Mangum

A girl that's sixteen and never
been kissed,
Should go buy a bottle, and put
up preserves.

"I never felt like this about a
girl before."

"Not bad for a beginner!"

What's that on your lip, honey?
That's not honey, my nose is
running.

"I'm having a new evening
frock made, but my heart isn't
in it."

"Surely it isn't cut as low as
that!"

Scene: Girl's parlor.

Time: Any old night.

Action: Feminine Voice
—M o m! M o m!! Mmmm!!!
Mmmmm. Mmmmmmm. Never
mind, Mother.

—Punch Bowl

Webster says that taut means
tight. I guess I got taut a lot in
school after all.

She—I'm perfect.

He—I'm practice.

—Rebel.

"Hello, is this the lunatic
asylum?"

"Yes."

"Is Napoleon there?"

"Whom do you wish, Louis
Napoleon or Napoleon Bona-
part?"

"Either will do."

"I'm sorry but they're both
out just now. Whom shall I say
called?"

"Just tell them that Julius
Caesar has climbed down the rain

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Sizzling Steaks**

Private Dining Halls

We Never Close

Air Conditioned . . .

**The Palms
Restaurant**

2 Doors West of Center Theatre

N. O. Reeves, Proprietor

305 E. Chapel Hill St.

Durham, N. C.

spout and would like for them to
join him at the Ritz at dinner
this evening."

"Where are you now?"

"I'm in a phone booth at the
Ritz."

"Julius, you stay just where
you are and we'll come and take
you for a ride."

"Et tu Brute."

I have recently completed my
survey of sexual life among the
Indians. I seriously considered
calling it *The Lust of the Mohi-
cians* but you know how that sort
of thing is.

Judge—What are your
grounds for divorce?

Her—Insanity, Your Honor.

Judge—So, Madam?

Her—Yes. I tried putting
crackers in his bed so he would
leave me but he kept saying
somebody stole his soup.

Two shots rang out. Pete pitch-
ed forward and lay motionless
in his own blood and the dust of
the streets of Gulchvuch. He had
been fairly and squarely beaten
to the draw by Bloody Mike.

Mike cursed, zx&/ (1/8zw, and
kicked the still body. He rolled
the dead outlaw over, and Pete's
wide open eyes stared at him un-
seeing.

And so my little friends of the
radio audience, that will also
happen to you little kiddies if you
don't eat your Whiffles for break-
fast. Eat it every morning and
you will be quick on the draw like
Bloody Mike.

She: "Are you going to try and
kiss me with that stubble on
your face?"

He: "Yeah. I intend to scrape
up an acquaintance."

25% Off on Your Old Tires!

You need new tires for
spring and summer trips—
Let us equip your car with
Yale tires, guaranteed for
12 months by the makers
of the General tire.

**Purol Service
Station**

**BEN STROWD, Mgr.
Chapel Hill**



The gorilla woke up one morning and beat on his chest. Am I strong, thought he; none is so mighty as I. He strutted off through the jungle, pulling up trees as he went. Soon he came to an elephant. He marched up and shouted at the elephant.

"Why aren't you as strong as I am!" he shouted. And the elephant rolled his eyes and fled. The gorilla laughed and beat on his chest and walked on. Soon he chanced upon a lion. He grabbed the lion by the tail and yelled at him.

"Why aren't you as strong as I am!" he cried. The lion screamed and struggled away; most frightened. The gorilla strolled on and after a time saw a little monkey in a coconut tree. The monkey was calmly tapping at a coconut. The gorilla screeched quite horribly and beat his fists on the ground. The monkey continued his tapping. The gorilla made an awful face and shook the tree.

"Why aren't you as strong as I am!" he bellowed. The monkey kept tapping the coconut.

"Hey," shrieked the gorilla. "Why aren't you as strong as I am!" The monkey tapped the coconut again, looked down and smiled demurely.

"I been sick," he said.

—Stel

Did you hear the story of what the Southern eskimo said to the northern eskimo?

North. Esk.: Glub, Glub, Glub.

So. Esk.: Glub, Glub, Glub, you all.

A college student is one who enters his alma mater as a Freshman dressed in green, and emerges as a Senior in black. The immediate process of decay is known as a college education.

—Punch Bowl.

"What color bathing suit was she wearing?"

"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."

—Aggievator.

"And if I refuse you, Cecil, will you commit suicide?"

"Well, that has been my usual custom."

—Atlanta Constitution

Pawdon me, Mrs. Astor, but that never would have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and the spittoon.

Keep your shape in shape: Remember, no one likes to follow the straight and narrow.

They laughed when I invented dynamite, but they exploded when it went off.

If you love me,
Like I love you,
Then SHAME on us.

She was only the butler's daughter but she enjoyed being maid.

—B.S.

A gal hung around
A fellow named Brown,

So he thought, "Gee for me, she must 'go'."

Until one sorry day,
When to him she did say,

"Please lend me
Your Varsity-Town for
my real beau."

"Tomorrow's Styles—Today"
For men who care.

\$25 to \$35

Pritchard-Bright & Co.

Washington Duke Hotel Bldg.

DURHAM

crepe

The jury has just brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and the judge has sentenced me to death, but I'm not sorry. If I had to do it over, I would have shot Elmer Gunk, President of the "Never Forget Memory School."

I always did have a poor memory, so when I received one of Elmer Gunk's circulars, I decided to take his memory course. Memory was nothing but a matter of association, Gunk pointed out, and after bleeding me for three hundred dollars, I was graduated and sent out in the world to prove the theory.

It wasn't long before I had a chance to prove the worth of the course. My girl asked me if I would bring her two packages of green crepe paper which she wanted to decorate her house with for a party. At first I became afraid with the thought that I'd never remember, but Elmer Gunk's association theory for remembering immediately came to the foreground. "Two packages of green crepe paper," I said to myself. Crepe is what they put on the door of a house in which lies a dead man. Green is the color of grass. Therefore, all I have to think of is the dead men buried in the grass, and I couldn't forget the two packages of green crepe paper. All evening, I kept repeating to myself, "Two dead men buried in the grass."

The next day as I started out for my girl's house, I remembered that she wanted something. The first thing that came to my head was "two packages of green crepe paper." After an hour of deep concentration, I figured out what that meant, "Two dead men buried in the grass," and although I couldn't imagine what my girl would want with the two dead bodies, I proceeded to the cemetery.

It is sufficient to say that the police caught me as I was digging up the second body. As I didn't

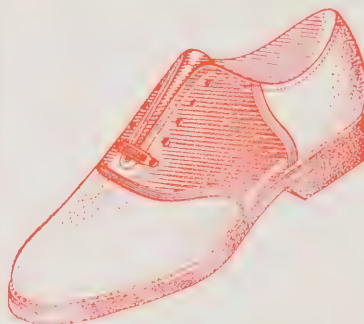


want to involve my girl, I refused to talk.

I was released from the sanitarium in two years, and on my way home I purchased a gun with which I shot Elmer Gunk.

I'm sorry that I'm going to die, for my girl has married another, but for the life of me, I still can't figure out what she wanted with "Two dead bodies buried in the grass."

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



CROSBY SQUARE SHOES

\$5.50 Up

Miller-Bishop Co.
Durham, N. C.

Frenchman: "Ah, you climb the Matterhorn! That is a foot to be proud of."

Englishman: Pardon me, sir; you mean 'feat.' "

Frenchman: "So you climb it more than once, eh?"

—*Toronto Globe.*

"Nice girl you had for the dances."

"Yes, she was."



jehu

There was a dense fog and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

As he leaned over the side of the bridge, trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked.

"What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared. "Don't you know the rules of the road?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv-nor," said a quiet voice. "This 'ere's a light house."

A Hard-driving taxi driver ignored a red signal, threatened a policeman's knees, missed the safety zone by a hair, grazed a bus, and snapped a pedestrian's suspenders, all in one mad dash.

The policeman hailed him and strolled over to the parked cab, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket.

"Listen, cowboy," he growled, "on your way back I'll drop this and let's see if you can pick it up with your teeth."

—*Pacific Coaster.*

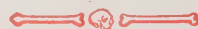


A little boy was standing on a corner, making the street ring with great sobs and exclamations of distress. About him there soon gathered a large crowd of would-be sympathizers.

"What's the matter, my little man?" asked one of the crowd. "Are you lost?"

The boy ceased his wailing. "I am," he answered. "Won't you all take me to Ace Clothing Shop at 234 Rosen St., which has just started a marvelous sacrifice sale of gents' suits and clothing at 50 per cent below cost?"

—*Chaparral.*



Have you heard the one about the locomotive engineer who admired a show girl? He liked her legs and always whistled at the crossings. You have heard it?

Wouve Ooo

"'Love' is just a creation of the devil, a machination of evil, a synonym for sorrow, and evidence of woman's inventiveness in putting a name to her peculiar kind of hypocrisy. As a word it is verbose, unnecessary, abstract, and wasteful. An acute sign of mental aberration is to speak of, to recognize, or to admit its possible identity. Why, if we were to name a sort of dizziness or headache by some stupid monosyllable that sounds midway between a groan and a sigh as being a sickening physical condition with possible pleasant symptomatology, we'd all be slapped into Alcatraz—or some place!"

"I agree with you, friend. All experiments ever conducted, as well as the experience that *I've* had, indicate that the 'heart-pounding,' 'breath-catching' feeling that is supposed to overwhelm one in the sight or presence of the 'lady-love' usually can

be traced directly to the powerful odor of her perfume, the powder she chalks up her face with, or the other paints she puts on various strategic parts of her exterior to prevent weathering. You see, this stuff, like adrenalin—or a carload of garbage for that matter—is physiologically exciting. Love is, therefore, nothing more than a chemical illusion."

"Sure. My brother once thought he was in love with a little silk horse. Everytime he saw

her, he would wheeze and spume . . . his breath came short, he felt choked up, and tears flowed into his eyes. She used to meet him at a certain drug-store that used to put out window displays with rag-weed and goldenrod in order to advertise a hay-fever remedy. (They cleaned up, incidentally.) But my brother caught on soon enough, and stopped seeing her . . ."

"My boy, the duplicity of woman is an established fact. They can't be trusted with wet matches in a flooded asbestos mine. People joke about 'woman's instinct,' and 'womanly wit,' and 'the female of the species,' but intelligent observers realize that these are merely smoke screens behind which they plot and spy, and scheme to wield their pernicious influence."

(Silence of several moments duration)

"Your girl and you . . . quits, huh?"



FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Joke of the month:

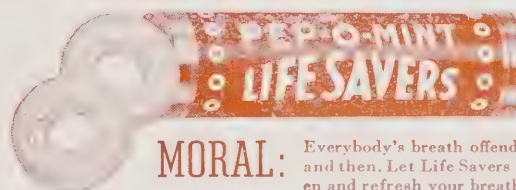
"Did you buy all those Life Savers or are you editor of the humor magazine?"

Won by:

CARL PUGH
415 Mangum Dormitory
Chapel Hill, N. C.



In the Spring, no young man's fancy
Lightly turned to thoughts of Nancy.
But now they pester her to death,
Since Pep-O-Mints improved her breath.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

vogue

coed

Looks like the Playmakers are exerting what you might call a real influence these days — the fashion world is definitely folk-conscious now. First it was the dirndl and basque silhouette which has been ye olde standby of "folks" for centuries. Now the fantastic, haphazard costume of the gypsies makes its debut. Chanel started it all with an evening dress containing over 35 yards and costing over 300 bucks. (You can figure out the cost of being folksy in fashionable circles.) Stripes and plaids in taffeta, organza and faille are used for the enormous bias-cut skirts but the blouses are prim pristine little tucked shirt-waists. Sort of a dual personality idea.

Everybody predicted this would be a coat season and they had plenty of reason for their forebodings—stripes, checks and plaids abound, and of course the perennial tweeds are way out in front for topcoat honors. The



Bermuda pastel plaids and the herringbone tweeds make the most flattering models. Green and dusty pink, wine, olive and beige are the favorite combinations. There are no "stark" colors this spring—everything has been shaded and softened till any color can be innocently used with another. The only catch in this paradisiacal state is that you have to find accessories to match. Suede has been revived to fill the gap since suede can be dyed any color in the spectrum or the designer's mind. Cyclamen, citron, chartreuse, mauve, lilac and all the standard pastels and black can be found in handbags, hats

male

We have been advised to read Esquire more so we spent considerable time running through the latest issue but were unable to find any tips on what would be campus style for May Frolics, Junior-Seniors and the other dances which make spring at Carolina so pleasant. Hence we are under the necessity of giving our own impressions and those we've gathered from style-conscious fellows as to what will be the prevailing trends in summer formal wear.

That being a tacit recognition of the fact that however smooth the tailcoat may look, or what feeling of conscious style it may bring, the summer formal has definitely arrived as the thing to wear to warm weather dances.

Probably the most popular, and we believe the best looking for all occasions, in the summer weight dinner jacket is the white model which really looks cool and is. White jackets also give one the assurance of correctness so necessary to being at ease in evening clothes.

Besides white coats several others will make their appearance in various shades of tan and gray. While both colors may be used advantageously in light shades (nothing is nicer than the light, almost cream, tan coat) extreme care must be taken in the selection of the color and one shouldn't wear a colored jacket too often. White is a much less monotonous choice than a color if like most of us, you can afford only one summer jacket.

Though one can wear regular black or midnight blue dress pants with these coats and be well dressed it will be cooler to wear black or midnight blue pants of the same material as the



Style Trends on the Campus



Summer Formal

For spring and summer evenings the cool, correct dinner jacket is the summer formal in white, tan, gray and maroon.

See the smartest in dinner jackets at

THAMES CLOTHING SHOP

coed

and shoes. They are fairly inexpensive, too.

The feminine yen for mannish belts is still being catered to in the new spring models. They make milady's waist look like the proverbial wisp (or is it wasp?) and also allow for hauling in yardage on that troublesome slip.

The striped flannel, two-piece dresses in robin's-egg blue, shrimp or dusty pink are especially lovely. Many rayon dresses are being tailored in the same style and are just as flattering and much more inexpensive than the wools. They can be worn on campus with saddle shoes or for the street with spectator pumps. A particularly stunning model is in citron with pleated skirt and wine belt. A pastel wool with cowhide belt uses stripes alternating in beige, mauve and lime running horizontally. The skirt is pleated all around and there

are bound pockets on the blouse.

Gabardine and broadcloth make the smoothest tailored suits. In a navy blue or black dressmaker suit with a frilly white blouse it's easy to look like you're kin to a stockholder in Saks Fifth. Try using patent pumps with open toes and heels, patent bag and tiny pillbox with dizzy flowers and you'll amaze even yourself.

Also remember: fingernail polish, lipstick and perfume change with the seasons — and are obtainable almost anywhere. Have a good time, children . . .

—Mary Louise Green



male

coat, which is a light worsted or some other smooth summer material.

In the summer formal the double breasted jacket is a favorite probably because it necessitates no cummerbund and is just a little cooler. However,

single breasted coats look especially informal and a white coat with a maroon cummerbund is a very neat ensemble.

Though all sorts of collars with a great many different tie models always turn up at dances because roommate doesn't have the latest, the turn-down collar with fairly long points should be worn with summer formal clothes. And the tie which can be maroon or black need not necessarily be matched by the boutonniere which comes in several gay colors. Some stylists have been showing both boutonniere and handkerchief to match but it seems to us that the boutonniere or handkerchief alone is better.

—Ernest King





People who live in steel houses shouldn't throw acetylene torches.



Mentionable is the same professor who put the cat in a glass of water and kicked his teeth out. I remember it distinctly as it was the day I got hit in the ball by a golf eye.



"Do you know the secret of popularity?"

"Yes, but Moma said I musn't."



Novel slant is the absent-minded coed who crossed her eyes and twinkled her legs at the professor.

"Where do you think you're going," said the dog as another fled past him, "to a fire hydrant?"



"I'm awfully sorry I got sick in your tuxedo, old man, but your girl just insisted on taking another drink the last time we were out in your car."



When better jokes are written the *Buccaneer* will continue to ignore them and print the same damn stuff we always have.



He: "May I kiss you?—May I please kiss you?—Say, are you deaf?"

She: "No. Are you paralyzed?"



I once met a man who owned a baby tiger that he said would eat off your hand—and he did.

disk *



Blind Boy Fuller

No. 03123—Big Bed Blues

No. 03254—If You Don't Give Me What I Want

No. 04137—I'm A Good Stem Winder

No. 03302—Let Me Squeeze Your Lemon

No. 03071—Mama, Let Me Lay It On You

No. 04175—You've Got To Move It Out

Memphis Minnie

No. 03651—Hot Stuff

No. 03285—If You See My Rooster

No. 03612—Down In The Alley

No. 03175—Take Your Finger Off It

Lil Johnson

No. 03199—Press My Button

No. 03562—Mellow Stuff

No. 03241—Sam—The Hot Dog Man

Big Bill

No. 04095—I'll Start Cuttin' On You

No. 03400—Play Your Hand

The Yas Yas Girl

No. 04331—You Can't Shoot Your Pistol

No. 03858—Jackass For Sale

Whistlin' Rufus

No. 03771—Sweet Jelly Rollin'

Barrel House Annie

No. 03542—Ain't Gonna Give It Away

Buddy Woods and his Wampus Cats

No. 03906—Don't Sell It

—Bill Weil

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Covers, Shoes, Pants

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The Book Exchange

Over-night Service



Ed. Note—You've heard of 'em. This is a selective compilation. All are by *Vocalion*.



THEN there's the girl who was so dumb she thought necrology was the history of petting.

ETERNAL MALE

I wanted you more than anything else.

You filled all my thoughts, all my dreams.

But you were just bored and indifferently said,

"Sorry, I've got other schemes."

But that didn't stop me, my desire increased.

I pursued you both night and day.

Then, suddenly, you sighed, "Come take me, I'm yours."

And I looked, and I laughed,—and I walked away.

—X. X. X.

The trouble with champagne is that it makes you see double but feel single.

Almost any day now we expect the service boy at the filling station to lean in and pick our teeth.

We deeply regret being unable to run several photos which we had originally planned. Particularly George Riddle, Joe Zayton. One by bad exposure; the other an oversight. Sorry.



Also noticeable in passing is the coed who broke her will and gave it all to charity.

And there were the three Jews who worked all night on a jig-saw puzzle and then found out it was Hitler.

Two men were to take part in a boxing match, and surreptitiously each backed himself heavily to lose the fight. During the progress of the bout one accidentally hit his opponent a light tap on the face, whereupon the recipient of the blow lay down and the referee proceeded to count him out. The other was in a quandry but just with the call of "nine" a magnificent idea came to him. He rushed over to the prostrate man and kicked him and was instantly disqualified.

A celebrated white preacher had been engaged to address the congregation of a little Negro church and was being introduced by the colored pastor.

"Sistern and breddern," he began, "it affords me the extremest pleasuh to introduce de speaker of de evenin'. I wants to explain dat while his skin ain't de same color as de odders heah, I assures you his heart is as black as any of yourn."

—*Argentine Magazine*

"And what is the child's name?" asked the minister.

"Shirley," replied the mother.

"Shirley?"

"Yes, sir, after the famous Shirley Temple."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the minister. "Let me see, who's the preacher there just now?"

—*Pearson's (London).*

"I bet if I kissed you, you'd yell for help."

"Not unless you needed it."

ONLY the brave desert the fair.

"PHEW"...AND FAR BETWEEN!



"MY SISTER IS NUTS about this guy. But that stinko pipe of his doesn't help any. Think I'll swipe it... clean it... and refill it with some of Dad's Sir Walter Raleigh."



JUNIOR GOT HIS REWARD, and Romeo got his dame! And they pledged their love with a ring—a ring of Sir Walter Raleigh smoke—that mild, fragrant burley blend.

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.



Fond Mother: "Now that Harold is through college, are you going to take him into the business?"

Doubtful Father: "I dunno. Can't you use him for a bridge prize?"



Pop: Son, what do you mean by playing hookey? What makes you stay away from school?"

Son: Class hatred, Pop.

BIGGER-BETTER

Revives you when you need refreshing. Good for you.

5¢

WORTH A DIME

glisters

wearing a dress which consisted of a skirt and a brassiere hanging together, both transparent. My head swam. "Damn," I said. "Floor show."

"This is my wife," said George. "Wow!"

"You said it," I said, taking her hand. "How do you do?"

"Ask George," she said. "Wow, yourself."

I tried to take my hand back, but she stuck it in her breast pocket and walked off with it. "Oh, it's you," she said, looking back and wriggling. "Come on over here, then. I want you to meet my sister."

I saw *her*, then, for the first time. She was a wee little thing, seated inconspicuously by the fire, almost hidden by the great chair in which she was sitting. As we drew near she sank still lower, and wrapped the book she was reading around her head.

"Her name is Jezebella," said Wow, "but we call her Shyster because she's so shy. Get up, Shyster, and meet the nice gentleman."

"Yes," said George. "We've told her all about your looking for a wife and everything, and I

don't think you'll have much trouble with her."

Shyster slid down on the floor and crawled behind the chair. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled after her. "Boo," I said, sticking my head around the corner. She uttered a little scream and crawled around on the other side. I pursued her, but she speeded up and eluded me easily, taking the corners at amazing speed. We did this for an hour or so, and finally deciding that I was no match for her I dropped from exhaustion. Shyster had no intention of stopping the nice game, however, for she crawled over me at top speed.

As I was regaining consciousness I heard whispered voices. "We'll go out and leave the two lovebirds alone," George was saying. "We can look through the keyhole."

I looked around the room for Shyster and finally saw her peeping out from behind the radio. "Come here," I said. "I won't hurt you, damn you."

She emerged timidly, and I got my first full view of her face. She was really lovely, in a Presbyterian sort of way, and she wore a dress which fitted closely up around her throat, with a combination lock at the collar.

"I've decided to marry you," she said.

"That's fine," I said, "but who the hell asked you?"

"You must be crazy," she said. "I've got everything: beauty, sex appeal, vivacity, nymphomania, and a lot more junk on the same general theme."

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3 WATCHMAKERS

She sat down in a chair, and I sat down opposite her.

"I don't even know anything about you," I said. "Are you a virgin?"

"Sure," she said. "Sometimes."

I was working my mind rapidly for some excuse to leave, when suddenly Shyster crossed her knees. For one brief moment my eyes caught the flash of a wisp of silk, and my heart fluttered uncertainly. The room swam dizzily as the blood rushed to my head, and as from a great distance I could hear Shyster speaking. I struggled with my senses, and had almost succeeded in stilling the great emotion which flooded me, when the silk glinted again. There was no use this time. I grasped the arm of the chair and held tight, while my temples pounded. A moment before, Shyster had been the most undesirable creature on earth, but that flimsy bit of silk had changed everything. There was something about it, so vital, so alive, so hypnotic, that crushed every ounce of resistance in my body. My will power gave way entirely, and I knew that I was engulfed forever by Shyster.

I leaped from my chair and rushed to her. "How soon will you marry me?" I gasped. "Quick! Tomorrow . . . now . . . this minute! Speak, girl! I can't live without you another moment."

And so we were married, Shyster and I, that very night. I thought I would go mad before we could reach home, for that bit of silk that had changed my life

so completely had been like a narcotic to my brain, and I knew that I must look on it again soon or lose my reason. I trembled excitedly as I carried Shyster across the threshold and on into our bedroom. I put her down and closed the door, and paused with my hand on the knob, almost powerless to turn. Now was the great moment. With the blood rushing like a torrent through my veins, I clamped my jaw and whirled. The silk flashed again, and I swayed forward; then I was amazed to see it drop from its perch and lie still on the floor, staring up at me with sad eyes.

It was a silkworm.



Frosh: "How about a date to-night?"

Senior Coed: "I can't go out with a baby."

Frosh: "Er, pardon me, I didn't know."

—Urchin.



Student—Is this ice cream pure?

Waiter—Pure as the girl of your dreams.

Student—Give me a pack of cigarettes.



"What's the matter; were you in a wreck?"

"No, my best girl told me that she had a tender spot in her heart for me, and I tried to find it."

—Mis-A-Sip

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DURHAM, N. C.

A Jew and a Gentile sat beside each other during the graduation exercises.

"What do you want most out of life," said the Jew.

"Success in the business," said the other.

"Hell," said the Jew. "Is that all you want?"

"Well, what you want me to be," said the Gentile, "Jesus Christ?"

"Vy not," said the Jew. "One of our boys made it."

—ERP

Teacher: "Conjugate the verb 'to swim'."

Pupil: "Swim, swam, swum."

Teacher: "Now conjugate the verb 'to dim'."

Pupil: "Dim — say are you trying to kid me?"

A woman is a person who can hurry through a drug store aisle 18 inches wide without brushing against the piled up tin ware, then drive home and still knock off a door of a 12-foot garage.

"What color bathing suit did Beatrice have on?"

"I couldn't see, she was reading a book."

Recently a famous biologist, having unsuccessfully tried to teach a monkey to play ball, decided as a last resort to leave the little creature alone in a room with a bat, ball, and glove.

He closed the door and waited a moment. Then, very silently, he stooped and peered through the keyhole into the monkey's room.

He found himself staring into an intent brown eye.

—Bored Walk

When you hear a man speak of his honesty, give him a trial; when you hear a woman speak of her virtue, make a late date.

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Durham, N. C.

Three Britons, each hard of hearing, were conversing.

First Limey—Is this Wembley?

Second Pelter—No, it's Thursday.

Third Limey—So am I. Let's have a Scotch and soda.

Preacher: "Young man, don't you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?"

Inebriate: "Oh, thash all right; it won't show with my coat on."

Temperance Lecturer: . . . and in conclusion, fellow citizens, I will give a practical demonstration of the evils of the Demon Rum. I have two glasses here, one filled with water, the other with whiskey. I will now place an angle worm in the glass of water, see how it lives, squirms, vibrates with the very spark of life. Now I will place the worm in a glass of whiskey. See how it curls up, writhes in agony and then dies. Now, young man, what moral do you get from this story?

That Freshman: If you don't want worms drink whiskey.

"I'll see you," said our hero, as he laid down four aces in a game of strip poker.

"I've stood about enough," said the humorist as they amputated his legs.



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Bottling Co.**

DURHAM, N. C.

Statement

THE BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Condensed from Report to North Carolina Commissioner of Banks March 29, 1939

RESOURCES

Cash in vault and due from banks	\$ 1,911,825.72	
U. S. Government obligations, direct and/or fully guaranteed	665,831.25	
State of North Carolina Bonds	304,271.09	
Municipal Bonds	27,621.63	
Accrued interest on bonds and investments	4,250.39	
Prepaid Insurance	1,113.96	\$ 2,914,914.04
Loans and Discounts		357,510.48
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	64,793.50	
Less Depreciation Reserve	42,800.00	21,993.50
Other Real Estate		7,400.00
		<u>\$ 3,301,818.02</u>

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock, (Common)	\$ 30,000.00	
Capital Stock, (Preferred)	30,000.00	\$ 60,000.00
Surplus	125,000.00	
Undivided Profits	73,800.99	
Reserve for Contingencies	12,000.00	
Reserve for Retirement of Preferred Stock	5,100.00	215,900.99
Reserve for Taxes and Insurance		623.31
Reserve for Interest		3,329.65
Unearned Interest		3,983.12
Reserve sufficient to retire all Premiums on Bonds		25,413.02
Other Liabilities		186.63
Deposits		2,992,381.30
		<u>\$ 3,301,818.02</u>

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"Clinging to a tiny platform 600 feet in the air puts a big strain on my nerves," says Charles A. Nelson, steel inspector of the New York World's Fair. His rule to ease nerve tension: "Pause now and then —

LET UP_ LIGHT UP A CAMEL"

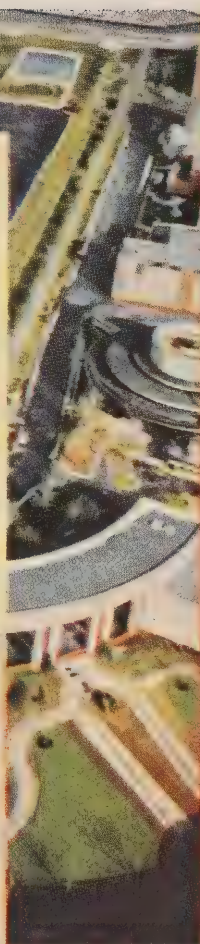


LIKE SO MANY OTHERS at the New York World's Fair, Charley Nelson makes it a rule to break the nervous tension of crowded days by pausing every now and then to let up—light up a Camel. Observe, on your visit to New York's greatest exposition, how smoothly everything goes. Also note how many people you see smoking Camels. There are dozens of sights at the New York World's Fair—but don't spoil the fun by letting your nerves get fagged. Pause now and then—let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette for mildness, rich taste—and *comfort!*



EDDIE CANTOR—Listen in to America's great comic personality in a riot of fun, music, and song. On the air each Monday evening over the Columbia Network. 7:30 p m E. S. T., 9:30 p m C. S. T., 8:30 p m M. S. T., 7:30 p m P. S. T.

BENNY GOODMAN—Hear the one and only King of Swing, and the world's greatest swing band "go to town" in a big way—each Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. 9:30 p m E. S. T., 8:30 p m C. S. T., 7:30 p m M. S. T., 6:30 p m P. S. T.



THE GREAT "SPIKE AND BALL" (above right) is the theme center of the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and the Perisphere—7000 pieces of steel joined by a quarter of a million rivets. It's the trying job of Inspector Nelson to check these two huge shells at every vital point. He says: "I've got to know every inch of that steelwork. It's a nerve-straining job, hanging onto girders hundreds of feet up, but I can't afford to get jittery. I *have* to sidestep nerve tension. It's my rule to ease off occasionally—to let up—light up a Camel." (Notes on the two structures above: The great ball will appear to be supported by fountains concealing the concrete foundation pillars. At night, the ball will seem to rotate—an illusion to be created by lighting effects. The towering Trylon will be the Fair's broadcasting tower.)



300 FENCING MATCHES and exhibitions are credited to Rosemary Carver, expert with the flashing foil. "Fencing drains the nerves," she says. "But I can't take chances on being tense, jittery in the midst of a fast parry or lunge. Through the day I rest my nerves—I let up—light up a Camel. I find Camels soothing, comforting. And Camels *taste* so good!"



**SMOKERS FIND
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE
SOOTHING TO THE NERVES**

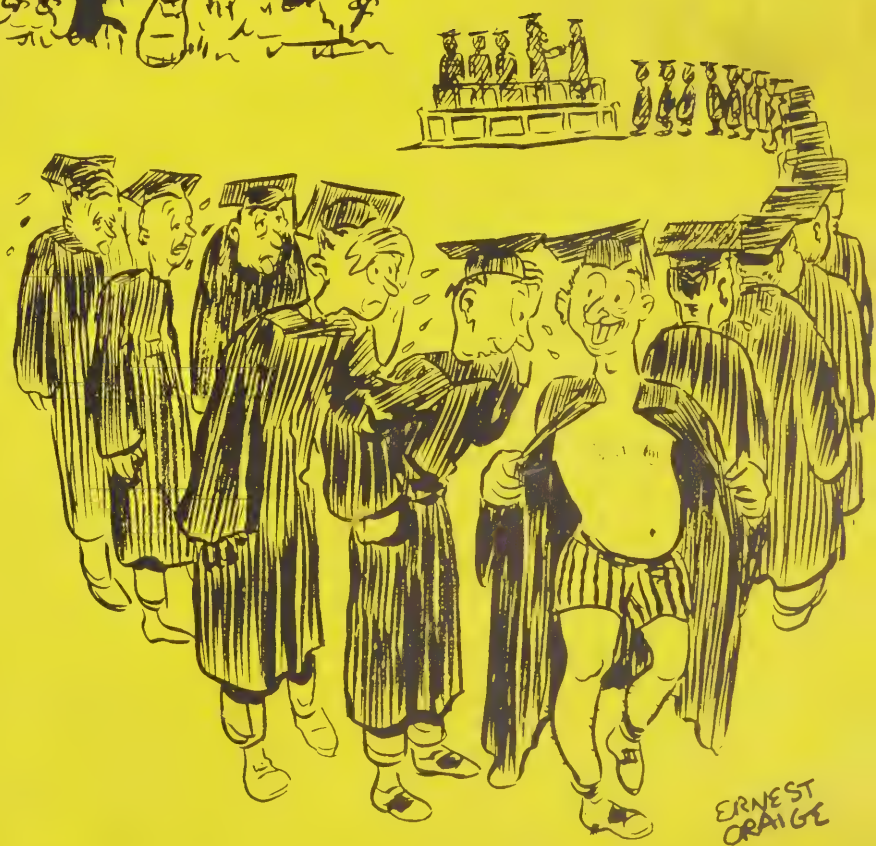
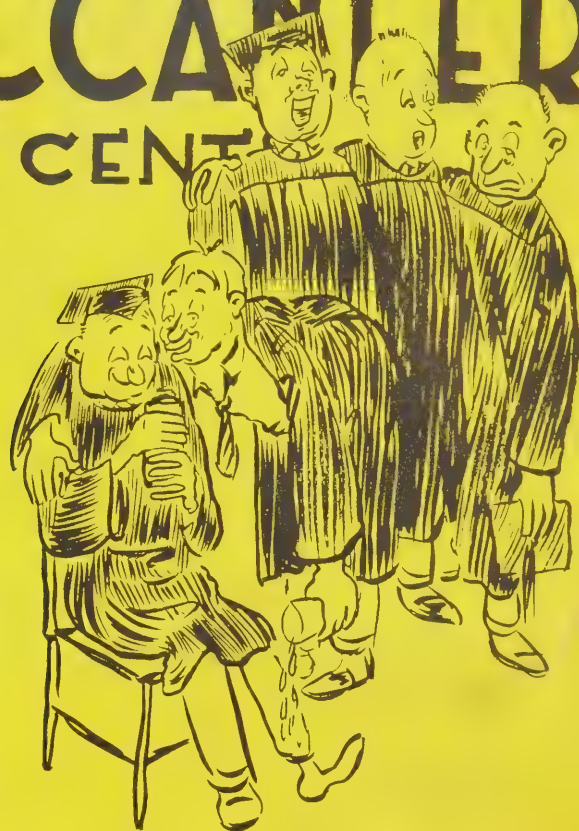
Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

THE

CAROLINA BUCCANNEER

MAY '39

15 CENT



In this issue: CRAIGE • HOBSON • SUTTON

November



Dream Girl



Southern Exposure

December

入本署。昨午。各處。總大。也。則。用。已。方。雨。下。但。雨。好。法。建。入。重。出。此。是。以。後。且。不。之。予。任。何。敢。

"Du Yu Tung Tu?"

October



*The House by the Side
of the Road*



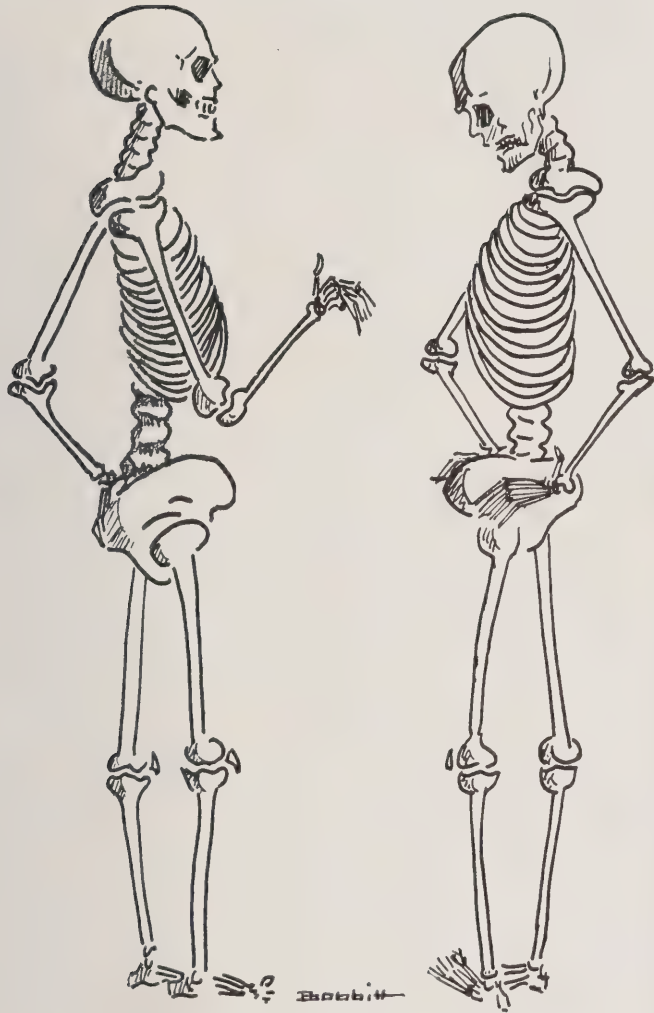
Foo

of '38-'39

March



January



"Things sure are dead around here
since Pugh's gone."

"Well, it's my nickel, ain't it?"

April



Heaven Can Wait

February



South Is Still South



The Old Order Changeth



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Steer on that
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Betty Petty is toting.
It's reserved exclusively
For thorobred
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The cigarette that
Wins its spurs
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To corral the
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Say "O.G." . . .
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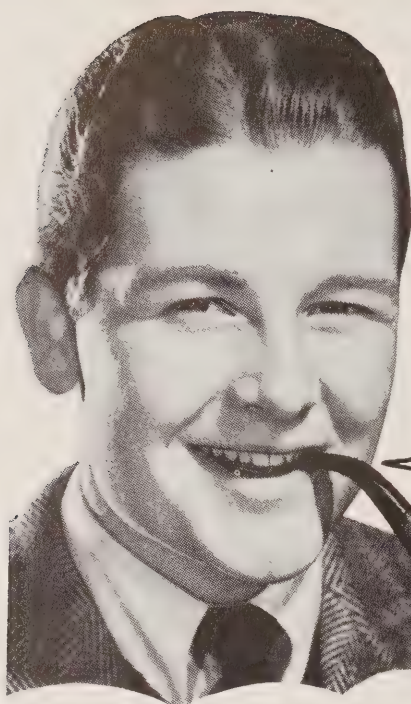


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Send 10¢ and 2 Old Gold wrappers for a
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AND HOW!

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THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



**SO
MILD!**

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

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This Is no Bull

I remember the first time I tried it.
I was only a kid of fifteen.
And even though she was much younger than me,
She was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward,
Uncertain of how to proceed,
But she seemed not to notice the hesitancy
With which I prepared for the deed.

It was out in the barn, I remember
At the close of a bush summer day,
And the evening was scented with clover in bloom,
And the fragrance of freshly mown hay

I remember I spoke to her softly,
As I cuddled her face in my hands,
And I saw in the depths of her wild eyes the look
Of a loved one who understands.

I remember she moved a bit closer,
And the touch of her body was warm,
As my fingers moved awkwardly over her throat,
While she nestled her head on my arm

Looking back on it now, I remember
How I stood while my head seemed to swim
With the thought of the thing I was going to do
Yet reluctant somehow to begin.

And her eyes seemed, I thought, to rebuke me
For waiting; for being afraid,
And even old Nellie, our plowhorse
Looked over her manger and brayed

Long later I stood up, uncertain
Of whether to stay or to run.
A tingle of pride, and yet shaken and awed,
For I knew that at last it was done.

I remember it seemed hours later
How my heart hammered under my blouse
With the joy of a boy that's turned to a man,
As I made my way to the house.

Twenty years have gone by since that evening
But I've never forgotten, I vow.
The thrill of the joy That I felt as a boy
On the day that I first milked a cow.

Mugging in the Mucky Mire

by

MACK HOBSON

A heavy fog crept lazily over the misty Midland moor. It was Percival C. Dingelheifer, the great detective, looking for a place to lay his leery head.

"Zounds," he said, sinking into mud up to his knees. "What ever enticed me to come into this mussy mess to look for the Bull of the Baskerbones? If I ever get out, believe me I'll stay out."

"You'll be out," said a melodic, ringing voice close to his ear, and a brick floated gently out of the mist and bashed in one side of his noggin.

"Damn," said Percy. "Football game," and tried to look displeased. He wiped the brains off the brick and stuck it in his pocket for evidence. "Who did that?" he said brilliantly.

"Keep off the moors, chum," said the mystic voice, "or we'll make some moor out of you."

"I'll have you know," said Percival C., "that I am a law-abiding citizen of the United States, and—"

"Well, I swear," said the voice. "He's from the United States. What do you know about that, Bill? Ain't that rich?"

"Now, ain't dat sumpin?" said Bill. "Who ever hoid of the United States, anyhow. He must be pulling our legs."

"I refuse to stay here and have my feelings hurt any longer," said Percy, plugging up the hole in his head with his fist. "I yam going home." And he staggered off, leaving his shoes and his favorite corn plaster behind him in the mud.

"Yonder goes a good man," said Bill sadly, screeching with laughter.

"May his tribe increase," said the other mystic foo.

"It will," said Bill, "if he runs into who I think he will."

And so it was that Percy,

hours later, and utterly exhausted, collapsed for the twenty-third time. He lay still, and the hungry, clutching quagmire greedily sucked him downward. "Fuhr ei acki sacki," he said, as the slime flowed tenderly into his ears. "My favorite dish—slush."

"You ain't dead yet," said a voice which he remembered only from the non-arid reveries of his slumbers; and a hellishly hip-ped hussy appeared out of the haze. "I'm Molly of the Morass," she said. "And I do mean literally."

"I thought she'd show up," said Bill. "Now we'll see something."

"Damn," said Percy, looking up her dress. "Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I'm always about," she said. "May I be of any resistance?"

"She never has yet," cackled the mystic foo.

"Here, give me your hand, and I'll pull you out," she said.

"She'll pull you in, too, if you ain't careful," said Bill.

"I can't find my hand," said Percy, inhaling a deep breath of fresh scum.

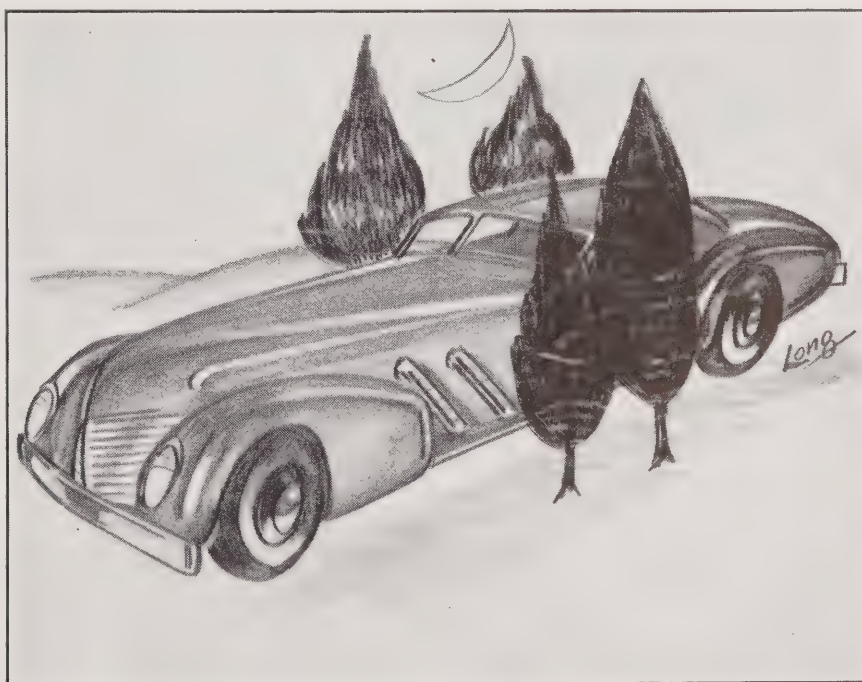
"You are in the mud, and I am in the mood," she said, and taking him by the hair pulled him out by the roots.

He stood before her timorously grateful. "Gee—thanks," he quavered, bashfully pulling a handful of hairs from her armpit. He stared shyly down her bosom, too timid to look into her eyes.

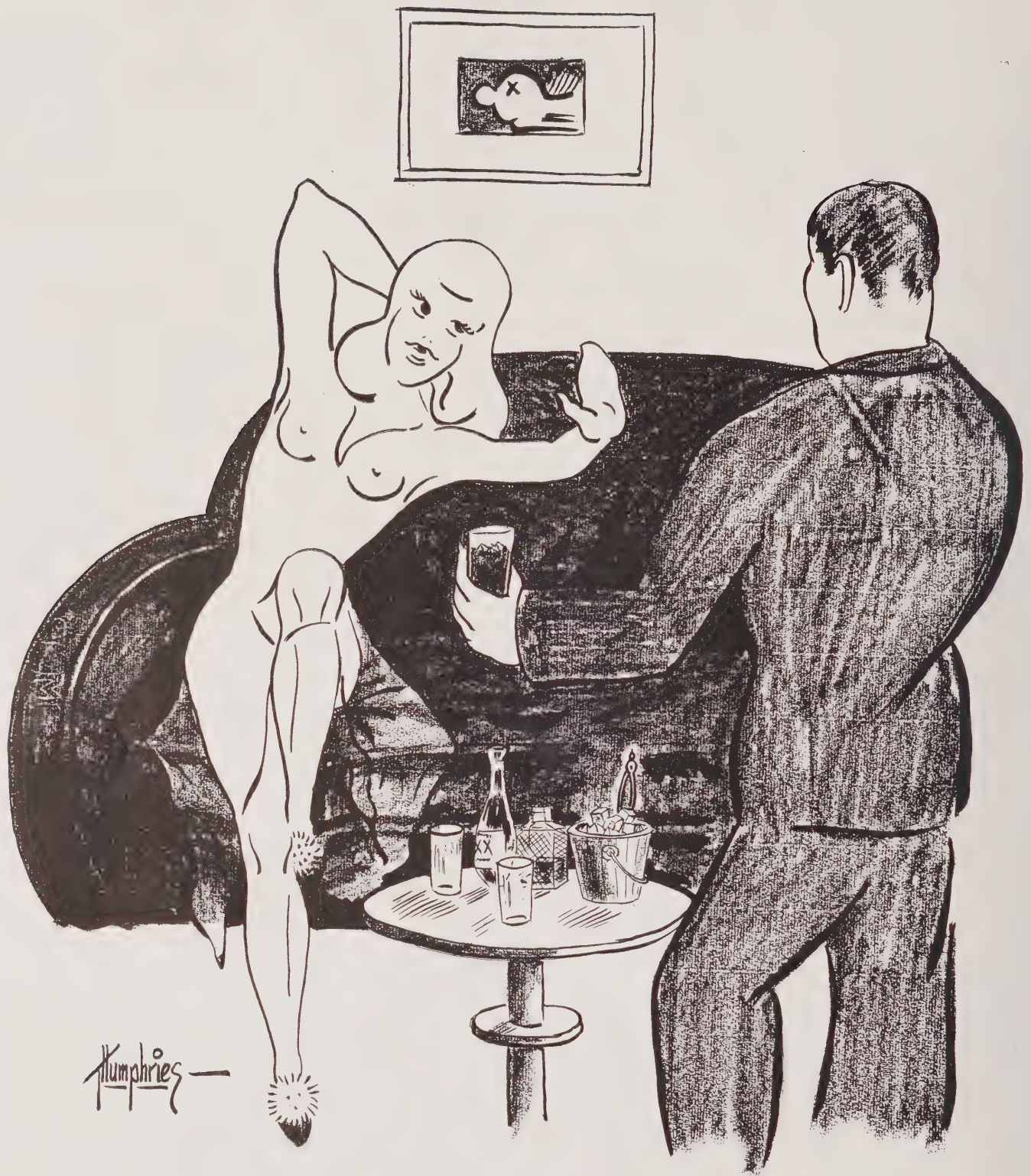
"That's all right," said Molly. "You aren't the first sucker I've saved for a purpose." She gazed reprovingly at his clothing. "Aren't you just a mess!" she said.

Percy blushed and hid his face in her neck. "You should see me after I eat soup," he said, and was so shocked at his bold wit that he stuck his head under her arm and shuddered from self-consciousness.

(twenty-four)



"But, honey, I thought you said Junior-Seniors were this week-end."



"No highball, thank you. It's more fun to know what you're doing."



THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA



VOLUME XV

MAY, 1939

NUMBER 8

Seriously...

COMMENT—

Still basking in the so-called realm of the untouchables, the lava from the political volcano still seething through the campus gutters, we were rather taken aback when approached with the request to "say something funny." There were also suggestions that in our new position we should major in class cutting, go about the campus half nude, grovel in Harry's until the wee small hours, and eat ashes for the sheer enjoyment of our countless admirers. Such suggestions became so frequent, in fact, that we came to be a bit skeptical as to our qualifications as Editor at all.

Too long now the campus has looked on the Buccaneer Editor as a roving clown, spreading fun and humor wherever he might be. Too long now the Editor has accepted this fact and tried to grant their demands. Thus, as the out-going Editor so aptly put it, the Buccaneer has been a personality rather than a magazine. We are willing to admit this personality reached a new high this year. Nevertheless, it is our desire to remove the personal touch. We want to make the Buccaneer by the students and for the students.

Since the majority of the campus seems to be in favor of the lighter type of humor, we go to press clinging to the belief that a sock in the tummy is worth two in the puss. If you disagree, the ax is in your hands. Remember, it is your magazine so start swinging.

HONORS—

Each month the Buccaneer will endeavor to pick the outstanding student, coed, and professor of the month. These selections will not necessarily be based on campus personalities. If you don't believe it, just bomb the Book Exchange and then watch for your picture.

For this month they are:

Ernest Craige—An easy-going Sigma Nu pre-med student. Although he made Phi Beta Kappa and won the coveted award of Rhodes scholar, Ernest holds the record of being art director of the Buccaneer for his entire four years. In spite of his brilliant scholastic record, he will probably be best remembered for his full page drawings depicting campus life.

Mickey Warren - Agnes Scott's gift to the campus. Mickey, a Chi O and probably the best known girl on the campus, thanks to her friendly "Hey there! How y'all?" greeting, wins this month's nomination without a fight. Elected secretary of the Senior class for next year, she is the first girl to ever hold a campus office at Carolina.

Dr. E. L. Mackie—Math professor for the past 18 years. Dr. Mackie is a Golden Fleece alumnus of Carolina and a Phi Beta Kappa. At present he is faculty advisor to the University Dance Committee. A strong advocate of Student-Faculty Day, he is one of the few professors that takes a personal interest in each of his students.

—The Editor





Carl Pugh

Now that the bug (see May issue, 1938), a little dizzy but much the wiser from its experience, has descended from its strategic position on the knee, finis is written to the colorful career of Carl Pugh, retiring Editor of the Buccaneer.

Easy-going but with a definite purpose, and that was to give Carolina the best in humor, Carl devoted a major part of his time to this end. Having a wealth of originality and talent, he could have easily filled the entire magazine if necessary, and under the pen name of the familiar Joe Physeldyck accounted for much of it.

Vacillating from the sophisticated to the screw-ball and at times hinting at the sensational, Carl always came up with something new; something different. It is needless to say he will be

missed, and it is with regret that we see him go.

Knowing that he had been offered positions on several well-known national publications, we inquired as to his plans for the future. Reluctant to the thought of confining himself to any definite task, Carl said unconcernedly, "I am going home, and if I have any clean clothes, I am going to South America." Last month, it was Alaska.

Never serious; never excited, he lives for the present alone. As to where he will go when he leaves depends upon his fancy at the moment.

South America or wherever it is, we know he will succeed. In spite of his long, slender frame, he still has the "guts". A fine editor to work for; he will be a hard one to follow.



Sexy or Slow-leak ?



Have you ever wondered just what type of person you are? Have you ever taken an inventory of yourself? In short, have you ever? Well, we haven't either, but here is your chance. A complete check-up on yourself entirely at your own expense.

Rules: No one, not even your mother or a pledge, may help with this test. All work must be done in quiet, 8:30 classes preferred.

Scoring: This is very simple. If number 1 is typical of you, place a plus one in the accompanying brackets. If you are more like number 2, place a zero in the brackets. And if number 3 is your lot, so is minus one. Add your final results. If your score is plus ten, you are either a "powerhouse" or a Beta. A score of zero is equivalent to a dormitory freshman. But if your score should hover around minus ten, you are either a monk, a girl yourself, or a specie of the viola tricolor. In any case, you are a sucker for trying, but here goes.

I. If you answer the telephone, and it is a girl's voice, do you say—

1. "Whatcha got on tonight, babe"? ()
2. "Lockmoor Hotel"? ()
3. "Go ahead! It's your nickel"? ()

II. If you meet a girl at a dance, do you ask her—

1. For a late date? (you snake) ()
2. How she likes the crepe paper? ()
3. Where she's from? ()

III. After a dance, if you are walking back with a drag do you—

1. "Go all the way"? (think hard) ()
2. Take her to a drug? ()
3. Take her home? ()

IV. When you register in a hotel, do you sign—

1. The name of Lord Byron? ()
2. The desk clerk? (this ain't nice) ()
3. Your own name? (sucker) ()

V. If someone insists they have a nice "blind date" for you, do you—

1. Take it? ()
2. Just take it? ()
3. Or leave it? ()

VI. If you go riding with a girl, do you—

1. Park in a lonely place? ()
2. Park? ()
3. ??? (read sentence again) ()

VII. If you see a girl undressing in front of a window, do you—

1. Call your friends? ()
2. Have any friends? ()
3. And why not? ()

VIII. If a beautiful girl comes into a drug store, do you—

1. Phwew-w-w? ()
2. Walk out? ()
3. Wish you were back in Chapel Hill? ()

IX. If you invite a girl down for the dances, is it because—

1. She does? ()
2. Everybody else does? ()
3. She is your sister? ()

X. If you are alone with a girl, do you —

1. Or can't you? ()
2. Chew the rag? ()
3. Just plain talk? ()

LINES WRITTEN AT 304½ LEWIS ON THE BANKS OF DESPAIR—By Bess, Jr.

Here I sit all broken hearted
A poem to write and can't get started.
Where've I heard these lines before.
I recall it now. Please say no more.
Hand me another piece of tissue.
I've got an idea for this issue.
Thanks a lot. Now, go away.
I might be here a half a day.
Spring is here. Oh, what a curse.
How can one think up a verse.
Wait a minute. I'm getting something.
Who says there's frost upon the pumpkin.
When everyone has spring fever.
Straw hats now replace the beaver.
I'm trying hard, but I won't strain
To get a poem from my brain.
'Twas said before that spring is here.
It's the derved old profs that always sneer,
And tell us all to do our best.
Exams were Hell and so are tests.
The beasts and fowls begin to mate.
Even the coeds enjoy a date.
Under the chestnut the blacksmith sits.
Above his head a horsefly flits.
Grandma's ills are getting chronic.
Time to start her new spring tonic.
Nudist colonies here among us
Littering up the whole dern campus.
A young man's fancy will lightly turn
To thoughts of love. Does my back burn?
It's open season for baseball fans
Munching peanuts in the stands.
Everyone will take class cuts.
If I don't stop, I'll sure go nuts.
This is a big relief for you.
I can write no more because I'm through.
NEXT!!!

So
Easy
to
Remember



So
Hard
to
Forget



Many, many years ago a mother pinched the rosy cheeks of her little girl and said, "You little princess".

The little girl looked questioningly into her mother's eyes, a smile broke across her map, and she blurted out, "Then some day I'll be a queen".

Her mother nodded affectionately, and the little girl, her little

Our May Queen



cranium whirling at the thought of what queens do, ran out to play.



Today we find that same little girl, much older but every bit as innocent, Queen of the May at Carolina. We give you a glimpse of her, then and now, along with the artist's conception of what every May Queen should resemble.

Congratulations, Miss Cruikshank, and may your reign not be rained out.

Romance Runs in the Family

by

SANFORD STEIN

Aunt Stella wasn't exactly immoral. She just couldn't help relaxing when men were around. Papa always said, "Every time I see Stella out with a male, I know only God and the maternity wards can foretell the results." Papa, of course, exaggerated. Stella has only had two illegitimate children, both of which she bore quite philosophically. Being a realist, she merely remarked, "Oh well, I guess one must always suffer for one's art."

Stella was a tall, willowy brunette with the type of figure known as flexible, which means that it could be pushed around with extreme facility, not to mention discomfort to whatever hapless gentlemen happened to be present. Her eyes were often described by her numerous admirers (ranging from the Presbyterian choir to the U. S. Marines) as liquid, the result of a

combination of coloration and Calverts. She had the skin you love to touch and all the men she knew, strangely enough, had hands.

Stella had been married three times, but she was an optimist and was now on the lookout for husband number four. So far no desirable prospects seemed to have arrived—there were several offers, but Stella claimed Reno was getting very boring and she intended to be very careful about whom she dragged down the altar next. "There's no telling what I'll do now" Stella often asserted. "I might even get desperate and marry for love." Every now and then she got these weird ideas, but they never lasted long.

"Elbert," Stella asked Papa one day, "who is that nice young man that calls on Maxine all the time? He appeals to me."

"Now, Stella. Hands off! Max-

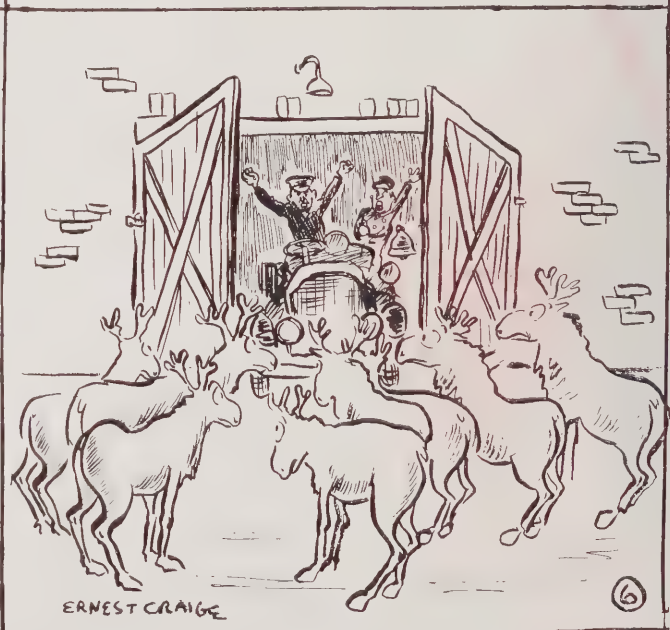
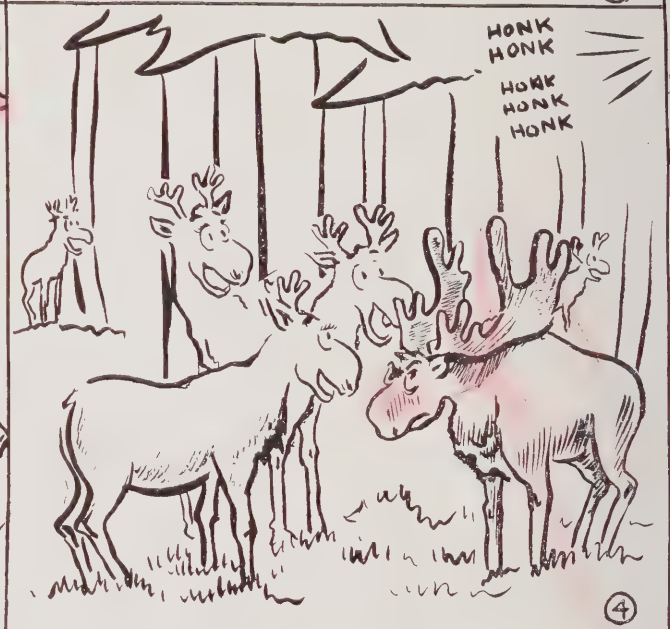
ine is very fond of him. Besides, you wouldn't like him. He's got ideals."

"Darling, how quaint!" laughed Stella. "Those things went out with the bustle. Just leave his ideals to me. That boy just hasn't had a chance to display his potentialities. Maxine, even if she is your daughter, is just a ninny. He needs someone a little inspiring to draw out his personality."

Papa mumbled something that sounded like "He uses a zipper," but Stella didn't hear him, and so the conversation was ended.

The young man's name was Wilbur Stonefield—and he really did have ideals. In addition, he was dumb, naive, and still wrote a letter home every day. But he also looked like Robert Taylor, was built like Tarzan, and had just inherited two million dollars. Therefore, Stella felt that,

(twenty-seven)



ERNEST CRAIG

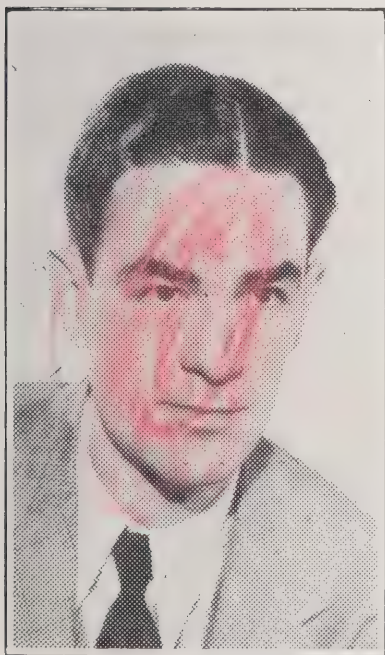
The Finals

Continuing its policy of past years in saving the best for the last the German Club reaches a new peak in bringing to the campus for the finals, June 1 through June 3, three popular and well-known bands. Although as we go to press, no definite band has been chosen for the Thursday night affair, according to Louis Sutton, newly elected secretary-treasurer, it is quite certain that the choice will be pleasing to those who are able to attend. As for those unfortunates with Friday exams, Jimmy Lunceford on Friday and Will Osborne Saturday should be a great consolation.

The German Club committee should really have a booky tossed their way for their selecting Jimmie Lunceford for the Friday band. As much as Osborne appeals to the sweet minded crowd, Lunceford appeals to the opposite—yea, and even more so.

Lunceford features five saxes, six brass, four rhythm, and plays sax himself to bring the band total to sixteen.

Sweet



Osborne

The saxes in Jim's band are well known for their ability to hit those low down bass notes and hit them solid. This is a definite part of the Lunceford style, and is something that has been copied by the big boys and the lowest cops all over the land. In the sax section, Willie Smith and Joe Thomas stand alone. Smith is possibly the hottest alto man in the country as well as being an exceptionally fine clarinetist and Joe Thomas will rock you to the floor on tenor. Joe plays much in the same style with Willie Hargraves, whom you heard at our own swing battle. Dan Grissom who plays fifth alto does quite a bit of the vocals.



As go the saxes, just opposite go the trumpets. When the saxes are famed for hittin' it low, the trumpet men, Paul Webster, Sy Oliver, and Eddie Thompkins, reach for the sky, grab hold, and then go even higher. Anyone doubting Webster's ability should just take a listen to the band's recording of White Heat or For Dancers Only.

The trombones consist of Russell Boles, Elmer Crumbly, and Jimmie Young. Jimmie is endeared in the hearts of all for his vocal on 'Tain't What You Do, Hit's th' Way Hut You Do It, and Elmer is guaranteed to have 'em shaggin' in the aisles with his slip horn rides.

Swing



Lunceford

Will Osborne needs very little intro to the major part of the campus. It was this same Will who slipped his slip horns and slid his sliding trumpets all over Mid-Winters a year ago.

Our boy Osborne has something that nobody else can get, providing they want it, in his Slide Music, which is registered with the U. S. Patent Office under that very title.

The band is definitely on the sweet side, and plays in a style guaranteed to suit all those who like their dance music and like it smooth. The three trombones, augmented by three slide trumpets are used chiefly for the intros and in between vocal and instrumental solos.

Will's first band was a six piece combo which he started in 1926. He decided that six wasn't enough, so in 1930, he went up to thirteen and hit the American public with a band.

The band has made quite a few records for Decca, and has best shown its slide style in Twelfth Street Rag.

—Elbert Hutton

Oh be she went
Or am she gone?
Oh! have she left poor I alone?
Oh cruel fate how thus unkind
To take she 'fore
And leave I 'hind.
Oh—can it was?

—*Batalion.*

He (on phone): "Hello, what are you doing?"

She: "Getting ready for church."

He: "Pardon me, wrong number."

—*Purple Cow.*

Then there was the mean infantry officer. He was rotten to the corps.

A man went wearily into a barber shop and slumped down into a chair.

"Give me a shave," he said.

The barber told him that he was too far down in the chair for a shave.

"All right," said the customer, wearily, "give me a haircut."

—*Medley.*

Adam: "Eve! You've gone and put my suit in the salad again."

—*Exchange.*

Co-ed: Let me hold your hand.

Soph: Why?

Coed: It's tickling me.

Silly

"He's a fraternity man."

"How do you know?"

"He answered to four names in class this morning."

Father: "So you and the boy friend were reading! With the lights out! Huh!"

Dotter: "But we were, Daddy! Lip reading."

"Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?"

"It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of ear."

"My son's home from college."

"How do you know?"

"I haven't had a letter from him in three weeks."

—*Pup.*

Clerk (at the bookstore): This book will do half of your work for you.

Stude: Great! I'll take two.

—*Kitty-Kat.*

Definition of a gigolo: The egg that laid the golden goose.

For Your

The old lady sidled up to the crib, cooing to the little baby who was lying there. "And who's little baby are you,"? the old lady gurgled.

The baby frowned. "Damned if I know."

—*Froth.*

Kappa: Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?

Sappa: No, that's just the perfume she uses.

—*Humbug.*

"Let's play house. I'll be the walls and get plastered."

If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant; take a bath.

—*Gargoyle.*

YEAH, AND WHY?

A man who never touches meat, alcohol or tobacco, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. How?

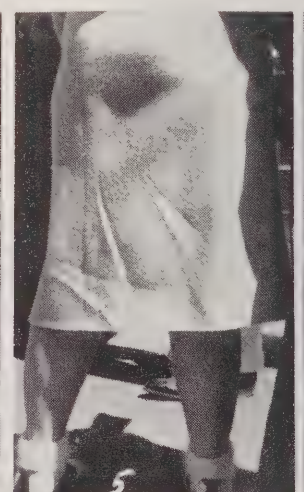
—*V. P. I. Skipper.*

He drank the nectar from her lips
As under the moon they sat
And wondered if another had
Ever drunk from a mug like that.

—*Widow.*

You Have Seen Their Faces, But

Can you recognize them from



Approval

Little Audry's mother bought her a silk slip. Little Audry just laughed and laughed 'cause she knew the boys couldn't pull the wool over her eyes now.

Jack and Jill went up the Hill. Each had a dollar and a quarter. Jill came down with two and a half.

Now do you think they went up for water?

The young couple were out riding when the car suddenly choked and stopped dead. They both got out and pushed and pushed, and when they came back the car was gone.

Prude: Are you a Commercial student?

Stude: No, Lochmoor.

And then there was the cowboy who pronounced his "o's" as "a's". He made his living roping cows, but he wouldn't tell anybody.

Some think the BUCCANEER stinks; others read it in their rooms.

Slimy

Don't forget the Scotsman who called up his sweetheart to find out what night she was free—
—Yellow Jacket.

From the commerce department comes the news that more and more girls are registering for the course in Labor Problems.

Voice from passing car—Engine trouble?

Voice from parked car—Nope.

Voice from passing car—Tire down?

Voice from parked car—Didn't have to.

—Mis-A-Sip.

"And what kind of officer does your uniform signify?" asked the inquisitive old lady.

"I am a naval surgeon, lady."

"Goodness me, how you doctors do specialize in these modern times."

Murgatroyd

Was a cow more athletic than

Mudderly

She hopped a picket fence and was

Udderly

Destroyed

Boy (rushing into garage): "I heard there was a wreck. Was anyone killed?"

Mechanic: "No, but your sister got cut on the back seat."

He: "Something seems to be wrong with this motor."

She: "Don't be foolish! Wait until we get off this main road."

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, ma'am, white kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

—Tiger.

Most honeymooners take a six day vacation because seven days make a whole week.

The female deer was walking through the woods when she was met by two male deer. "Good morning", said one of the male deer to her. "Would you like to make a little 'dough' this morning. "Well", said the female deer. "I could certainly use two bucks."

A "beautician" says women will be wearing topless bathing suits within three years. It would be novel to see them breasting the waves, and vice versa.

—Still More

ngle? (See Page 28)



This Space
Bought By
T. H. Evans

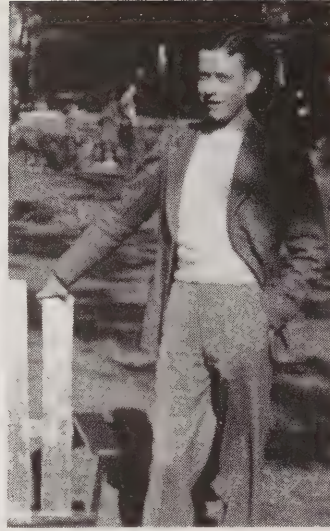
FREE TUITION



*Bill Hill—Reg'lar Guy
Product of Spindale*



*Mary McCall
Ain't she cute?*



*Tom Humphries—Beta
Outgoing Buc Artist, Ouch!*



*Eloise Parrish—Nice in
spite of Gutter, See
First Base*



*Queen in
Quandary*



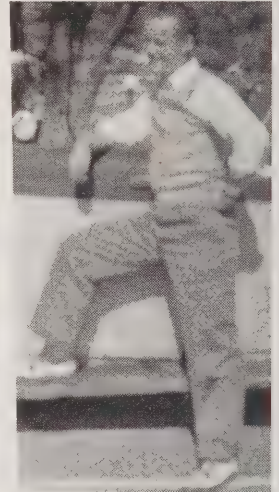
*Tommy Miller—Phi Delt
Handsome Shyster*



*Martha Kelley—W. C.
Transfer, Book borrowed.*



*Chunky
Wunky*



*"Strawberry", W. C.
Transit, Round
trip—50c*



*Snail
Howard*



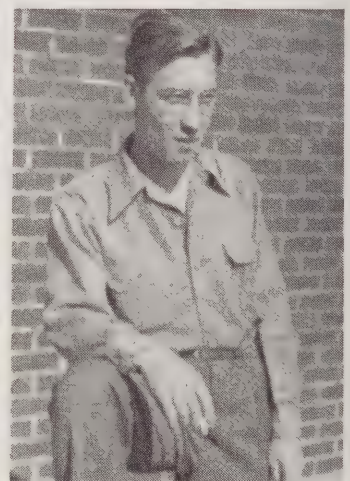
*Bowman sans
Broadfoot?*



*Anna Dean Burke
and shadows*



*Wini Shell
Co-captain*



*Mike Flynt—Boxing Mgr.
Lambda Chi Pres.*

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 DURHAM, N. C.

She: "Let's take a walk and get a little air—that last drink made me dizzy."

He: Swell, we'll walk over to my apartment."

She: "I'm not that dizzy."

"Aw! He's too drunk to ride in the back seat. Let him drive."

SAE: "Dick, old man, can you let me have five. . ."

Brother: "No. . ."

SAE: "...minutes of your time."

Bro: "...trouble at all."

He asked for burning kisses;

She said in accents cruel:

"I am a red hot mama

But I ain't nobody's fuel!"

I have no aversions
 To mergin' with virgins
 Though it's more fun to pet
 With a well-seasoned vet.

—Masquerader.

Dopey Willie, Little Heller,
 Strapped his gal to a propeller,
 Then said Willie full of glee,
 My girl's dizzy over me.

"This is an ideal spot for a picnic."

"You said it. Fifty million insects can't be wrong."

"Burglars broke into my house yesterday."

"What happened?"

"My wife's relatives yelled, 'We were here first!' and chased them out."

The saddest story of the month was about the too observant fellow who remarked to his girl: "Your stockings seem rather wrinkled."

"You brute!" exclaimed the girl, "I have no stockings on."

1st Drunk: Shee 'at fly crawl-in' up the wall.

2nd Inebriate: Thash no fly. Thash a Lady Bug.

1st Drunk: Migawd, man, what marveloush eyesight.

Woman (abroad ship): "Captain, I'm so sick; I don't know what to do."

Captain: "Don't worry lady, you'll do it."

Efird's
 Durham's Largest
 Department Store
 Nationally
 Advertised Brands
 for
 Your Protection

Then there was the young bride who casually commented that her husband never snored before they were married, and couldn't understand the roar of laughter that followed.



"Fraternity initiation or not—you're gonna marry our Nellie!"



"Don't turn on the lights, you fool! What do you think this is —Breezy Stories?"

First Frater: "Heh, there's mice running around out here in the kitchen."

Second Frater: "Well, shut the doors and starve them to death."

Dean (to Frosh): "Do you know who I am?"

Frosh: "No, I don't; but if you can remember your address I'll take you home."

Lippy: You've got to hand it to Eddie when it comes to petting!

Mazze: What's the matter with him. Is he too lazy?

(Scratching)—"How do you get rid of these awful cooties?"

"That's easy. Take a bath in sand and rub down in alcohol. The cooties get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks."

—Purple Cow.

"Willie!"
 "Yes, Maw."
 "How many times have I told you that cuspidor is to spit in?"
 —Medley.



He held her very close and whispered passionately sweet nothings in her ear.

"Ah darling, I love everything about you so much, so awfully much. I love your pretty head that's covered with radiant golden hair. I love your lovely face that's always covered with your cute adorable smile."

Then glancing down at her luscious lips, he began to murmur the grand finale, "But darling, what I love most about you is covered with——"

"Silk," she chirped.



Dope fiend

A medical student who had been out on a big party until about 5:00 A. M., sat in a classroom trying to pass an exam. His head was fairly buzzing with the hangover from the party, and he could just about see the paper.

The first question was: Name five reasons why mother's milk is better for babies than cow's milk.

The student scratched his head and put down:

- 1—It's fresher.
- 2—It's cleaner.

Then he thought awhile and wrote:

- 3—The cats can't get it.
- 4—It's easier to take to a picnic.

Well pleased with the results he had so far achieved, he studied long on the last reason. Finally he had an inspiration. The next day the professor read the fifth reason:

- 5—It comes in such cute containers.



DEDICATION—

For no reason at all except that it will be the last issue they will receive at their own expense, we dedicate this issue to the graduating seniors. We hope it affords many pleasant hours with their children in years to come. Since we are against theme issues, we had to do something. Thus, the dedication. Take it away, you has-beens.

LATEST RECORDS

Goodman	Shaw
Webb	Clinton
Dorsey	Basie

CHARLIE SINCLAIR
Ledbetter-Pickard

Featuring
CARTWRIGHT

and

ELLEN KAYE DRESSES

for

The Smart Young Miss
REASONABLY PRICED

The Elite Shop
 Raleigh, N. C.

Scandal

One of the few male virgins left on the campus did a pantomime in Professor Olsen's public speaking class of a boy eyeing a tempting coed in the library and then following her out of the room. "Ah," said Olsen. "Lust—on a low potential." . . . The day before the Interdorm dances, the Shack was besieged by telephone calls from boys who wanted dates so they wouldn't have to pay the 50 cents stag fee. One young gentleman tried to persuade Phyllis Galumbeck to go with him. "Won't you please help me out?" he pleaded. "Certainly," replied Phyllis, "I'll lend you the 50 cents." And she did. . . . Phil Ellis broke a Saturday night date with an inmate of W. C. by telling her he had to go to the mountains with his uncle. Instead he took one of the local coeds to the Woollen gym affair. Shortly after they arrived, one of his friends came up to him and said, "I want you to meet my date." Phil did. It was the girl from W. C. . . . An Alpha Chi Sigma chem major and senior took a coed to a dance



Charming Charmer

so that she could introduce him to a girl he'd been wanting to meet all year. The date performed her purpose efficiently but still doesn't know she wasn't being loved for herself alone. . . . Smartest political move of the year was made by Lucy Belle Eckles who switched parties and presidential candidates with sufficient rapidity so that now she attends most of the dances with a tight-fitting red evening gown and Benny Hunter. . . . The Monogram Club is thinking very seriously of officially adopting Molly "Queen" Albritton as its mascot. . . . Three cigarette butts with lipstick on them were discovered in 8 Battle. The occupants didn't have the faintest idea how they got there. . . . Besides the beer consumed, the most memorable events at the Student party gathering in Battle Park was Bert Premo's optimism in leaving Jo Martin in the hands of a Tar Heel newsman after the latter had con-

sumed amply, and Marion Igo's little disappearance in the woods with Bob Sloan. Sloan is a promising junior—very promising. . . . Roy Popkin, night sports editor and "one of Rolfe's boys" was bumming to Raleigh in front of Woollen gym when a car containing two football players and two -uh-ladies pulled up. The gentlemen wandered off into the gym and the girls began strolling around. Spying Popkin, the asked him if he'd like to go to Durham. "No", he answered. "I'm going to Raleigh." "Oh, come on." they urged. "Go to Durham with us." Suddenly one of them—a blonde—exclaimed, "You've been staring at me for the last few minutes. I'll bet you think I've got nothing on underneath this dress." Popkin admitted such were his thoughts. "Well, see for yourself," she asserted—and lifted her dress up to her neck. She was wearing a form-fitting bathing suit.

"Shoes to wear for those who care . . ."

Just

\$5

- All White
- Brown & White
- Antique
- Old Gold

- Crepe Soles
- Rubber Soles
- Leather Soles

- Saddle Shoes

It's the Fit That Counts

Roscoe Griffin Shoe Co.

114 W. Main St.

DURHAM, N. C.

Records . . .

If you like swing, but don't like to live by the radio, then try these latest releases hot off the wax.

First on the list is the Hoagy Charmichael album put out by Decca. It's a six record affair by Glen Gray and the Casa Lomans, ably aided by Louis Armstrong, the Merry Macs, and old Hoagy himself. The most outstanding features is Georgia on My Mind, which features a trumpet chorus by Sonny Dunham and a sax chorus by Murray MacEarchen. Mac also does a neat trombone solo on Moon Country. The best full band swing is on Riverboat Shuffle.

Here's news for Berigan fans. The original recording of "I Can't Get Started," which was recorded for Vocalion in 1935 is still being issued. It easily surpasses all later recordings of the same tune as it catches Bunny at his best, Vocalion 3225.

One of the newer Artie Shaw's, who incidentally is not dead, is "One Night Stand." It was pressed in typical Shaw style, and has an interesting trumpet ride which might be Johnny Best, Bluebird 10202.

For those who like Lionel Hampton's way of jivin' the vibes, and for those who like down and out swing the way it should be played, we heartily recommend High Society. It has one of the most outstanding personnels that has recorded since the All-Star band. Featured with the band are Hymie Schertzer, Jerry Jerome, Chu Berry, and Cozy Cole as well as many others, too numerous to mention. Victor 26209.

Tommy Dorsey has made another fine one for Victor, and those of you who like his work, don't fail to hear "Panama," Victor 26185.

—Elbert Hutton

JOURNEY'S END

They sat alone in the moonlight;
She soothed his troubled brow.
"Dearest, I know my life's been
fast,
But I'm on my last lap now!"

—Exchange.

OUR SENTIMENTS TOO

This business of thinking up
jokes
Has got us a little bit daunted.

The ones you want, we can't
print
And the ones we print aren't
wanted.

—Or are they?

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



PALM BEACH SUITS
\$15.50

Miller-Bishop Co.
Durham, N. C.

Wise Guy (boarding a street car)—Well, Noah, is the Ark full?

Conductor—Nope, we need one more jackass; come on in.

He (at the movies): "Can you see all right?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Is there a draught on you?"

She: "No."

He: "Is your seat comfortable?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Will you change places with me?"

THE GARDEN OF ADELINE
Out here when the sun is falling
And the moon is upward crawling
Out sweet Adeline comes bawling,

For her heart is full of woe.
It's a pity some kind feller
Who has had a chance to smeller
Doesn't come right out and teller
That she's got B. O.

INSECT ODE

Two mosquitoes once lit on the
features
Of two fair and peroxidized crea-
tures.
When asked by what right,
They replied, "We're not tight,
We're just seeing the game from
the bleachers."

—Pelican.



"I didn't think there was a
freshman at Carolina with two
dollars!"

The Old Veteran

by

JERRY STOFF

If you're ever in need of a good story, a rollickin' tale, or some downright first-rate baseball dope just lay your hands on Bunn Hearn, Sr., Carolina's versatile, drawling tutor of America's national pastime.

Bunn is a typical, deep southerner if there ever was one. Born and raised in Chapel Hill, he went to college at Mississippi. The combination of the two probably resulted in his characteristic brogue, which, together with his teams every spring, take the campus by nothing less than a trite storm.

In Bunn Hearn, Mississippi had a two-letter athlete for a few years. Playing football and baseball, Bunn proved himself quite handy on the field. As fullback, Hearn carried the ball to pick up



a few needed yards and whether it was by diving, hurdling, charging or actual flying, Hearn covered the ground. "I caught on to the game in my second year,

Hearn claims. "The first year they all tried to kill me, but I caught on in the second year."

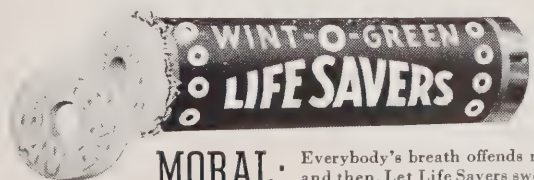
But even though Hearn liked football better than baseball, he turned to the diamond after college, and proceeded, in his own inimitable way, to rack up a neat little record for himself. In 1910, Wilson, of the Eastern Carolina league, started Hearn off on an eight year pro career. After a short season with Wilson, he was sold to St. Louis where he stayed for two years, only to be handed over again via the cash route to the New York Giants for two more seasons. Later, Hearn landed in Boston of the National league for two years followed by a season with Pittsburgh.

But his regular ball-playing is rarely the highlight of Bunn's tales. First, he'll tell about his famous, record-holding 20 inning game, and it's something worth telling about. In 1913, on the mound for Toronto against Jer-

(twenty-six)



At breath that's tainted with cheroots,
Fair maidens oft turn up their snoots.
Make sure your breath does not offend—
Try Wint-O-Green Life Savers, friend.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

Dawn was breaking as the young lady entered her apartment. She stopped at the door and inquired of the milkman who had just pulled up in his wagon, "Have you got the time?"

The milkman answered, "Sure lady, and I would love to, but who's going to hold my horse."

—ERNEST KING

Beneath this stone lies Murphy,
They buried him today.

He lived the life of Riley—
While Riley was away.

Two men stepped off a train in
a small town. One was in town
for good. The other was a sailor.

—Punch Bowl.

"Please."

"No."

"Just this once."

"No, never."

"Aw shucks, Ma, all the rest
of the kids are going barefoot."

Motorcycle Cop (after waiving
driver to the side of the road)—
Do you remember the last time
I stopped you?

Sweet Young Thing—Yes, this
time I think I'll take the ticket.

"How did you happen to over-
sleep this A. M.?"

"There are eight of us in the
house and the alarm was set only
for seven."

LIFE

A tisket, a tasket,
A diaper, a casket.

In that pink little 'nitie' of mine.
When I wear it I always feel fine.
When I laid down that night.
I was too tired to fight.
And he told me he loved me and
loved me all night.

Now it's been months since that
night.

And my 'nitie's' getting too tight.
I wore it; he tore it.

I'll always adore it.
That pink little 'nitie' of mine.



"You say Gilmore sent for you?"

Baseball

The following records have
been compiled by J. Franklin
Jones, ardent baseball fan and
Four Oaks' gift to Bob Magill.

Longest Home Run—Babe
Ruth in an exhibition game be-
tween the Yankees and Giants
at Tampa, Fla. on March 27,
1921. 587 feet on the fly.

Most Home Runs in one game
—Held jointly by Bobby Lavel,
1894, Ed Delahaney, 1896, and
Lou Gehrig, 1932. Four each.

Highest batting average for
season — O'Neil of Louisville,
AA, with .492 in 1888.

Most hits in one inning—Held
jointly by Billy Sunday, "Cap"
Anson, and Hughie Jennings at
three each.

Most runs in one inning—The
Knickerbocker club of New York
in 1857 made 21 runs against
Providence Grays in second in-
ning.

Most runs in one game by
team—Cincinnati Redlegs made
51 runs against Chicago on June
17, 1878.

Winner of most consecutive
batting titles—Held by Ty Cobb
from 1906 to 1915.

Most consecutive games won
by team in one season—Cincin-
nati Redlegs in 1870 with 69.
Stretched the streak to 98 in
1871.

Most games won by pitcher
in single season—"Old Hoss"
Radbourn won 62 and lost 12
for the Providence Grays in
1884.

Most strike-outs in one game
—Held by Bob Feller of Clevel-
and. Against Detroit on August
3, 1938. He struck out 18 men
but lost the game, 4-1.

Most peanuts eaten at one
game—Held by Tom Fry. He ate
4059 at the game between Caro-
lina and Duke at Greensboro in
1938. Six of these were triple-
jointed.

Style Trends on the Campus



Prepared . . .

The chap on the left with the folding chair is off to the Shack. Says he: "I'll take it along in case I'm stood-up."

We admire his foresight but we feel sure that no Co-ed will stand up a man in a new Tropical Worsted, the coolest and smartest suit for hot summer days.

Come in today to see our selection of Tropicals, the smart colorful clothes for summer.

THAMES CLOTHING SHOP

Along with Junior-Seniors and the menacing shadow of approaching exams the weather changes and it becomes necessary to adapt one's clothing to really hot days. We are quite willing to agree that the ideal adaptation is a tiny triangle of swim trunks but since there are places where such a garment might not be worn with nonchalance it is fitting that we consider another solution to the problem.

Traditionally men have worn linen and other washable fabrics in the summer and then Palm Beach and the host of substitutes which came into general use. The difficulty with linens and washable summer clothes has been the problem of keeping them clean because a white linen suit on a hot summer day stays white about ten minutes or less and at the end of that time it will be thoroughly wrinkled too.

Increasing in popularity last season and really coming into its own this year is the tropical

Fads and Fashions

worsted which, though wool, is just as cool as the linens and which has certain advantages over washable clothes in general.

Tropical worsteds in the first place can be kept clean with less expense and effort because being in colors (gray, tan, blue, green) they do not appear soiled as easily as linens and light colored cloths. The colors of tropical worsted lend themselves to smarter looking suits too and the material does not wrinkle as easily as most washables.

Suits made from the light worsteds also have more body and hence can be better tailored. Such suits because of color and appearance can be worn over a longer season than can washables.

While we have been extolling the advantages of the worsteds we do not mean that washables are out. There is a definite place in the summer wardrobe for light, easily cleaned materials

and while the cottons and linens may be eclipsed by tropicals this season or next they are by no means gone.

In fact washable sport ensembles of pants and shirt to match are expected to be very popular this summer. These outfits are cool and comfortable.

While not strictly on the subject of summer clothing we noticed that more and more vests are not being worn (not because of approach of summer either.) For the past year men have been going without vests in increasing numbers and the trend for the fall is further away from them. The three button coat is still in the process of dropping the lower button too and coat with two buttons are apt to be widely shown for the autumn season.

With which prediction we leave you to contemplate your fate as exams draw on. When the time comes may Allah be with you.

—Ernest King.

Graduation Gifts

Fountain Pens

Compacts

Kodaks

Perfumes

and

Hundreds of items that are
suitable for Graduation
Gifts

Eckerd's Drug Store

122 W. Main St.
DURHAM, N. C.

There was a young lady from
Brussels
Who was accused of wearing two
bustles.
She said, "It's not true.
It's a thing I don't do.
You're simply observing large
muscles."



Conductor: I'll have to charge
full fare for your little brother—
he's wearing long pants.

Young Brother: Gosh, Sis, you
ride free! —*Exchange.*

KODAK . . .

The Ideal Graduation
Gift from

Foister Photo Company

Cameras

Films

Developing

mugging

She struck a match on his
scalp and lit a cigar. "Now tell
me," she said nonchalantly,
"What brings you here?" and
squirmed with curiosity.

"He is looking for the Bones
of the Baskerbull," said the mystic
foo.

"He must mean vice versa,"
said Percy. "Who is them there
guys anyhow?" He clamped his
jaw angrily, biting off his tongue.

"Pay no attention to them,"
said Molly. "They are only the
ghosts of Neanderthal man who
used to inhabit these moors.
Ain't you glad you ain't a ghost,
you old passionate, virile hu-
man male of the present, you!"

"Yeah," said the mystic foo.
"His head is full of vim, vigor,
and Vitalis."

"You must have me wrong,"
said Percy, jerking his trousers
away from her. "I came out here
to look for the Bull of the Bas-
kerbones. In fact, I think I see
him out there in the mist now."

"That ain't no Baskerbones,"
said Molly sullenly. "That is a
black cat."

Percy started violently. "For
heaven's sake," he said, making
a cross on her windshield, "that's
bad luck." He rolled up his trou-
ser cuff a couple of notches and
heaved a sigh of relief.

"What's that for?" said Molly
hopefully.

"That's what you do when a
black cat crosses your path,"
said Percy. "It keeps away the
evil spirits."

"Don't get funny, pal, or we'll
smear you," said the mystic foo.

"Pardon me," said Molly, "but
I see *two* black cats," and rolled
her dress up to her neck.

"Whole hog or nothing, eh?"
said Percy.

"Let me remind you," she said,
"that a pun is the very lowest
form of wit."

"She forgot to cross her wind-
shield," said the mystic foo.

"Don't be evil-minded," said
Percy.

In Our Sport Shop - - -

*Here You Will Find
Your Every Sportwear
Necessity*

—Featured in the Season's
Newest and Smartest Creations

(Sport Shop—2nd Floor)

Belk-Leggett Co.
Durham's Shopping Center

Main Through to Chapel
Hill Streets

"Why?" said Molly. "It's a
lot of fun."

Suddenly she gave a scream,
and Percy, whirling, saw a great,
dark bulk loom out of the fog.
"The Bull!" he shouted magni-
ficently, courageously, and leaped
behind Molly. "The Bull of the
Baskerballs!"

"You must mean somebody
else, friend," said the bull, rap-
tulously sniffing Percy's cauli-
flower ears. "My name is Foidi-
nand."

"This is the last straw," said
Percy when he had regained
consciousness. "I resign from the
case."

He turned to Molly and seized
her roughly in his shirt sleeves.
"I love you," he mumbled, kiss-
ing her smoothly shaven cheek
passionately. She let her arms
slide around his neck and drew
his lips down firmly against her
own. The fog whirled madly
about them and enveloped them
completely in its opaque em-
brace, and the excited jabbering
of the Neanderthal foos became
only a dull roar in Percy's ears.
From a distant moor there issued
the terrifying bellow of the Bull
of the Baskerbones, but Percival
C. Dingelheifer no longer heed-
ed. He clutched Molly tightly to

him and rained burning kisses on her mouth, her eyes, her hair. She dug maddened fingers into his quivering flesh, and her own screaming body writhed insanely against him while her trembling muscles contorted wildly beneath the ivory smoothness of her skin. She gave her lips eagerly, heedlessly, and in a great burst of unrestrained emotion their bodies became as one exploding flame. Percy let his foot sink deeply into the cooling mud, and Molly's body strained outward from his encircling arms, her face grew pale beneath his kisses.

"Stop slobbering," she said.

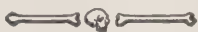
Percy stood dazed and wobbling, and he stared at her almost intelligently.

"Damn," he said. "So that's what people have been doing with their leisure time."

"Yeah," said the mystic foo,

"but it ain't what you do: It's who you do it with."

"That," said Molly of the Morass, wiping her nose with the back of her hand, "is the first compliment I've had all day."



Detective (on scene of murder)—"The knife must be left in the body."

Wife of Victim—"You're making it awkward, you know. I've got visitors coming for dinner."



Nuts to school
Damn the spring
Damn the brooks
To hell with birds
And turtle doves
I'm the fellow what I loves.

—Colby White Mule.



"But how would Mrs. Stacy ever know?"

LOOK OUT! SHE'S THE "WILD WOMAN"



ONE WHIFF of that workman's smelly briar, and Borneo Bess went on a rampage! Hey, you—clean your pipe and smoke a mild tobacco that *smells* good!



AFTER THEY quieted Bess, they made it a permanent peace by refilling the offending briar with a sweet-tastin', grand-smellin' burley blend: Sir Walter Raleigh!

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

NEW RADIO PROGRAM: Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," 10:30 EDST Tues, nights, NBC Red Network.

Welcome to Our New Store - - -



See Plymouth Shoes
\$4.85

Durham Shoe Co.

125 E. Main St.

veteran

sey City in an International League game, Bunn pitched 20 scoreless innings before darkness halted the tussle. In the regulation nine frames, Hearn didn't allow even one hit, hurling hitless and scoreless ball, while in the last 11 innings he gave up only 7 bingles, all well-scattered.

But Bunn probably had his most fun in 1913 and '14 on the All-Star team which toured the world. It was the third such trip, and the two teams (Chicago Americans and John J. McGraw's New York Giants for whom Bunn pitched) played in Japan, China, Manila, Australia, Egypt, Italy, France and England. Bunn won 8 out of his 12 starts, but received his greatest thrill in England where some 80,000 turned out to see him—and the King. The story goes on that the King was so enthusiastic over the game and the way Hearn pitched, that he asked Bunn to show him how to throw a curve ball, which the King didn't believe was possible. Darned if Hearn didn't show him, too.

In 1917 and '18, Bunn returned to his old hunting grounds,

Carolina and the Hill, to help out as coach. However, it was not until 1932, after more than 12 years in the life insurance business, that Hearn actively resumed coaching, taking over the head-mentor's job.

Since Bunn has been at Carolina, wearing his red, Giant jacket, his greatest achievements have been: sending 10 players to the big leagues, or pro ranks (Duke training school and Jack Coombs have sent only 13 to the Athletic folds and varied other such hangouts); and, second, his third Carolina season when he

There are two things Bunn just won't do, at least not for this writer. First, he won't pick an All-Star Carolina baseball team; and, second, he will not prognosticate. But Hearn will admit, however, that he has, right now, as good an infield as 1934 when he had the best college team he'd ever seen or coached. All we need now, he adds, is a few strong-arm pitchers to help the lads out when they get into trouble. But he still likes this year's ball club. And why shouldn't he? They're going to take Duke for a well-known ride next week for the first time since 1936—we hope!

Here's Bunn Hearn's record since he started coaching at Carolina:

Year	Won	Lost
1932	11	6
1933	15	7
1934	21	2
1935	8	14
1936	6	10
1937	13	9 (Tied-1)
1938	14	6



Rose's are red.
Violet's are blue.
Lillie's are pink.
(I saw them on the wash line.)

For Those Final Events

Be Clothes Conscious
and Satisfied

Visit the

Betty Lou Shoppe

Durham's Smartest
Women's Shop

204 W. Main St.
Skyscraper Bldg.

won 21 and lost but 2 for the best Tar Heel baseball record ever made in one year, taking the state and conference titles and Duke two out of three.

In his seven seasons for Carolina, Hearn's teams have won 88 and lost 56, for a .612 average. Against Duke, it is shamefully admitted, Carolina has annexed only 65; the Devils have triumphed in a mere 124 since Bunn started. But that's all right (or is it?) for in total runs scored Carolina has sent across 903 tallies while opponents have made only 686 runs in the past seven years.

When in Durham . . .

Dine in Comfort

The Home of
Sizzling Steaks

Private Dining Halls

We Never Close

Air Conditioned . . .

The Palms Restaurant

2 Doors West of Center Theatre

N. O. Reeves, Proprietor
305 E. Chapel Hill St.
Durham, N. C.

Hundreds
of
Evening Dresses
Thousands
of
Street Dresses
Now
at
TAYLOR'S
Raleigh, N. C.

romance

although it involved a great deal of sacrifice on her part, she would overlook Wilbur's defects and give him the supreme honor of bestowing all his virtues on her delightfully shopworn self.

Her opportunity came the night Papa and I gave a party. In the back of our house is a large and romantic garden, full of flowers, paths,—and bushes. Stella has used it to catch almost all the men she set her heart on. We knew that if she ever got Wilbur out there by himself, his chances of leaving unscathed were as slim as those of a goldfish in a fraternity house.

Papa tried, and I tried, but in spite of all we could do, Wilbur slipped out of our hands and wandered alone and unprotected into the garden. Out came Stella, clad in slinky, black, adhesive tape satin, Odeur de Carrboro perfume and a glint in her eye.

"Looking for anything?" she purred and practically fell over him.

Wilbur was somewhat taken aback but soon summoned his usual savoir-faire.

"Uh—no thanks." he stammered.

"If you are, don't hesitate to let me know." said Stella in a voice that made Mae West sound like Shirley Temple. "I'm awfully good at uncovering hidden things."

"I'm not hiding anything." remarked Wilbur brightly.

"I won't debate the point." she replied significantly (subtlety was rather lost on Wilbur). "But tell me, why haven't we gotten acquainted before? You mustn't let Maxine hibernate you. I'm sure we could have a lot in common." And with that Stella stuck her face about three-sixteenths of an inch away from Wilbur's and began stroking his hair.

"Whew!" exclaimed Wilbur intelligently and running his finger through his collar. "It sure is hot out tonight."

"I'm a campfire girl." Stella informed him.

"Well, I guess I'd better go inside now." gasped Wilbur.

"Oh, no." said Stella, pointing to a bench that stood on the bank of a small pond in the garden. "Come sit down here and talk to me awhile."

That bench was always the climax of Stella's attack, for on it both history and Stella had been made. Whenever she lured her victim there, he was doomed beyond salvation. It looked as if Wilbur would be the next sacrifice on the altar of technique. But then something happened! Stella sat on the bench as usual, but this time a crash was heard, the bench gave way, and in a few seconds 110 pounds of stunningly polluted sex was thoroughly immersed in the water.

When Wilbur finally fished Stella out, her hair was flying aloft in strings, her mascara was streaming down her face, her mouth was spewing forth gallons of water and seaweed,—and, in general, she looked like a has-been mermaid.

"Gee," cried Wilbur, who caught on quick. "You're wet."

"Oh, go on." said Stella sweetly. "You're just fooling me!" And then she told him in no uncertain terms what she thought of him and his whole family. It was evident that Stella had known a lot of sailors in her life.

Stella didn't get Wilbur. Maxine did. In fact, she married him. I made sure of that. I was the one who fixed the bench. You see, I'm Maxine.

**Drive Out
TO THE
Village Inn**



DINE where delicious food is prepared to your own individual taste. Our service

AND

our hospitality is just as famous as our home-cooked meals.



Dance

to delightful music consisting of all popular numbers.

WE SPECIALIZE IN

FINE

**WESTERN STEAK
and CHICKEN
DINNERS**

Located just outside Durham at
Intersection of New Raleigh
Road—Route 70

I hadn't seen Ab since that night I had held her close on the balcony and tenderly declared my love for her. She had gone away, and, broken-hearted, I had given up hope of ever finding her again. But now, before my startled eyes, a familiar figure in a red dress was approaching me on the street. I clutched a lamp post and shuddered, because it was Abhorring.

The bride was very much disconcerted at seeing twin beds in their bridal suite.

"What's the matter, dearest?" asked the attentive bridegroom.

"Why, I certainly thought that we were going to get a room to ourselves!"

Prof.: "I shall not keep the class any longer this afternoon. You may all leave now."

Frosh: "But I don't want to leave for home. There's a new baby just come to our house."

Prof.: "A little baby—you should be happy."

Frosh: "I'm not happy—Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything."

—Spectator.

You Are
Always
Welcome

at

WALGREEN'S

Cor. Mangum & Main

DURHAM

"At the Center of Town"

Here I sit and fuss and fret
While my seat is getting wet
It's enough to make me fume
Teacher, can't I leave the room?
Why delay me when you know
That I simply have to go?
Honest teacher, I'm not feigning
My car top's down and it is raining.

—Quip.

Lover: "Are you tongue-tied?"

Lovable: "No, honey, why?"

Lover: "I just felt a knot on your tongue when I kissed you."

Gypsy Rose dressed very thin.

Gypsy Rose sat on a pin.

Gypsy Rose.

—Pelican.

We Have a Frock for
Every Occasion During

**Graduation
Festivities**

Latest New York creations

especially selected for

Carolina Finals.

Exciting Evening Gowns

Practical Sport Dresses



You Have Seen Their Faces,
But—

1. Jo
2. Captain Blake
3. B. J. with permission
4. Joe Physeldyck
5. Sallie
6. Mae Vest
7. 50c bribe
8. High pockets
9. Skeeter
10. Elbert
11. Still free tuition

Washington Duke T A V E R N

The smart and
popular rendez-
vous of college
people

Durham

"Meet After the Show
or Dance"

The little city boy had been gazing out of the window of the train for some time watching the horses and cows in the pastures. Turning to his mother, he asked, "If horses can have little horses and cows have little cows, why can't trains have little trains?"

His mother, trying to evade the issue, said, "I don't know, son. Ask the conductor."

When the conductor passed, he put the same question to him. The conductor replied, "Son, I'm just a conductor, and all I know is that the ACL pulls out on time."

AND THAT AIN'T ALL

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

—Pelican.

That night the new bride told her husband to say his prayers, and he did. The next morning at breakfast the son said, "Father, I did something last night I have never done before." His new bride spoke up and said, "Yes, and if I have my way he'll do it every night the rest of his life". The father looked up and said, "I don't think it can be done but if you do, you are a lot better man than I am".

—L. M.

Gifts for Graduation

Jewelry — Pennants

Stationery

All 1-3 Off

Regular Retail Prices



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Notice

To All Carolina Students:

May we extend our thanks to you for your patronage this year. We have tried to satisfy your demands with quality food at economical prices. We intend to maintain this standard in the future.

(Signed) THE MANAGEMENT

May We Serve You Again Next Year

University Dining Hall Cafeteria



Chesterfield

... the catch of the season
for more smoking pleasure



In every part of the country
smokers are turning to Chesterfields
for what they really want in a ciga-
rette...*refreshing mildness...better taste*
...and a more pleasing aroma.

